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THE PIGMIES OF THE GREAT AFRICAN FOREST.

By Henry M. Stanley.

IN my book, "In Darkest Africa," I have slightly hinted at the complacent self-satisfaction that I derived from regarding anything ancient that belonged to man, or to the work of his hands, and of the reverence I felt on first seeing the Pigmy Adam and his female consort in the wild Eden of Avatiko, near the banks of the Ituri River. I feel strongly on this subject, and have done so for many years. It was apparent to me for the first time, when I was in Washington, in 1872, while conversing with a South Carolina senator, who thought fit to go to an opposite extreme on discovering my favorable inclinations to the Dark Man of Inner Africa. The senator's rather warm allusions to abolitionist principles immediately provoked a silent indignation against his narrowness of mind, and I mentally condemned him as a man whose ignorance prevented him from regarding man philosophically. I find it is a common failing with the man of civilized lands, of America or elsewhere. One of the most frequent questions put to me since my return from Africa is: "Is the pigmy a real human being?" Another is: "Is the pigmy capable of reasoning?" And another is: "Do you think he can argue rationally about what he sees; or, in other words, has he any mind at all?" And whenever I hear such questions I mentally say: "Truly, I see no difference between the civilized man and the pigmy! For if the latter could but speak his thoughts in a dialect familiar to me, there is not the slightest doubt that he would have asked me, 'Can the civilized man reason like us men of the forest?'"

A Pigmy Warrior on the Alert.

For the benefit of such of your readers as take an interest in pigmy humanity, I have taken the trouble to write this article, that they may have a little more considerateness for the undersized creatures inhabiting the Great Forest of Equatorial Africa. They must relieve their minds of the Darwinian theory,

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avoid coupling man with the ape, and banish all thoughts of the fictitious small-brained progenitor supposed to be existing somewhere on land unsubmerged since the eocene period. For there is no positive evidence as yet that man was otherwise than he is to-day, viz., a biped endowed with mind. Think of troglodytes, pile-villagers, bog-men, river-drift-men, cave-men, men of the stone, bronze, iron, or steel ages, down to the highly cultured Bostonian men and women of the period, and we can produce evidences to prove that man, throughout all periods since he came on the earth, has been a creature separate and distinct from all others, from the fact that he possessed a mind. Intellectually, the pigmies of the African forest are the equals of about fifty per cent. of the modern inhabitants of any great American city of to-day. And yet there has been no change, or progress of any kind, among the pigmies of the forest since the time of Herodotus. As the bird has builded its nest, the bee its cell, and the ant its new colony, the pigmies have survived the lapse of twenty-three centuries, and have continued to build their beehive huts after the same skilless fashion as they built them in the days when Herodotus recited the story of his travels before the Council of Athens, 445 years before the birth of Christ. The reason of this is obvious from my point of view, which is, that the same causes which operated before the time of Herodotus to drive them out of their original lands continue to operate to-day to keep them in the low, degraded state they are now in. Africa, more than any other continent, has been subject to waves of migrating peoples, who have been continually dispossessing their predecessors. Many centuries before the Asiatics came to lower Egypt, the ancestors of the pigmies must have occupied the Delta of the Nile, possibly while the cave-men inhabited Britain and western Europe. In the time when the Nassamonian explorers were captured by the pigmies, the little people were established in large communities on the banks of the Niger, somewhere in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo. Within the memory of the oldest herdsman living in Unyoro, they were located on Lake Albert, near the equator. It will be inferred, then, that though it is stated above that there has been no progress or change during twenty-nine centuries among the pigmies, that in prehistoric times, much anterior to the building of the pyramids —probably twenty or thirty centuries —the ancestors of the pigmies were in much more comfortable circumstances than their wild progeny are to-day, within the recesses of the sappy woods of the rainy zone of Africa; that there has been a degradation, in fact, though not to any great extent, from a former happier state. Like all other nations, tribes, or communities unhappily located in the way of advancing nations and tribes of superior numbers, strength, arts, or qualities, the pigmies have been obliged to retreat, with lessening numbers and in shattered fragments, to take refuge in swamps or woods, to wander and seek a precarious subsistence in regions least likely to invite pursuers.

Interesting as the subject is, however, we may not dwell long on it, as it more particularly belongs to prehistoric anthropology, and, therefore, I will pass on to the description of the pigmies and their homes, as we discovered them in the Great Forest.

We are first indebted to Herodotus for the discovery of the pigmies, and, secondly, to Andrew Battel, of Leigh. Then Moffat and Livingstone introduced us to the Bushmen of South Africa. But the earliest knowledge of the pigmies of central Equatorial Africa was given us by Schweinfurth and Piaggia, who had travelled to Niam-Niam and Monbutta Land, which countries are situated on the northern edge of the Great Forest. In my journey down the Congo in 1876 and 1877, we heard of the Watwa or Batwa Dwarfs on the southern edge of the forest region, and we captured one specimen; but as he might have been a mere isolated instance of human monstrosity, we laid no great stress on the capture. Later, in 1881 and 1882, I heard of the Batwa again, from natives who were evidently very familiar with them; but in our journey for the relief and rescue of Emin Pasha we travelled through the centre of the region inhabited by the Wambutti

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dwarfs, during which we captured about fifty of them, of various ages and of both sexes. On meeting with Emin Pasha and Captain Casati, we found that the former had a woman in his employ, took some half a dozen photographs of them.

As we travelled nearly 1,700 miles through the forest in our marches to and fro, we came across a particular

A Zanzibari Boy and Pigmy.

about twenty-five years old, and that the latter had secured for his service a yellow-bodied boy of about thirteen, both being undoubted specimens of the pigmy race. Our own dwarf captives at that period were six, so that we possessed eight specimens of different ages in our camp at Kavalli at one time. Emin carefully measured the little people, and I section of the forest region situated between the Ihuru and Ituri Rivers—about 30,000 square miles in extent—which simply swarms with the pigmies. We passed, some days, by dozens of their forest encampments, and we discovered, by timing our distances, that a pigmy village was from an hour to an hour and a half from an agricultural settlement of

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the larger aborigines, and that the settlements were invariably surrounded by the villages or hutted camps of the undersized forest nomads. At every settlement, if we found it well furnished with plantain plantations, we invariably despatched squads of scouts in every direction to obtain knowledge of the intricate paths, to discover food-supplies, and capture any stray natives from whom we could elicit information of our whereabouts. By the means of these, scores of curious representatives of the *homines sylvestres* of Africa were brought to me for examination, and it would be difficult to say whether the wild people of the woods or we expressed the greatest surprise at meeting. When a squad of natives entered camp, it was the signal for a rush of everybody with us toward headquarters to obtain a view of the aborigines, for as there were three distinct races in the forest, the sizes, height, and color of the captives differed greatly.

The aborigines who fell the woods, make clearings, and plant bananas, plantains, corn, beans, and tobacco, are finely formed men and women of the ordinary standard, of a light bronze or coppery color, and though they have strange ideas of personal decoration, such as piercing the upper lip, and placing wooden pegs, iron rings, shell or wooden disks of the size of ulster buttons in the holes, and wearing necklaces of chimpanzee, monkey, crocodile, and human teeth, they are not more than usually remarkable in any way; but they are head and shoulders above the tallest pigmies in height. As a rough mode of estimating the height of the latter, any person five feet six inches high could use a crutch which would be within an inch of the exact standard of an adult male or female of the pigmies. But the dwarfs — like ordinary humanity — vary considerably in height. We have measured a few who were only thirty-three inches high, and the tallest of the unadulterated specimens that we met would not exceed four feet four inches. As they advanced toward us through the camp, we often thought that the scouts had only captured a lot of children; but a nearer view would show full-grown women with well-developed breasts, who had clearly experienced the troubles of maternity, or adult males well advanced beyond the twenties. The Zanzibari boys of fourteen and fifteen years would often range themselves alongside of the men to measure themselves, and would manifest with loud laughter their pleasure at the discovery that there were fathers of families in existence not so tall as they.

We had heard reports that the pigmy warriors were distinguished for the length of their beards, but I only saw one who could be said to have a beard. Their bodies, however, were covered with a brown fell long enough to be easily seized with the fingers.

Their arms and ornaments were similar to those of the agricultural aborigines, and were evidently obtained from them in exchange for the produce of the forest, such as honey, furs of monkey and baboons, antelope and leopard skins, and feathers, especially the red tail feathers of the gray parrot, and for the dried meat of such animals as they trapped or speared. As it is not an easy matter to obtain meat in the forest in any regular quantity, an elephant imprisoned in one of those deep wedge-shaped pits, or speared from above by one of those ponderous spears weighted with a heavy piece of timber, and descending from a height of perhaps twenty feet with fatal force, would be a treasure. Such a store of meat and hide and ivory would purchase iron ornaments for the necks of the females, iron bracelets and leglets, and girdles of shells or iron balls; and a decent piece of bark-cloth to cover nudity or as a protection from cold; assegais for the warriors, cruelly barbed arrows, tough little bows ornamented with monkey, wild-cat, civet, genet, or leopard tails; a leather quiver, a broad waist or shoulder belt, with hunting-knife and elaborately worked sheath, besides a vast store of plantains, ripe and green, and probably a capacious pot of plantain wine to boot, to cheer their hearts in the sad and damp gloom of the wilds, besides enabling the entire pigmy community to hold high revel on the intestines and stomach, which are regarded as delicacies. Or perhaps a buffalo or a big antelope has trodden on the frail covering of the treacherous pit, and been

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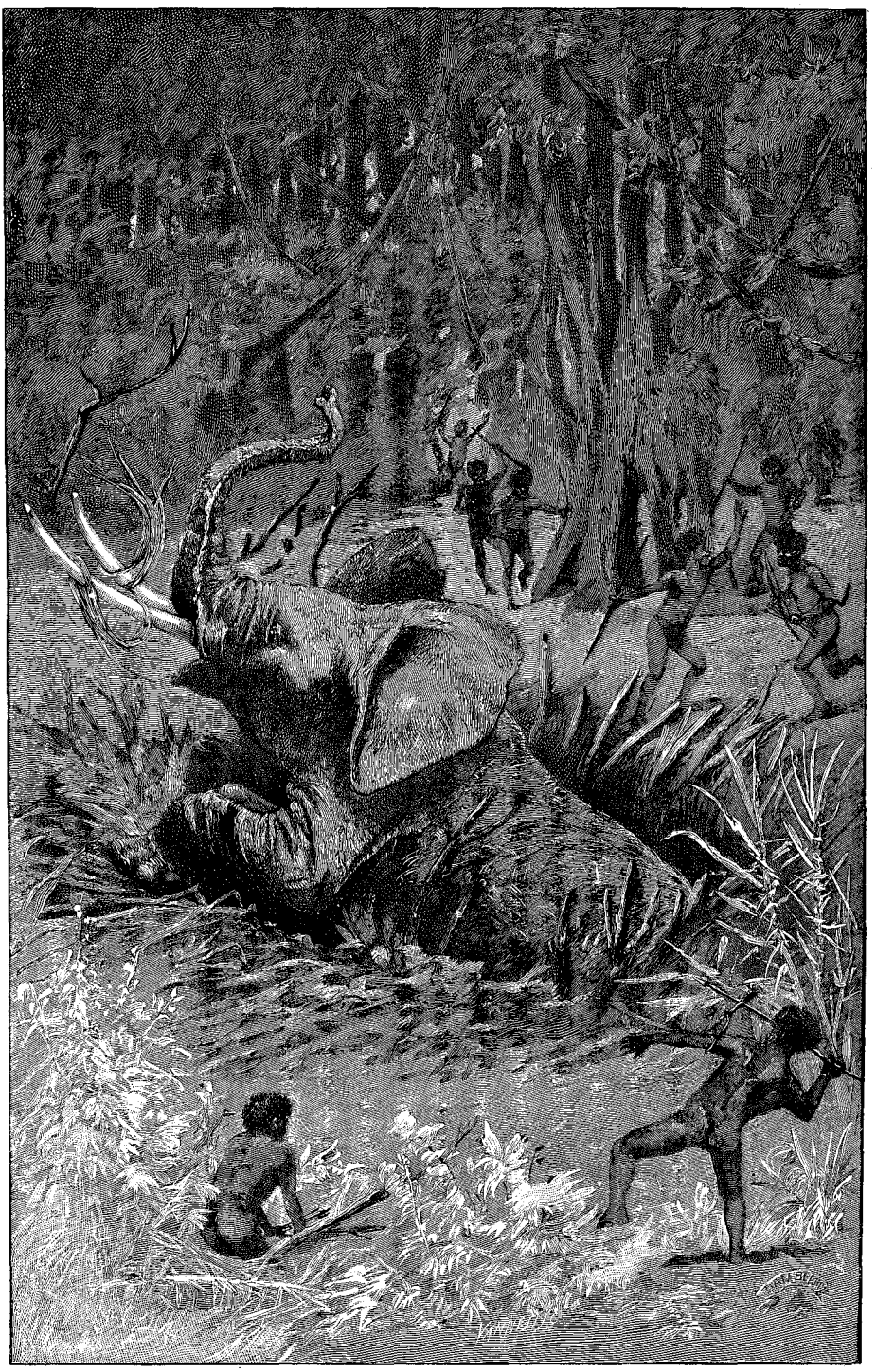

DRAWN BY DAN BEARD. ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

An Elephant Pit of the Dwarfs.

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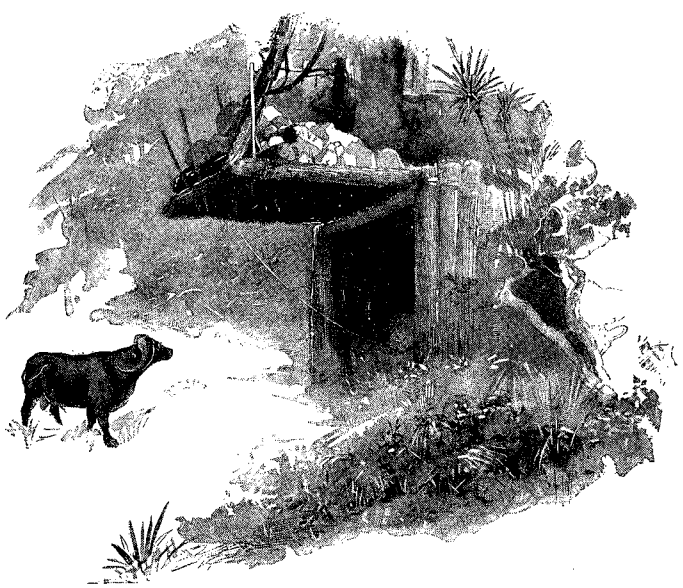
precipitated to the bottom to be impaled.

With their little bow-traps set thickly wherever the wood is haunted with monkeys and smaller game; these deep pits—excavated wherever the bigger animals might be supposed to seek for a place of cooler gloom, or darker recess, or a feast on bark or branch—covered over with sticks, a layer of leaves, and afterward a thin covering of earth; and the trap-sheds which are very cleverly constructed, one whole side of which is suspended like a trap-door, and which, weighted with rock or heavy timber, falls tight and fast over the unhappy victim of the woods that has happened to be tempted within the shed and unloosed the catch, the pigmy hunters manage to secure a fair amount of meat and means to live. The woods also furnish a vast variety of wild fruit, roots, plants, and fungi. A region that was called a wilderness by the members of the expedition, supplied its clever nomadic inhabitants with a variety of edibles which habit had accustomed them to. For several days in November, 1888, we followed the trail of a pigmy band, which was well marked by the skins of the amoma, the rinds of phrynium berries, nuts like those of a Spanish chestnut, and the brown, leathery, external skins of the *entada scandens* beans.



Trap-shed for Catching Wild Animals.

Nomad tribes of this kind are often, by pinching necessity, compelled to feed on a diet which would be poisonous, or would be utterly nauseous, to men bred up on grain and vegetables. The snails, tortoises, squirrels, mice, civets, ichneumons, snakes—large and small—caterpillars, white ants, crickets, grasshoppers, monkeys, chimpanzees, leopards, wild-cats, wart hogs, crocodiles, iguanas, lizards, antelopes, buffaloes, and elephants form a considerable variety for communities that are not too fastidious as to what they eat; and our experience of the pigmies leads me to believe that they relish each and all equally. We have seen the female captives, to whom the entrails of such animals as we killed were thrown, give us grateful glances, seize upon them, turn them for a few seconds over the fire, and eat filth and all with unmistakable enjoyment. They had been supplied with pots, and water was abundant; but they were either too ravenously hungry to wait for the cooking, or too indolent to exert themselves in the preparation of the food.

Such people as these, then, would have no hesitation to add human meat to their fare. It is a current fact everywhere through the forest region, and I am forced to believe it, though I have never seen the cannibals indulging in their repasts. The graves of our dead have been opened, and the bodies have been exhumed. Members of our expedition have been slain, and their bodies have been carved and carried away by the slayers; and one day we scattered a banqueting party who had just bled

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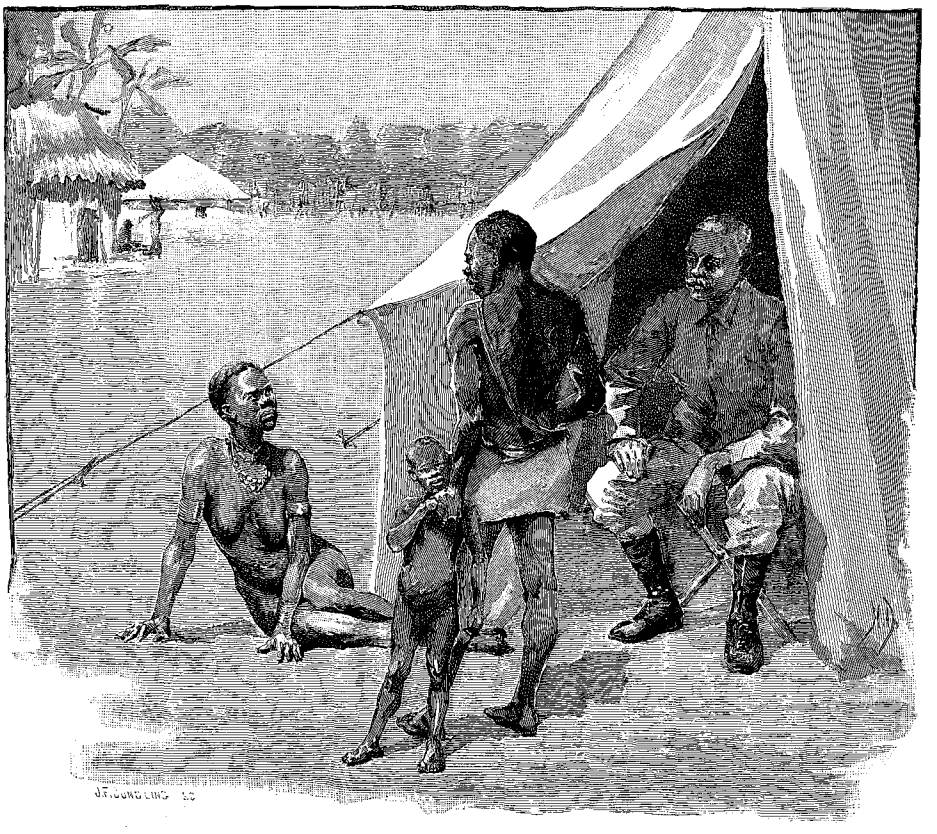

A Pigmy Family before Stanley's Tent.

a woman in the neck, laid her out, and washed her. There were pots close by; there were also bunches of bananas, and the woman belonged to a hostile band. The inference is obvious; and anyone of our band of whites could furnish much circumstantial evidence of this kind. As the pigmies appear to have no earthly duties beyond providing for the necessities of the day, there is not the slightest doubt that a slain foe would be eaten. When we asked our captives whether they had ever indulged their depraved appetites by eating human meat, they always stoutly denied it, but accused their neighbors of doing so.

Such articles of use or ornament as the pigmies possess they have purchased or stolen from the agricultural aborigines. They themselves neither hoe, plant, nor manufacture. Their head-dresses belong to the fashion of the neighborhood they are in; their bark-cloth clout has been beaten into consistency by the planters and bartered to them for a scoopful of honey or a fur; their arms of defence, their utensils, their woodman's knife or axe—in fact, everything has been obtained by purchase or theft.

Their weapons consist of a small barbed spear, a short bow with a quiver full of wooden- or iron-pointed arrows, a dagger, and a small, handy, double-edged knife attached by a string above the elbow of the left arm. The bow is of very tough red-wood, generally of iron-wood, and the string is a broad and polished strip of rattan — calamus — fibre. The bow is frequently decorated with tassels at the ends, and strengthened at the back by being run into a raw monkey-tail, which, on drying, gives it greater strength and preserves it. The arrows are short—not more than from eighteen to twenty-two inches long; if of wood, each is of the thick-

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ness of a lead-pencil, fined to a long, fine point, which is ringed with small cuts for three inches from the end. These cuts serve to retain the poison with which the arrows are smeared. If the arrows are pointed with iron, the blades are of exquisite fineness, as of a razor-blade, with two or several prongs extending outward, and attached to delicate little barrels of polished iron, into which the heads of the arrow-shafts are run. The arrow-blades have also grooves made in them which serve to secure the poison as they are put into or drawn out of the quiver. The quiver is a long, narrow bag made of antelope-goat hide, and can contain quite a hundred of these deadly weapons. When we have made a prisoner of a pigmy warrior, we have had to be careful in handling his stock of arrows, for even the dry poison is dangerous, though not necessarily deadly; but the fresh poison, whether dark or reddish-brown, causes such awful agony that any other kind of death would be preferable.

When we first encountered the tribes who fought with poisoned arrows, we were not prepared to be greatly impressed with the danger, but we received a severe lesson in August, 1887, during a fight with the Avisibba sav-

A Dwarf Prisoner.

ages. Young fellows, inspired by the example of Lieutenant Stairs, R. E., rushed with brave homicidal intentions to the front, and the tiny arrows sailed in showers past them; but some of them found their intended billets and were arrested quivering in arms and shoulders. With contemptuous smiles the young men drew them out and flung them away, and some continued answering the savages with rifle-shots, while others sought the surgeon, bearing with them the arrows with which they had been wounded. When the day's fight

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was over, of course we had more leisure to examine the missiles, and our anxiety was great when we observed that they had been freshly smeared with a brown, gummy-like substance which emitted a subtle, acrid odor, with a suspicion of assafœtida in it. The arrows seemed to have been plunged into a pot containing a goodly quantity of a resinous substance, and twirled around in it and well soaked, and then lifted up in a bunch and covered over with a banana or a piece of phrynium leaf. Quivers full of the arrows showed us that the weapons were considered by their owners to be dangerous, for those so smeared were tied together, head downward, and apart from the others.

Yet the wounds made by these slender arrows were mere punctures, such as might have been made by finely pointed butchers' skewers, and being exceedingly ignorant of the effect, we contented ourselves with syringing them with warm water and dressing them with bandages. In some instances affectionate men sucked their comrades' wounds, to make sure that nothing of the substance should be left to irritate them. In no instance was this method of any avail. All who were wounded either died after terrible sufferings from tetanus, or developed such dreadful gangrenous tumors as to incapacitate them from duty for long periods, or wreck their constitutions so completely by blood-poisoning that their lives became a burden to them.

It was a long time before we could find any antidote for this poison; such captives as we possessed professed not to understand any dialect we knew; but at a venture we tried, after a year's experience of forest fighting, the effect of hypodermic injections of carbonate of ammonium in the neighborhood of the wounds, and our losses were much less in consequence.

A pigmy queen, or rather a pigmy chief's wife, who had become attached to a member of our expedition, pointed out an arum as the source whence the forest natives extracted their poison. She also professed to be acquainted with an herb which could be used as an antidote, but circumstances prevented her gratifying us with a sight of it.

Various conjectures were made by the older "journey-makers," as the veteran black travellers call themselves, as to the plants which furnished the black poison. Some asserted that it was made out of the juice of the india-rubber vine. Personally, I concluded that the red resinous substance must have been made out of the dried bodies of the red ants, packets of which we found in almost every hut of the Avisibba village. It is possible we were all wrong, and that the latter, especially, was made out of the *strophanthus hispidus*, a plant peculiar to Africa, which is best described by Sir John Kirk as being a woody climber with a stem several inches in diameter, which has a very rough bark, and hangs from tree to tree like a bush-vine. Chemists, according to Dr. Fraser, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh, have experimented upon the plant, and have extracted a drug called strophanthin from the seeds; and it is said that one-tenth of a grain of it is rapidly fatal to a frog.

Among the pigmies there are two distinct types, differing widely from one another. One is a clear light-bronze in color, the other is much darker, almost black. The former is distinguished by an open look—the eyes are far apart, large, protuberant, and of a brilliant, flashing, limpid black, reminding one of the eyes of gazelles; the skin on the face of youth has the sheen of old yellow ivory, that on the body is of a sober light brown. The darker race are distinguished for great prognathy of jaw, tapering at the chin almost to a point; the eyes are deeply set, and close together; the nasal bridge greatly sunk. They have narrow, retreating foreheads, projecting lips, the skin of the body is rough, and the fell is very marked. But both are specially distinguished for their small, delicate hands, taper fingers, and narrow, highly arched feet.

We have seen some — a few — who might be said to be well formed. The little plump beauty we saw with Ugarrowwa—an ivory raider—was a bewitching little creature thirty-three inches high. It is possible that this beauty was due to perfect health and the good food with which she was fed by the Arab. She was certainly a gem worth

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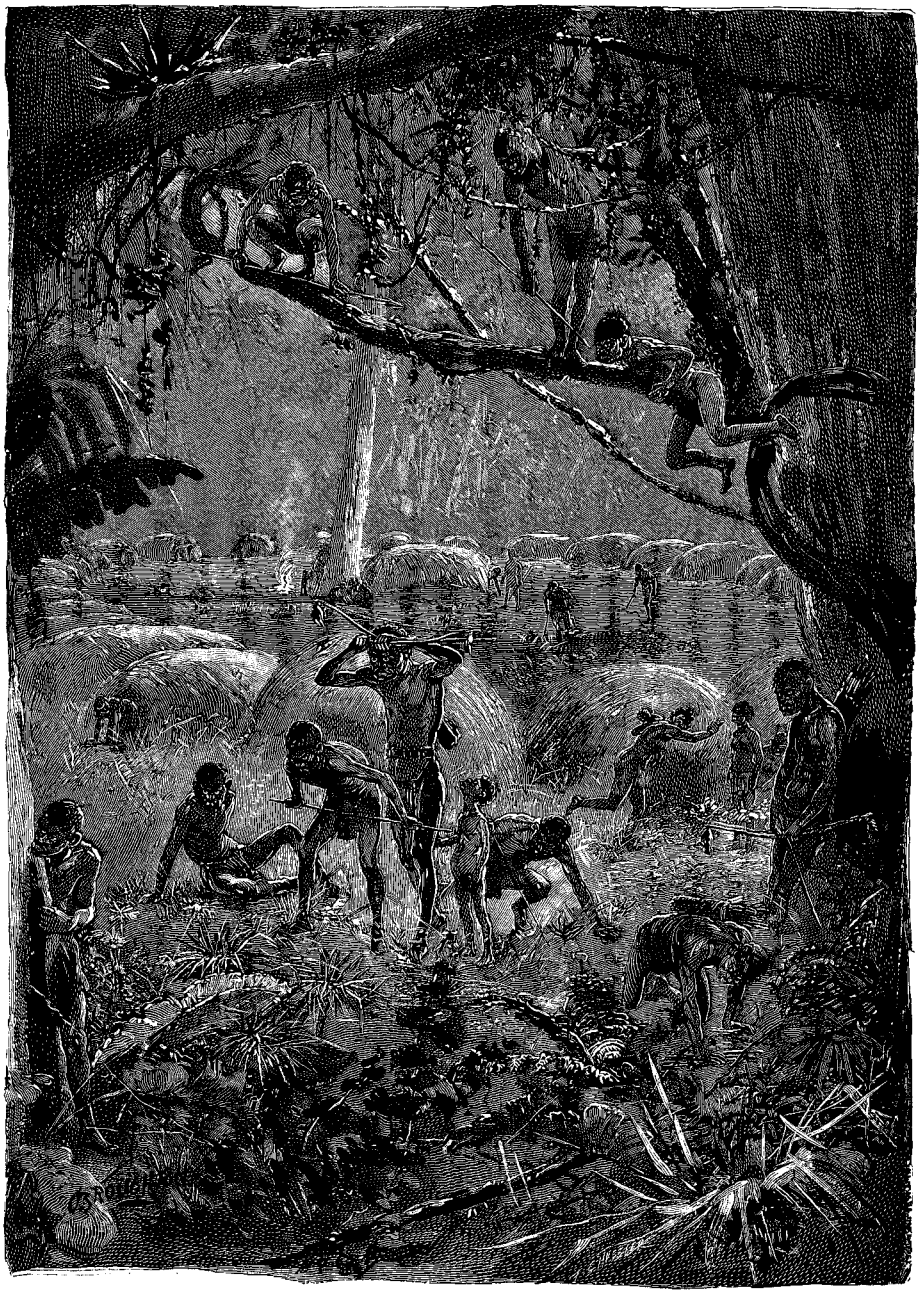

A Village of the Pigmies in the Great Forest.

seeing, and as calm and self-possessed as a well-bred lady. Artists would have doated on her, and sculptors would have paid goodly sums for such a miniature model. She was young, just at the dawn of womanhood, and her youth and girlish innocence made her simply charming.

The chief's wife, captured by Uledi, the hero of the "Dark Continent," already mentioned, was also an exceedingly interesting young woman. She

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was brought to camp—yellow and shining as the moon—wearing no garment on her body, but heavily decorated with leglets of shining iron, armlets and bracelets and collars of the same polished metal. Her hair was short, and her face was round, and glistened with oil of the castor-plant. She was very quiet, and gracefully complied with her new duties, and in a short time she became a general favorite. She was assigned to a kind and generous master, to whom she became deeply attached, and watched his house with the fidelity of a spaniel.

We had sufficient experience of the pigmies to justify us in the assertion that the very lowest of African humanity is as capable of improvement as the children of Europeans. This chief's wife, just mentioned, was the most devoted of servants, and in a few months was as well able to perform the duties of a domestic as the most industrious, willing, and cheerful English charwoman or maid. An old pigmy woman, forty-five or fifty years old, was several months with us before she impressed us as being amenable to the discipline, or rather routine, of an orderly household; but finally she proved herself also a tractable creature, without anyone having recourse to violence. Her duties were simple but heavy. She carried her master's pots and kettles on the march, and, after a little rest, collected fuel, made the fire, procured water, and cooked the evening meal. She was long learning to be cleanly and to wash her hands before handling the food, but in time she satisfied all reasonable expectations. Except on one point she became perfect in her limited sphere, and that was, she never could learn to control her tongue. That member was utterly ungovernable; but on the principle of give and take, her liberty in this respect was conceded to her by her master, and she made free use of it. What it was all about, or whether she indulged in coarse invectives and wicked language, we never could learn. There was humor in her, however, as I found in the following manner:

She was captured, with five others of her tribe, in November, 1888. When asked where the plantain plantations might be found, she pointed east-northeast. We followed her a short day's march, but found nothing. We sent her then ahead with the foragers, and the results were poor; but she still insisted that Indepessu, a large settlement, was still east-northeast. According to my chart it lay southeast; we therefore declined to employ her as guide, and sent her to the rear. But every day, for quite a period, she pointed east-northeast with her hand, and with graphic pantomime tried to tempt us in the direction where she described the plantains to be as thick as her thighs. However, we still persisted in our own notions of our proper course, to her unutterable disgust and scorn of our pig-headedness. Each day she saw me she made gestures to indicate her belief that I was leading everybody to destruction. However, continuing southeast, we found our old road, and every day's march improved our prospects, until, at last, we came to a land of such astonishing plenty that her wrinkled face finally relaxed, and a settled content was visible. It was then my turn to ask her where Indepessu was. The manner of the reply she gave me proved to me that we understood one another, and ever after I had but to utter the word "Indepessu" to cause her to cease scolding and giggle roguishly.

A pigmy lad, of eighteen years or so, was another character. He had been caught while his tribe were striving to convey away a case of Remington ammunition, which the little people had found in the woods, where it had been deposited out of sight of the rear-guard by a lazy Soudanese corporal who was on the punishment list. The boy was described by an Irish officer as being as "fat as butter." He was, in reality, a pudding-faced, plump, little creature. Though he had no infirmity, he was singularly silent. If spoken to, he affected such shyness that a question would have to be repeated half a dozen times before he yielded to speech, while the fingers of both hands traced strange figures on his thighs, and his head was bent down sideways. He was selected by a master who treated him most tenderly. He never attempted to desert, but followed the caravan in perfect freedom. Though observed while on the march and in

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camp, during work and at ease before the fire, not once did I see him engage in talk with his compatriots. He jogged on cheerfully, even zealously, with the caravan, bearing his heavy load with an affecting solicitude to keep pace with the foremost files. On arriving in camp he would cast quick glances around to discover the *locale* of his master's quarters, then trot to the place, drop his load near the household stuff, and rush away to collect fuel, with a mind only on the duty to be done. Once on the plains, where fuel was scarce, a tall Soudanese snatched his pile of firewood from him. The pigmy lad cast one earnest, reproachful look on him, abandoned the contest, and began to seek for more. Had the second load of wood been taken from him, the little fellow would have shed a few tears silently, but he would have uttered no word.

These few experiences with the pigmies will serve to show that we think well of them, and that we had cause to become attached to them, and to marvel somewhat that these creatures of the uncleared forest, who are ever at war with the settlers, and live the life of beasts of prey, could adapt themselves so easily to the requirements of a strictly disciplined camp. They are many degrees below the larger aborigines in the knowledge of how to make themselves comfortable, and raise food for their families. They do not manufacture cloth out of tree-bark, nor do they know what trees will furnish dyes, or how to make pots and water-vessels out of earth, or how to make needles out of iron and bone, or how to smelt the hematite to reduce it to iron, or how to forge the iron into weapons of defence, or how to make nets of plant-fibre. They make no clearings, neither do they plant or sow, and their dwellings, though neat enough, are not to be compared to the laboriously constructed villages of the big agricultural tribes.

But these nomads have demonstrated that they have quick human sympathies, are affectionate, tractable, and teachable. They are courageous, and prompt to defend their families; they know how to select beautiful sylvan camps; they can find their way to any quarter of the compass through the primeval forest; the untenanted woods have no terror for them; they are powerful against the elephant and the leopard, more cunning than the chimpanzee; their craft enables them to trap the shy lemur or the knowing parrot. Neither bird nor beast can escape them. With the virtues of many plants they are familiar, and they know what wild edibles or esculents may be eaten with impunity. They make the larger tribes pay tribute to them, and the most powerful communities of settlers are glad of their forbearance.

Every now and then we hear of Europeans falling victims to the fury of elephants, or the ferocity of buffaloes. Gamble Keys was gored to pieces by a buffalo at Lukolela, Captain Deane was battered to death by an elephant, and the Hon. Guy Dawnay fell a victim to a buffalo bull. In almost every expedition I have lost one or two valuable Zanzibaris; yet they were all armed with perfect breech-loaders. The comparatively defenceless manikins, with equal courage but far greater craft, would destroy these animals without danger to themselves, and proceed about the operation with less tremor and concern. It is by their arts as hunters and trappers that they are able to defy starvation in the hungry shades of the eternal forest, and to possess all the utensils needed for the domestic life of the uncivilized man.

Their villages, situated under the impervious foliage of the largest clump of trees to be found near the locality where they propose camping, struck us as being comfortable, snug, and neat. I have seen ninety-two huts in one of these villages, arranged in a circle of about fifty yards in diameter. The pigmy camps are generally found at the cross-ways, where two or more paths intersect, and are from two to three miles distant from agricultural settlements. Our anxieties always lessened on meeting them, for the more paths we found, the more we were assured of food, and the roads improved.

Sometimes these forest-villages were planted midway between parallel lines of settlements. A short walk from our camp through the woods, north or south, would take us to plantations large

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enough to supply a regiment with food. One time we came to a group of dwarf villages whence a broad path six feet wide communicated with another group three miles distant. This road was a revelation. It informed us that the tribe was more than usually powerful; that it was well established; that the chief possessed power, and was permitted to exercise it. Outside of the great kingdom of Uganda we had not seen in Africa a cut road longer than half a mile.

The huts in every pigmy camp were of a tortoise-back figure. The doorways were not more than three feet high, and were placed at the ends, one being for daily use, and the other, which fronted the bush, for escape. Those for constant convenience looked out on the circular common and pointed to the centre, where stood the tribal chief's hut, as though the duty of every household was to watch over the safety of him who ruled the community. We rarely found a hut higher than four feet six inches. In length they varied from seven to ten feet, while the width would be from four and a half feet to seven. In what appeared to be old-established camps we found rough cots constructed, which were raised a few inches above the ground, after the style of our own forest couches. Several layers of phrynium leaves make a luxurious bed.

Though it is a necessity that every family is under of providing daily food, our scouts always found a pigmy camp well guarded; warriors and women and nearly all, except very young children, set out with the dawn to look after their bow-traps, pits, nets, and trap-sheds to secure the victims, and to collect berries, fruit, fungi, snails, or to make a raid upon a banana plantation. The few who remain maintain a sharp lookout over the camp and its belongings in the absence of the tribe. Though the raiding, or hunting, party take little with them save their weapons and empty baskets, habit and experience render them above such luxuries of equipment as are necessary to other than these hardy nomads. If a warrior requires a smoke, a little satchel contains his fire-sticks and tobacco; any ordinary leaf of the forest rolled up by supple, well-practised fingers, will furnish a pipe. If a woman needs to cook a mess of mushrooms, or a few green bananas, any banana frond or phrynium leaf will serve for an utensil, and good water is always abundant in the forest, and the hot embers will roast the banana. If a young antelope, any reptile or bird is secured during the tramp across country, it may be roasted whole, or kabobed, in the woods as well as in camp or in village. If any member through accident loses a fork-clout, a bunch of leaves depending from the girdle before and behind serves the purpose just as well, besides being cool and clean.

Meantime, during the absence of the tribe, the elderly warriors at home are not idle. The tracks to the camp are being skewered freely for a long distance, and a leaf lightly dropped over the deadly points covers each from view; parallel ways, fifty yards or so from the main road are prepared for private convenience and observation, and in the little huts placed a couple of rods or so in advance of the camp, along each way leading out of it, there is always one with sharp eyes and quick ears to sound the peculiar alarm cry. And anything so weird, or so startling, or so unlike the ordinary human note, I have not heard. One would think that a pigmy camp was, from its very poverty, safe from attack, but the little people, so mischievous, restless, and tricky, contrive to provoke hostility and revenge, and the agriculturists would be glad often of an opportunity to retaliate injuries and avenge the depredations they have suffered.

I have heard several captives of the larger humanity express their detestation of their small tormentors in much the same terms that Boer frontiersmen use in regard to the little Bushmen of South Africa, or the Western pioneers are recorded to have employed about the wild Indians of North America. By those who clear the forest, and plant vast plantations of bananas, and plots of cereals and tobacco, the pigmies are regarded as vermin who deserve extermination. Very provoking must they of necessity be. Bound by their nomadic existence to range through the woods, to prey upon the animal life, however successful they may be in the chase, the bananas, plantains, corn, beans, melons,

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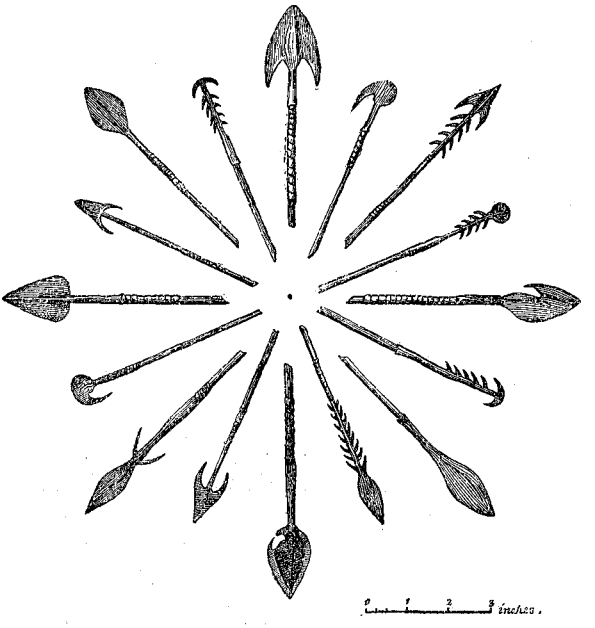
tobacco, the goats and fowls, tempt their appetites to better their diet, and as they are crafty and cunning as foxes, they contrive to relieve their bigger neighbors of much store of food; and as they are strangers to moral principles, nothing but superior force can restrain them, and even then not without loss to be periodically repeated. The result is that they are endured as parasites of whom it is not easy to be relieved. Nature is so very bountiful, that when the plantations suffice to satisfy their wants, the neighborhood of the pigmies is no very great calamity; when they encroach upon other property not so easily replaced, a conflict is inevitable; but the pigmies are not despicable antagonists by any means. Without weapons a pigmy would have no chance against the strong-limbed, broad, full-chested planter; but with his little sheaf



Arrows of the African Pigmies.

of poisoned arrows he is more than a match for a giant from the plantations equally armed. When the pigmy unhappily becomes a prisoner, he appears to be a puny being enough with his thin baby arms, narrow chest, pendulous abdomen, and short, withered legs, and excites nothing but ridicule from a tall Soudanese or well-built and sturdy Zanzibari; but in the evergreen glades, when met armed with his native courage, expertness, and weapons, many a rifleman has had to regret the encounter. How often have not my followers incurred my jeers for their stupidity in falling such easy victims to the pigmies' well-aimed and straight shots. We were many months in the woods before the wooden-headed big fellows realized that they must use their eyes and ears and intelligence to protect themselves; that though they might be armed with the Maxim, they were as defenceless as children without wit!

I remember a scout, who was brave enough, plunging into the woods with a perfect breech-loader and well-filled cartridge-pouch to avenge an attack, returning within five minutes afterward with an arrow quivering between the fifth and sixth rib; another going to the brook to get water, powerfully armed, returning minus his rifle and pail, with a barbed arrow in his entrails; a woman going out to a plot at the extremity of a village to collect herbs for soup, rushing back with seven arrows standing out from her body; a Soudanese soldier, well-disciplined and with a good record, breaking fuel within sound of a camp containing four hundred rifles, returning to us with six arrows deeply fixed in his body. I could give fifty instances of such casualties, resulting from sheer blindness and folly. The pigmy never travels with his senses all asleep, as our men did. With his bow in one hand, a dozen deadly arrows in another, eyes open, ears on the alert, cautious step and bending body, wit guiding every movement, intelligence judging the result, he was a perfect contrast to the majority of our men, who strode through the wilds unconcerned, with consciousness steeped in lethal dulness, clogged ears, and unseeing eyes. If nothing crossed the view, our men

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were as unconscious as somnambulists. I have stalked them myself in the neighborhood of the camp, and twice became possessed of their arms, and covered them with their own rifles before they knew any person was near them. In sight of a village, or a hostile camp, or a surprised bivouac, they were well enough, but it was long before we could teach them to think, or experience could awake them to the realities of savage warfare.

Exaggerated as it may appear at first, I believe that the presence of a body of pigmies might, with a few months' more practice, be detected by the olfactory nerves alone, as easily as the pungent track of a wart-hog might be traced by the nose. They effuse a particularly sharp, acrid odor, as different from that peculiar to the ordinary negro as the smell of the latter is from that of a white man.

How many ages have elapsed since these dwarfed human beings made their homes in this vast forest of Equatorial Africa, no one can say with any approach to certainty. We know that they were there before Herodotus visited Egypt, even before Homer recited his marvellous poems. We may venture to assert that they were not far off when Rameses, 1500 B.C., conquered upper Nubia —that is, thirty-five centuries ago. They might have remained buried in this gloomy region as many centuries yet, had not the railway and the press been invented. Without the former their fastnesses are unassailable, without the latter to inspire and arouse those who can construct the railway, it would be too costly and impracticable. The railway which is being laid to unite the lower with the upper Congo—and the growing flotilla of the Congo State —will enable the enterprising whites, with their following of armed men, rubber collectors, timber contractors and gum traders, agents of police and missionaries, to let light upon the trackless region. Though the pigmies are averse to light and sunshine, some will survive the great change, and in many a story of pioneering which will be written in the future, I have not the least doubt they will prove themselves to be very much like the rest of humanity, and quite as susceptible to the sentiments of love, affection, and gratitude as any of us.

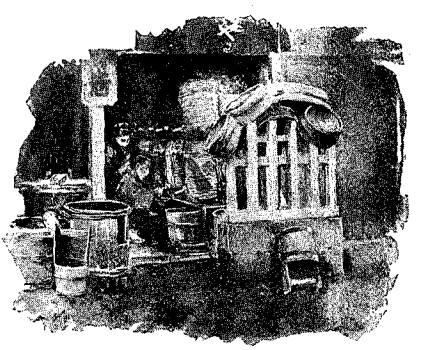
JAPONICA.

SECOND PAPER.—JAPANESE PEOPLE.

By Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT BLUM.

"*Sukoshi O aruki irrashai!*" "Condescend to take a little honorable walk" in Tokio. We will pass together—unknown but respected reader—from the house at Azabu, down its avenue of cherry-trees, leading to the Shinto temple opposite our gate. The sliding glass-doors of the porch are swiftly thrust back by Mano, the "boy," and O Tori San, plumpest and best-tempered of waiting-maids, both prostrating themselves on hands and knees to utter the *Sayonara* as we depart. The temple at the gate has pretty timbered grounds filled with children at play and women gossiping in the sun, their babies tied on their backs in a fold of the *Haori*.



"Where saké is sold."

That is where all babies live in Japan. If the mothers are busy in-doors, the

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infant is strapped on the back of an older sister or brother; sometimes, indeed, very slightly older. We shall see hundreds of children not more than five or six years of age carrying, fast asleep, preternaturally good and contented. The doctrine of original sin really seems absolutely confuted by the admirable behavior of Japanese children; they never seem to do any mischief; possibly because there is not much mischief to do. In the houses nothing of any value exists for them to break, there is nothing they will perpetually be told "not to touch." The streets, almost entirely, belong to them; and yet, although they may do almost anything there, they never seem to do anything wrong. Observe upon how little a thing the whole character of the life of a city may depend. There is practically no horse traffic in Tokio; a very few pony drags are to be seen, and tram-cars run in such main thoroughfares as the Ginza and the Nihom bashi, while now and then you will meet a Japanese officer riding on horseback, with a betto running at his saddle-flap, to or from the barracks. But these are exceptions; and, consequently, the *Kuruma*-men can trot in safety round every corner, and the children disport themselves in the middle of every street without causing the slightest maternal anxiety. They are as charming to see, these small Japanese, in their dignified wide sleeves and flowing *Kimono*, as they are gentle and demure in manners; with beautiful feet and hands, and bead-like black eyes, which stare at you without fear or shyness. Everybody is friendly to them; every fifth shop is full of toys and dolls, and sweet-stuff of strange device, ingredients, and color, for their delectation. Their innocent ways and merry chatter render every quarter pleasant. It must be confessed, with regard

"Its tiny head swinging hither and thither."

on their small shoulders the baby of the household; its tiny, smooth, brown head swinging hither and thither with every movement of its small nurse; who walks, runs, sits, and jumps; flies kites, plays hop-scotch, and fishes for frogs in the gutter, totally oblivious of that infantile charge, whether sleeping or waking. If no young brother or sister be available, the husband, the uncle, the father, or grandfather hitch on their backs the baby, who is, happily, from his birth,

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"That is where all babies live in Japan."

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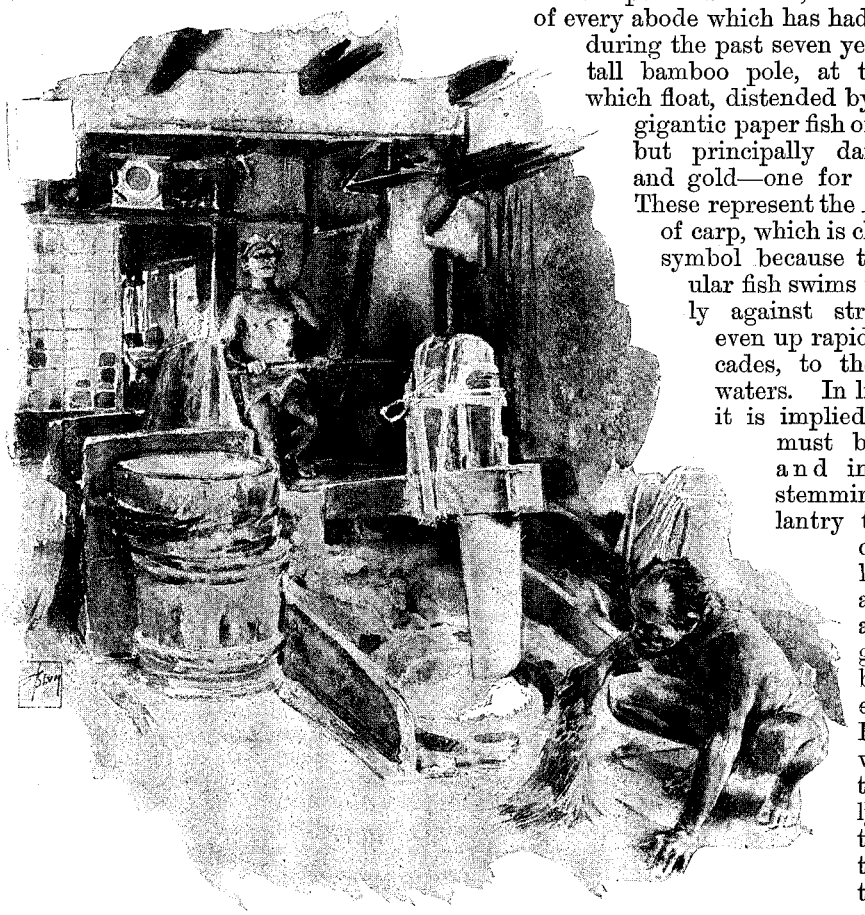
to their flat little noses, that a want of pocket-handkerchiefs is distinctly observable, and that too many suffer from eczema and other of the simple skin diseases. But the fact is, Japanese mothers look upon this cutaneous eruption as rather a healthy sign for the future, and never attempt to cure it. It stops when shaving ceases, for children are shaved on the seventh day after birth, only a tuft being left on the nape of the neck. When the child goes to school they suffer its hair to grow. The infants are not weaned till they are two or three years old; and you will often see the small Japanese citizens leave their kites or jack-stones and run across the road to the maternal bosom. The consequences are—few children in the family; and the swift ageing of the mother. The children have their special festivals. The third of March is the yearly holiday for all the little girls, when everybody buys for them *O hina Sama*, miniature models of everything domestic, including the entire furniture of the Japanese court; and the little maidens are dressed in the best that the household can afford, fluttering proudly about the town like butterflies or humming-birds. But, as compared with boys, girls are here at a sad discount. The great day of the boys, which falls on the fifth of May, is far more important. Then, from the door of every abode which has had boys born during the past seven years, rises a tall bamboo pole, at the top of which float, distended by the wind, gigantic paper fish of all colors, but principally dark purple and gold—one for every son. These represent the *Koë*, a kind of carp, which is chosen for a symbol because that particular fish swims very stoutly against streams, and even up rapids and cascades, to the higher waters. In like manner it is implied the boys must be diligent and indomitable, stemming with gallantry the stream of life. A less pleasant explanation was given me by a Japanese father. He said it was the custom formerly, at certain feasts, to crimp the live *Koë*, and to place it, to be eaten raw, before the guests, the fish never moving under this cruel treatment, and only giving one last jump when the hot *wasabi* was squeezed upon his eyes. In like manner, the Japanese boy, my informant



"Where the proprietor, stark naked, pestles the paddy."

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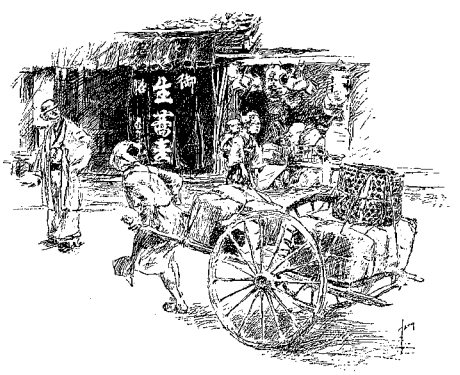
said, was expected to endure all things patiently, and to prefer the most bitter death to loss of self-respect.

We turn the corner and traverse a bye-street full of humble shops, the

"Teapots and Crockery."

principal one being undoubtedly that where *saké* is sold. Good *saké* is excellent to drink, and imbibed hot, in the delicate, pretty porcelain cup that belongs to it, goes admirably well with Japanese cookery. This establishment is marked by the usual sign, a branch of cryptomeria fir, but may be instantly known by the wooden tubs of the liquor, painted gorgeously with characters and pictures, the superior qualities bearing the *hanazakari*, or "flower in full bloom." Then there is the "red carp"—the Chinese character *dai*, or the *Muso-ichi*, which means "second to none," and a great peony, which brand marks the *San tokushu*, or *Saké* of the three virtues. Next we see the joiners' shop, where they sell those boxes and bureaus, and *hibachi*, which are made so cunningly and so cheaply; also the shop for wooden clogs and rope-sandals; another for lamps; another for teapots and crockery; another for rice and meal, where the proprietor, stark naked, behind a decorous screen of string, pestles the paddy with a prodigious hammer, himself bathed in sweat. Flower-shops, tin-shops, bean-cake, and Buddha-shrine shops succeed, with, near at hand, the fish store of the neighborhood—not too sweetly savored in the hot weather—where you see gigantic cockles and enormous blue and yellow shrimps, with octopuses fresh and dried, slabs of tunny, looking like dried wood; split and smoked salmon, sea-slugs (*iriko*) calamaries, and seaweed, along with all sorts of fresh live fish, from the ever-spread nets in the Japanese gulfs and rivers. With these are to be noticed little fish, like sardines, threaded on bamboo splinters, enormous *awabi*, and prodigious whelks, as well as tubs full of oysters taken from the shell. Fish, next to rice, is the staple article of Japanese diet; and, there is here indeed, an effect of Buddhism, which was always more indulgent to the fish-eater than to the



A Shop for Lamps.

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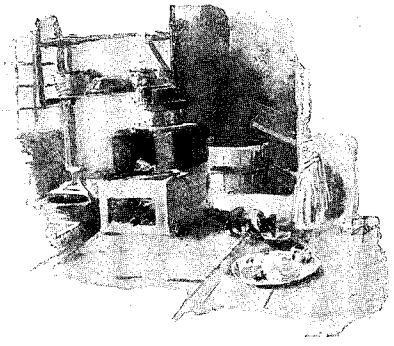
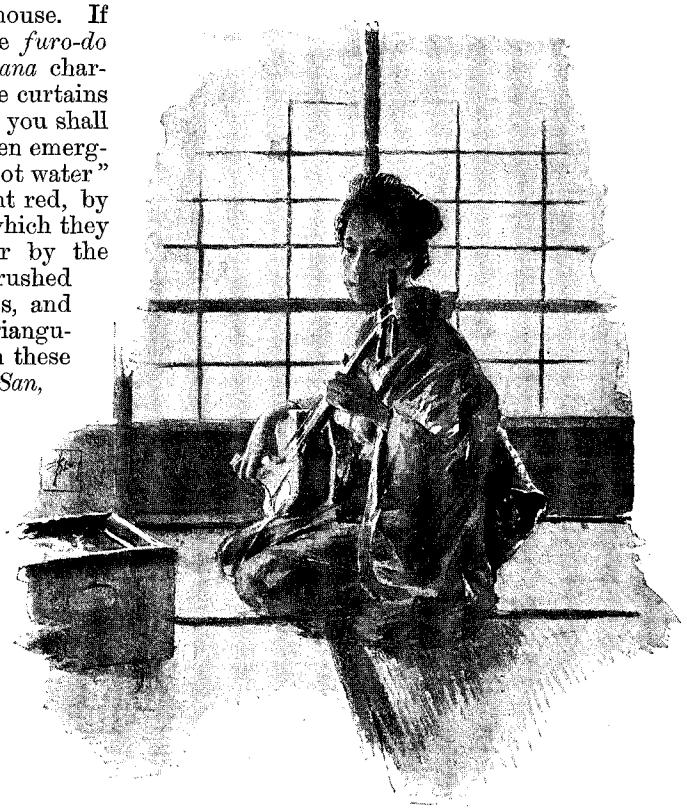
flesh-eater. Very little meat at all is eaten by the Japanese, and there is



"Every good house possesses its own furo-do."

a silent, but strong public prejudice against it. You may see over an eating-house the announcement of venison for sale under the name of "Mountain Whale" (*Yama Kujira*). It is felt to be more respectable to eat it under that appellation.

Next comes the bath-house. If you do not recognize the *furo-do* by the Chinese or *hira-gana* characters stamped on the blue curtains fluttering outside its door, you shall know it by the boys and men emerging from the "honorable hot water" with hands and feet bright red, by reason of the parboiling which they have just undergone; or by the women with wet hair brushed back from their foreheads, and tied up at the end in a triangular piece of paper. When these latter get home *O Kami San*, the *coiffeuse*, will come and dress their moist, black tresses for the next two or three days, in one of the many modes prescribed by fashion. There is the *mage* for married women, where the hair is drawn over a pad, in a solid shining, single boss; and there are other elaborate styles for unmarried damsels, *musumës*, girls, and *geishas*, not to be achieved without much appliance of camellia-oil, gold and silver strings, and *Kanzashi*—the carved and tinselled hair-pins. Inside the bath-house are to be seen tubs, tanks, and a sloping wooden floor, the spaces for males and females being divided, if at all, by a mere lattice as often as by any solid partition. The Japanese are not in the least ashamed of the body, the "city of nine gates," which the soul temporarily inhabits. In summer-time there is not much of anybody concealed, especially in the country villages, where the police are not particular, as sometimes they show themselves in the towns. This frank exposure goes with the most perfect modesty, and indeed leads to it. He would be considered a very ill-bred person who gazed with eyes of too much curiosity at what the bath-house, or the toilet in the shop-front, or the maternal duties attended to upon the pavement should casually reveal. Morality rather gains, and sentiment decidedly loses by this candor of



"O Tatsu San."

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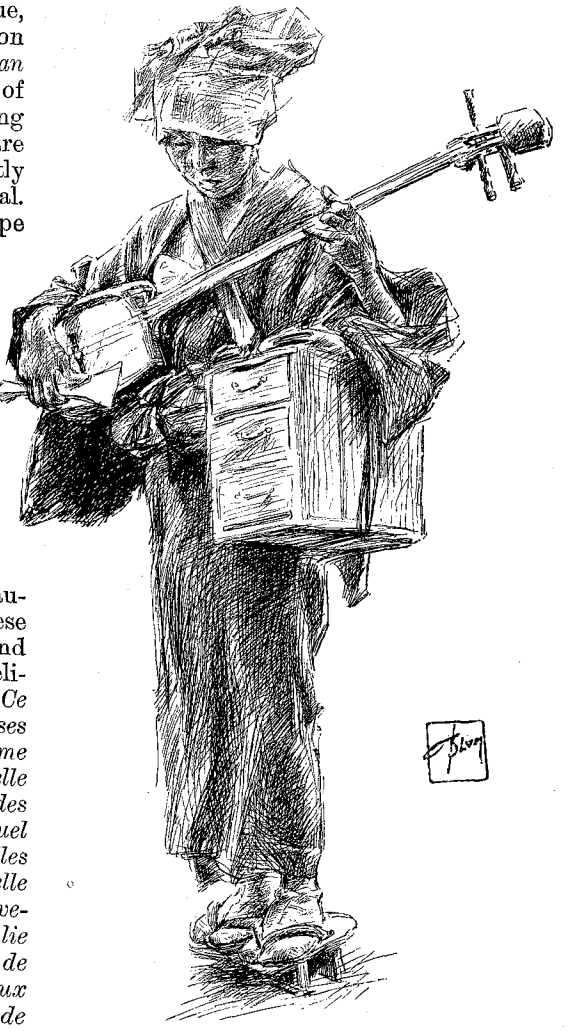
Japanese manners as regards nudity; for no one looks at what all the world may see, and it is the veil which makes the sanctum. Meanwhile, mark well how the people frequent the *furo-do;* they are the greatest lovers of "the tub" in the world, and indubitably the cleanliest of all known people. A Japanese crowd has no odor whatever, and your *jinrikisha*-man perspires profusely without the smallest offence to the nicest sense of his fare close behind. True, they wear no underlinen, and put on the same *kimono*, *fundoshi* and *juban* after the bath; but these articles of clothing are also constantly being washed. Note, too, how well-kept are all their hands and feet; how perfectly well formed they are, and how natural. The wooden *geta* and *waraji* of rope make, indeed, the sides and palms of their feet callous, and the string of velvet or grass which holds those on forces the great toe to grow apart from the others. But almost every foot, male and female, is comely to see; not like the sadly distorted extremities so often witnessed in Western men and women, the result of tight and pointed boots and shoes. Especially are the hands of Japanese women almost always good, and sometimes, absolutely charming. Theophile Gautier would have rejoiced to study these soft, symmetrical, brown little palms, and neat, close, roseate finger-tips, and delicate, supple wrists; he who wrote: "*Ce que j'adore le plus, entre toutes les choses du monde, c'est une belle main! Comme elle est d'une blancheur vivace! Quelle mollesse de peau! Comme le bout des doigts est admirablement effilé! Quel poli, et quel éclat! On dirait des feuilles intérieures d'une rose! Et puis, quelle grâce, quel art dans les moindres mouvements! Comme le petit doigt se replie gracieusement, et se tient un peu écarté de ses grandes sœurs! Je ferme mes yeux pour ne plus la voir, mais du bout de ses doigts délicats, elle me prend les cils, et m'ouvre les paupières, et fait passer devant moi mille visions d'ivoire et de neige.*" * You would not understand one word of this exquisite French, *O Tatsu San!* or *O Hana San!* and your small hands are certainly not "vividly white," nor could they exactly recall "snow and ivory;" but fair and shapely, and full of tender lines and loveliness they are, for all that; and the artist is yet to come who shall do full justice to the flat and archless, but delightful little foot, and the brown and gloveless, but exquisite little hand, of the average Japanese woman of the middle class as she emerges, dewy and blooming, from the bath-house.



"Wandering Etas."

There are eight or nine hundred public baths in the city of Tokio, where three hundred thousand persons bathe

* From Mlle. de Maupin.

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daily at a charge of one *sen* three *rin* (about a cent) per head, and three *rin* (less than a farthing) for children. The poorest may therefore bathe, and always do; so that, lately, in the time of dear rice, when money was given to our poor, a tenth part was allotted to bathing-tickets. Besides the public bathing establishments every good house also possesses its own *furo-do;* and the first question of your servant on awakening you is, "*O yu ni irrashaimas ka?*" "Do you condescend into the honorable hot water?" Truly Japan does take her daily bath very hot! The people think nothing of 110° Fahr., though, it must be understood, they do not stay very long in this heated water. Most of all, they enjoy and largely patronize the innumerable hot springs welling up all over this volcanic land. Everywhere these are caught with pipes and pressed into service for pleasure or hygienic use; and as, for instance, those at Kosatsu, are so highly esteemed for all fleshly ills that the proverb runs: "Here everything can be cured except love!" Walking from Hakone to Miyanoshita on the mountains surrounding Fuji San, it was amusing to observe, at the place called *Ashi-no-yu*, where sulphur springs are caught and let into many bath-houses, how all of us together — coolies, pedestrians, chair-carriers, etc.—hastened to jump into the strong-smelling, but soft and refreshing, waters, and emerged with the look and feeling of men who had feasted satisfactorily, albeit with the odor of a box of bad lucifer matches.

Nearly opposite the bath-house, behind the flower-shop full of lotuses and lilies, and between a tea-garden and a bamboo grove, you see the graveyard of our quarter. It is crowded with four-sided, upright headstones, some bearing the figure of *Jizo Sama*, with a glory round his head and a bell in his left hand. He is the genius of travellers, including those who make the great journey. The graves are near together, because, for the most part, only the ashes of deceased persons have been here interred, and these naturally pack close. The inscriptions on the stones will not give the dead man's or woman's name, but only the *Kaimiô*, or posthumous title conferred by the priests after demise. These are very often highly fanciful and poetical. But it would be strange to Western ideas to come to look on the tomb of one beloved, and to find engraved, instead of the old, familiar appellation, that of "here lies," "the purple-cloud-and-heavenly-music-believing woman." A little cup is hollowed at the foot of the stone to hold water, if the spirit should wish to

"A Begging Priest."

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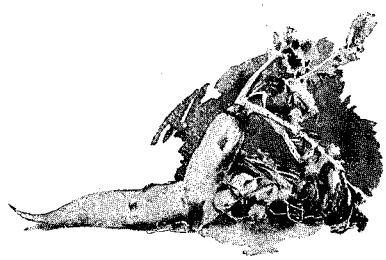
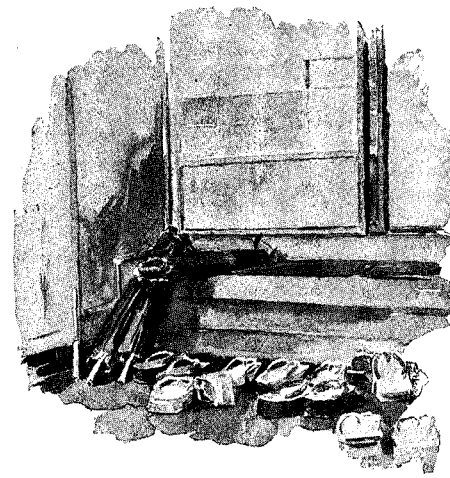
drink, and on each side stands a bamboo-joint with sprigs of the *Shikimi*, the evergreen anise (*illicium religiosum*). Round a new grave thin laths of wood, called *Lotoba*, are placed, bearing Chinese and Sanskrit legends; one being planted every seventh day, until there are eight standing round. The sacred verses on them, coupled with the name of the dead, are thought to help him into heaven. Those who can afford it put also a memorial tablet in their temple, and another on the *Butsu-dan*, the family altar-shelf at home. When buried, and not burnt, the body is placed cross-legged in a coffin, with sandals on its feet, and a stick in the right hand, while in the left are laid six *rin*, wherewith to pay toll at the six cross-roads which you reach before coming to the other world. The distance thither is 3,600,000,000 *ri;* nevertheless, the spirit comes back every year on the night of July 15th, which is the Japanese *jour des morts*. On that night fires are lighted before the doors of those who have lost their friends, and lanterns are suspended in the *shoji* to guide them home at this date. It is a pretty fancy that a butterfly entering the house is a soul come back upon a brief visit.

Sometimes, but most generally in the rural districts, you will see the *Nagare Kanjo* in or near a graveyard — the "Debt of the Running Water." An oblong cloth is attached by its four corners to four rods stuck in the ground, so as to hold it near a little rivulet that runs from a bubbling spring on the hill-side. By the spring there will lie



"The great and dreadful radish."

a small dipper. Stay a little, however hurried, and pour one or two ladlefuls full of water into that suspended cloth "of your charity;" for the *Nagare Kanjo* marks a gentle Japanese mother's soul in purgatory. Behind it rises a lath, notched several times near the top, and inscribed with a brief legend. Upon the four corners in the upright bamboo may be set bouquets of flowers. The



"Casting off your shoes."

tall lath tablet is the same as that placed behind graves. On the cloth is written a name and a prayer. Waiting long enough, perchance but a few minutes, there will be seen a passer-by, who pauses, and offering a prayer with the aid of his rosary, reverently dips a ladleful of water, pours it upon the cloth, and waits patiently until it has strained through, before moving on. He has read the story of sorrow at the brink of joy, of the mother dying that her babe may live. He is touched, as you must be, by the appeal of the *Nagare Kanjo*, made in the name of mother-love and mother-woe; for the inscription implores every passer-by, for the love of Heaven, to shorten the penalties of a soul in pain. "The Japanese" (Buddhists) says the author of "The Mikado's Empire," "believe that all calamity is the result of sin, either in this or a previous state of existence. The mother who dies in childbed suffers, by such a death, for some awful transgression, it may be, in a cycle of existence long since passed, for she must leave her new-born infant and sink into the darkness of Hades. There must she suffer and groan until the flowing invocation

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ceases, by the wearing out of the symbolic cloth. When this is so utterly worn that the water no longer drains, but falls through at once, the freed spirit of the mother rises to a higher cycle of existence. Devout men as they pass by reverently pour a ladleful of water. Women, especially those who have felt mother-pains, repeat the expiatory act with deeper feeling.

The cotton cloth, inscribed with the prayer and the name of the deceased, to be efficacious, can be purchased only at temples. I have been told that rich people are able to secure one that, when stretched but a few days, will rupture. The poor man can only get the stoutest and most closely woven fabric. The limit of purgatorial penance is thus fixed by warp and woof, and warp and woof are gauged by money. The rich man's napkin is scraped thin in the middle. But the poor mother secures a richer tribute of sympathy from humble people.

From many a house as we pass, especially at evening, is heard the tinkling *samisen*, or the thrum of the stronger-voiced *koto*. Every house seems to contain a *samisen*, the three-stringed guitar of Japan, having a long, black neck, unprovided with frets, and a square sounding body covered by stretched cat-skin. Every Japanese woman appears to know how to play it, with more or less skill, and, indeed, to do this is part of every girl's education; and the most important part, indeed, of those who are to be *geishas* and such like. It must be a difficult instrument to learn, as there is no printed notation for the music, but all is taught by tradition and constant practice, until extraordinary skill is arrived at; but there is no harmony in this sort of Japanese music, and to the unaccustomed ear not much melody. Certain little chansonettes upon the *samisen*, with their light-wandering accompaniments, live a little in the mem-

"The Ameya." *

* "Very interesting things they do certainly perform, and in a most simple manner, using the candy like a glass-blower his lump of molten glass, and producing results, if hardly as beautiful or durable, certainly as artistic and finished as regards workmanship."—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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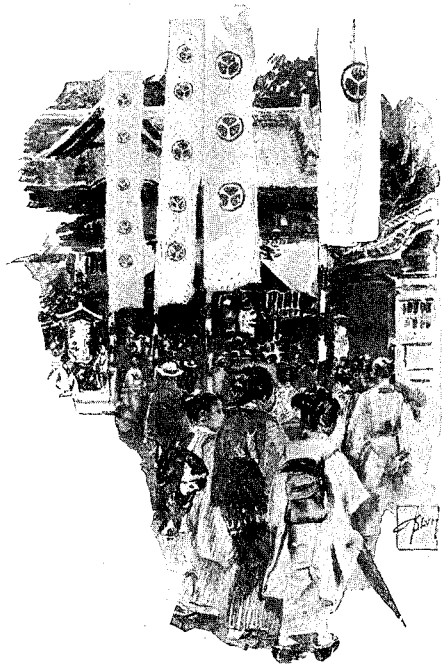
ory; such an old-fashioned verse as this, for instance, sung by a glossy-haired musumë on a winter day over the fire-box:

"*Haori Kakush 'te*
Sodè hiki-tomètè
Dô demo Kiyo wa
Ii tsutsu tattè
Renji mado
Shoji wo hoso-mè ni hikè-aketè
Are miya san sè
Kono yuki ni!"

Which may be lightly interpreted:

"She hid his coat,
She plucked his sleeve,
To-day you cannot go!
To-day, at least, you will not leave,
The heart that loves you so!"
The *mado* she undid
And back the shoji slid:
And, clinging, cried, "Dear Lord, perceive
The whole white world is snow!"

Nor is it otherwise than very gentle and pleasant, particularly cold nights,



"For it is Matsuri."

to sit round the *hibachi* in a Japanese household, with the little brass or silver pipes all alight, and the cups of tea or *saké* kept filled; listen to song after song in the strange, dreamy, suggestive intermixture of the *samisen's* sharp string, with the voices of the women, sometimes high-pitched, sometimes sinking to a musical sigh divided into endless notes. Casting off your shoes at the spotless threshold of the little house, you enter, to sit on the soft, white *tatamis*, amid a gentle shower of musical salutations, "*Ohayo*" and "*Yô o ide nasaimashta*," and drinking the fragrant tea, and lighting the tiny *kiseru*, listen to the songs of the "Dragon King's Daughter," and dream you are Uroshima, who discovered the Fortunate Islands, and stayed there happily for a thousand years. On the wall will hang some picture of the life or teachings of the Buddha, whose compassionate peace has passed into the spirit of the land. The clean and shapely brown feet of laughing musumës patter on the floor in willing service, like the coming and going of birds. We fry *mochi* upon the brazier, and sip, in bright sobriety, the pale yellow tea. A spray of scarlet winter-berries, and the last of the yellow chrysanthemums, suspended in a bamboo joint, give points of lively color to the apartment, which is so commodious because it has no doors, and so neat and spotless because we do not make streets of our houses. When the *samisen* is not tinkling, the sound of light laughter makes sufficient music, for we are *Kokoro yasui*, "heart easy," and life is never very serious in Japan. Listen a little to the gay, fragmentary love song *O Tatsu San* is murmuring to the strings, which she strikes with the ivory *bachi:*

"Shote wa jôdan
Nakagora giri de
Ima ja tagai no
Jitsu to jitsu."

Doubtless something real in her own little existence renders her brown eyes so soft and expressive as she thus sings:

"First 'twas all a jest,
Then 'twas daily duty;
Now 'tis at its best
True faith, tender beauty—
Both quite love possessed."

"*Matta utatte kudasai!*" "One more little song, *O Tatsu San*, and replenish the honorable tea!" We could not

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"The Amma."
"The blind shampooer, feels his way slowly through the crowd, piping three lugubrious notes on his reed flute."

imagine Japan without the *samisen;* yet, personally, I like better the lively little *gekkin* from China, with three pairs of sister-wires, something like the mandolin of southern Italy. The *koto* is a horizontal harp with thirteen strings, and capable of very powerful and beautiful effects. The *biwa* is a lute with four chords.

At the *kuruma*-stand, where eight or ten of the little vehicles stand in a row, and the brown-legged, blue-clad human steeds are smoking tiny brass *kiseru* and chatting like jackdaws, a clamorous chorus of invitation arises: "*Danna! 'rikisha? Danna! irrashaimas no des'ka? O ide nasai?*" "Will you ride, Master? Will you make the honorable entrance, Master?" One cannot now so much conceive Japan existing without her *jinrikisha;* and yet the invention now to be seen on every road and in every village of the country is not quite a quarter of a century old. No one positively knows who introduced it; but it struck such root that, in Tokio alone, there are at present between thirty and forty thousand of these two-wheeled

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chairs; and they have spread to China and Malay, employing numbers of the working population, and adding an immense convenience to public life. *Jinriki-sha* signifies "man-power vehicle," and if you have two men to pull you the phrase for that is *ni-nim-biki*, the letters being a little altered by what Japanese grammar calls "*Nigori*." The Tokio citizens call their little cab *kuruma*, which means "a wheel," and the coolie who pulls it is termed *kurumaya*. To fit him out with dark blue cotton coat and drawers, vest of cotton, reed hat, covered with white calico, and painted paper lantern, as well as blue cloven socks for fine weather and string sandals for the mud, costs about three American dollars. But he must, moreover, bring to the business lungs of leather and sinews of steel; nor does one ever cease to wonder at the daily endurance of these men. In hot and cold weather alike, streaming with perspiration or pelted with snow and sleet, they trundle you along apparently incapable of fatigue; always cheerful, always, in my experience, honest, and easily satisfied; sufficiently rewarded for running a league with a sum equivalent to three of your dimes. The natives, who make bargains with them before starting, go immense distances for incredibly small fares, and constantly ride two together in the same conveyance. I have seen a *kurumaya* cheerfully wheeling along a father and mother, with three children, to say nothing of the flower-pots, bird-cages, and bunches of *daikon*—the great and dreadful radish of the country—carried in the family laps. When not engaged in running, they wrap round their shoulders the scarlet, blue, green, or striped blanket—*ketto*—destined for the knees of a customer, and look then rather like Red Indians. They are said to be a prodigal tribe, quickly spending in *saké* and small pleasures the money which they earn; but they need some solace for the prodigiously exhaustive work they perform, and, so far as I have seen, no more temperate class can exist. At the end of a long run, a cup of pale tea, a whiff at the little brass pipe, and, perhaps, a slice of bread dipped in treacle, start them off again, fresh and lively, for another stiff stretch. The men who took us to Nikko from Utsunomiya ran the entire twenty-five miles in four hours with ease, though much of it was up-hill, and would have returned, had we desired it, on the same day. A *jinrikisha*-man in good case and fairly paid is not at all afraid of forty or fifty miles day after day; nor is it true that their work makes them specially short-lived, so far as my inquiries have gone. I am persuaded that very advantageous use could be made of this kind of transport in a campaign. A *kuruma* can go wherever there is a path, and to draw munitions, provisions, stores, or to convey the sick and wounded, a corps of jinrickisha men would be invaluable to an army. I noticed at the Nagoya manœuvres that such employment was actually made of them, and very profitably.

We will not take *kuruma* to-day, but will walk, instead, down the *Kuboi-chô* to Shimbashi, where the rice-boats and manure flats lie at the bridge, and to the long and fashionable Ginza. "*Sore Kara O mi ashi de ikimas!*" "You proceed, then, by the honorable legs!" says the *kurumaya*, smiling, and bows as courteously as if you had engaged him. How picturesque and special to Japan is the vista of this Tokio street, with the low, open houses on each side, all of the same sober, weather-tanned hue, of the same build, the same materials, the same frankly opened interior, the same little front shop, except where a fire-proof "go-down," more solidly constructed, breaks the uniformity with its heavy, ugly walls and windows of black lacquer. In a great conflagration these will be the only buildings left standing; and after any extensive *Kwaji* you see them surviving, isolated and scorched, like rocks upon a burnt moorland. The sombre color of the houses, and their black and white heavy roofs and ridges, would give a too subdued and almost sombre look to a Japanese street, if it were not for the gay contents of the shops, and the bright, good-tempered busy throngs in the roadway. The fruit stores, the doll-shops, the fan-shops, the flower-shops, the cake-shops, the small emporiums where they sell bed-quilts, and *Kimono*, and hanging pictures (*Kaki-mono*), and shrines for Buddha, and tinselled hairpins, and gold and

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silver twist for the hair, and umbrellas, amply fill the scene with color. Then the people are so perpetually interesting! Stand by the apothecary's establishment, which has for its sign a pair of large gilded eyes and a catalogue of charms against all devils, while this funeral procession passes; a square, white box, borne shoulder high, by four bearers, within which, with head resting upon his knees, and the gold ball above him to denote "space"—whither he has gone—the dead takes his last ride in Tokio. You need not be too melancholy about it; nobody greatly dreads or dislikes dying in Japan, where religion has been defined as "a little fear and a great deal of fun." The clog-maker, the girl grinding ice in the *Kori-mizu* shop, the hawker with fried eels, the little naked boys and girls at play; the priest, the policemen in white, and the pretty, tripping *musumë*, look at the cortége a little, but with their laughter and chat only half suspended, as their fellow-citizen wends to take his turn at gazing into the *Johari-no-Kagami*—that mirror in the other world where, at a glance, you see all the good things and all the bad things which you ever did in this. The street, which had stood aside a little for the procession, fills anew with *misoku, i.e.*, "coolies" or "leg-men," toiling at wheeling timber, assisted heartily by old ladies in light blue trousers; students in flat caps and scarlet socks; wandering *etas*, the Japanese pariahs; perambulating shopkeepers, such as the moji-yaki, or "letter-burner," who bakes sweet paste into characters, animals, or baskets; his fellow, the *ame-ya*, or jelly-man, who, from barley-gluten will blow you, by a reed, rats, rabbits, or monkeys; and the two priests, with long, embroidered lapels, one telling such a good story that the other, exploding with laughter, is heard to say, *Domo! Kimo tsubushita.* "Really! you have burst my liver!" If it be the season of kites, everybody will be flying them, in mid traffic, even the shopkeeper has despatched one aloft, worked by a string fastened to his *hibachi*, and the barber's family launches one from the upper window of the house, marked by the conventional pole of red, blue, and white. The chiffonier of Japan—the *Kami-Kudsuhiroi*—is picking up rags and paper scraps with a forked bamboo; the sparrow-catcher goes stealthily along carrying a tall bamboo rod armed with bird-lime fatal to many a chirping bird; the gravely dressed doctor passes with a boy to carry his pestle-and-mortar box, and "the thousand-year life-pills;" the fortune-teller spreads on a cloth his fifty little sticks and six black and red blocks of wood, which can tell you more than man should know; the bean-cake-seller tinkles his bells and beats his gong to announce his sticky wares; the *amma*, the blind shampooer, feels his way slowly through the crowd, piping three lugubrious notes on his reed-flute, and ready to pound and knead anybody's muscles into vigor for three-pence; while in a quiet corner, under the temple-wall, the street-artist, surrounded by admirers, constructs pictures and writes Chinese mottoes on the earth with handfuls of tinted sand. Into the temple-court—for it is *Matsuri*, and a great day—are pouring lines of people to say a brisk prayer at the shrine, and to buy some toys for the children at the innumerable stalls round the court. Religion and pleasure go hand in hand in Japan. Observe the old lady, with shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth, belonging to by-gone Japan; her two daughters, who are of the newer style, and proudly carry European umbrellas, and even black silk gloves. They wash their hands from the temple well by means of a small wooden ladle; approach the altar, pull the thick cord which makes the gong sound, and, the attention of heaven having been engaged, they pray their silent prayers with bowed heads and clasped palms; throw a sen into the offering-box, and clapping their hands to let Divinity know their affair is finished, they turn aside, merrily chatting, to sip tea at the "Snow-white Stork" and purchase hair-pins and playthings for the *Kodomo*.

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A TRUCE.

By Mary Tappan Wright.

If Life had made a truce with Love,
And hand in hand together
Made earth as fair as heaven above,
That day, my own, were mine alone,
Of all Time's stormy weather.

If Life and Love fall out again,
And frown at one another,
Then Love shall laugh, for all his pain,
Who stole a day from Life away
That Life may ne'er recover.

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

I.

A BROAD beach extending far into the distance; miles of sand-hills on the left, and on the right a sullen sea, from which one slow-rolling wave after another washed up moaning on the shore. Tall gray columns of rain were sweeping across the green turbid water in stately procession, smooth and undeviating until they reached the land, when the wind drove them aslant in long, searching streaks across the country, and sea, shore, and hills became blurred and indistinguishable. A discouraged horse ploughed laboriously through the heavy sand on the beach, dragging a low, old-fashioned chaise, in which two persons, wrapped to the eyes in waterproofs, sat far back in the shadow. A large, fair-haired man was driving with surly ill-will, as if he and the horse were sworn foes, the lines about his mouth hardening as the road grew heavier and the rain beat more persistently in his face. His companion glanced at him from time to time, smiling provokingly, but turned her eyes away again without speaking. At last, with a final struggle against the wind that took the top of the chaise as if it had been a sail, the horse backed and then came to a standstill. After an unsuccessful attempt to get at the whip, the driver frowned and set his jaw unpleasantly, waiting in grim rage for the gust to pass.

"This horse knew that it was going to rain," said the girl, her eyes shining in the corner where she had drawn back as far as she could; "he knew it all the time, and yet he insisted upon coming this way. I wonder at your angelic patience, Ned; of course the rain is doing it intentionally, and the wind ——"

"I don't know what you mean," he answered, jerking the reins savagely, while the poor horse, gathering himself together, dragged slowly ahead.

"The wind is insolent. Its attitude is personal. It amazes me to see how you keep your temper."

"You are entirely mistaken. I have not lost my temper in the least!"

"Have I not but just congratulated you upon your self-control?" she said, and leaning forward pulled the apron down to the level of her eyes. The gray hills on her left showed mistily through the rain, their tops delicately green with the early growth of grass, and all their slopes bare from the perpetual sliding of the light sand.

"What dreariness!" she murmured.

"Dreariness!" echoed he. "If you mean those hills, they are intolerable! I told Cornwall the last time we were down that I never meant to set my foot on them again. And mind, you keep out of them. They are the wildest, loneliest, eeriest things in the whole created universe!"

"You are making them attractive, you and Mr. Cornwall; he told me last winter that if they once took hold of the imagination they would never let go. I had meant to take Ann and spend my days in them."

"You will do no such thing. It is

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just like Cornwall to put you up to something he knew I should disapprove. Still, I needn't trouble myself; between Ann's cowardice and your own laziness you will never go. The walking in there is atrocious; it is next door to a quicksand, pulling your feet down at every step—drag, drag, drag. I had to go ploughing through it until I was completely worn out, and ready to swear."

"The novelty of the latter sensation should have redeemed it," she said, shrugging her shoulders.

"I tell you," he exclaimed, with a strong sense of personal irritation, "there is something about it that brings out all the brute in one. You grow mad in it; you are willing to burst your heart to overcome it, and it hinders and hampers and weighs on you as if every grain of it had a thousand wills against you."

"Do stop, Ned," she said, laughing. "You are making it impossible for me to keep away from them. The thought of little things like that having a thousand wills of their own is more than I can be expected to withstand; it creates a bond of sympathy, you know, a——"

"It is just like you!" he broke out, angrily. "No wonder you feel in sympathy with it. It slips through the fingers shining and glittering all the while, just as you have laughed yourself out of every obligation ever laid upon you, and if you try to make your way against it, drag, drag—it pushes in your pathway in myriads of fine opposing particles until their weight becomes intolerable, —intolerable!"

"You are talking nonsense," she said, coldly. "What have I ever done but follow meekly the course marked out for me before I was born? I am doing it now; I shall continue it all summer, and complete the great work in the autumn. Where have you, or the rest of the family, ever had from me any opposition, any opinion even, not in accordance with your wishes?"

"Still you oppose! You have never"—he turned and addressed her emphatically—"you have never done anything but oppose."

"You mistake the word; it is conform you mean. I have never done anything but conform."

"Conform! Yes, and you can conform to the day of your death, but this does not alter the fact that essentially you slip through our fingers. We have moulded you into the shape we wished. I hold you in my hand, but let me once loosen my clasp, and you glide softly back to your own ways and think your own thoughts."

"And whose thoughts should I think?" she asked, defiantly.

"The old men saw it; but they cared only for the letter. If you followed the path they marked out, with your feet, you were as free as air, in spirit, to rove where you pleased. But I care. I care, I tell you! It maddens me. It is as if in this slow dragging through the shifting sand-hills I saw my future; and——"

"Good heavens!" she said, with amused consternation. "How long have you been getting this up? And what is it for? Are you going on the stage, or is it private theatricals?"

"It is none of them. It is that you are going to be my wife in three months, and you could see me marry any other woman under the sun with perfect composure."

"I could," she said, "with something more than perfect composure. But as I can also be married to you myself with perfect composure, I do not see what you have to cavil at."

"You do not see—" he began.

"I do not! It indicates a great deal of affection that I am willing to marry you at all."

"I suppose it does; and your eagerness to break off the whole thing—what does that indicate?"

"That also indicates affection of the same kind. To break off is as much for your happiness as for mine. I acknowledge that it is a snarl, and Uncle Edward and papa took care that it should be hard to untangle. Still, if it were not for your sheer obstinacy we could do it. Your feelings are no more engaged in it than mine. Look at last winter!"

"Well, look at it! What difference did it make to you?"

"Of course, it made no difference to me. But you need not go off into tragic tirades about caring for what I do—or, rather, do not do; for the matter is mainly negative—when you yourself so

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openly and publicly show how impossible it is that there should be any truth in such caring. No—no! Listen to me"—she raised her voice to silence his protest—"I am not criticising. You may go on flirting with Mrs. Sturgis every winter of our lives. I only wish it were Nellie Graham, and then you could marry her, and put an end to the whole difficulty. Still, no matter who it is, I have no intention of interfering. I shall not even see you! And, while we are on the subject, I should like to say that it is not quite fair for the liberty to be all on one side. If I did the things that you do, it might be different; but you must leave me my friends, Ned. In some cases they are your friends, and in some they are not. But however that may be, this is the last time that I shall submit to your interference."

"And in what possible manner have I interfered?" he broke in impatiently. She looked at him a moment, and smiled with charming impertinence.

"In what possible manner *haven't* you?" she asked.

Ned turned the horse from the sea, and drove over a sandy slope in the shore, along the road, which now led inland through a dip in the low hills, and for a time they remained in silence.

"There is the house," he said, pointing across a small fresh-water pond, on the further side of which a red farmhouse, with the usual trail of New England barns, might be seen through the rain. A tall, bony woman stood in the door-way waiting for them, and as they approached she waved her hand.

"Well, of all things!" she shouted. "Whatever possessed you to come around by the beach? Your trunks came up an hour ago, Mr. Forman."

"Is Long ready to drive back with me?" he asked, as he lifted the young girl to the steps. The woman made no reply.

"Look here," she said, roughly, fixing her eyes on the little figure before her, "I didn't contract to take care of no children."

Forman laughed.

"Don't be frightened," he said; "her nurse will be down by the next train. We must have another horse to drive back with. I suppose your husband is in the barn." He jumped into the chaise again and drove off, while Mrs. Long followed her guest into the narrow entry, and stood gazing at her with open curiosity.

"I declare," she said, as the girl dropped her wraps on the floor, "you ain't much bigger than a well-grown child of twelve. How you ever came to be a Forman I don't see! Why, your cousin Ned 'd make ten of you. They always were a big lot, men and women, too. It beats me how you ever——"

"Will you take these wet shawls to the kitchen?" said the girl, quietly. "My maid does not come until evening."

Mrs. Long drew in her breath.

"Look here," she said again—her invariable preliminary to a protest—"he didn't say nothing about a maid. I can't have a lazy city huzzy bothering round here; and what's more, I won't! You just tell him he's got to send her back, or else you can go over to the Point. There's plenty of boardin'-houses there as can put up with any amount of nonsense."

The girl seemed not to hear. She walked slowly into the little, tightly closed sitting-room on the right of the narrow hall, and sat down in the dark. Mrs. Long waited a moment and then retired, presumably to deliver her own message, for Forman soon entered, looking angry and annoyed.

"Nina, can't you do without Ann?" he said, going to the window and throwing open the shutters. "Mrs. Long says she has no room for her."

"I could do without Ann, if there were any necessity for it. But as there are pleasanter and more obliging land-ladies to be found elsewhere, why remain here?"

"She doesn't mean to be disagreeable," said Ned; "and besides, from an old family servant like that you might stand a few peculiarities, especially when they go hand in hand with such honesty and strength of character."

"She was with you for just four years at Steadham, when mamma and I were in France," said Nina.

"Oh, well, Cornwall and I have been down here for the shooting and fishing every summer since she married Long."

"Still, I can't see why I should stay.

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In my case her 'strength of character' is not compensated for either by shooting, fishing, or family ties."

"If you go over to the Point it will be all in the papers."

"I have been in the papers for a year now, and I cannot make myself uncomfortable for a thing that I am powerless to prevent. It will possibly be in the papers that I am down here."

"No, it won't. I have taken special precautions. They think you have gone to Canada."

"Ah!" There was something in her intonation that put him on the defensive.

"Even here you know how all our acquaintances would flock around you. You would have no rest, no quiet."

"Oh, I forgot; it is quiet I need?"

He rose angrily and began to pace the floor. "I am sure I should never have brought you here if I had known it to be against your will. I thought you were delighted with the project. But if you must have distraction and dissipation, why not go to Newport at once?"

The girl smiled.

"Yes," she said; "why not?"

"How like a woman! We have settled that question at least a dozen times."

"There are people at Newport that interest me," she continued, calmly.

Forman came and sat down in front of her.

"You know that Newport is not the place for you—your health, your mourning, our approaching marriage——"

She leaned back in her chair and shut her eyes. "My dear Ned," she said, wearily, "do not go over it; I know it all by heart, and there is not a word of sense in it. But I am convinced, convinced"—she repeated more hastily, as he made an effort to interrupt—"quite as convinced as I should be by a statement of facts."

"What do you mean by a statement of facts?"

"Oh, something clear and to the point, something, perhaps, a little truthful. Still, they have their drawbacks—statements of facts have. They can be answered; these nice roundabout political reasons never can."

"Will you be kind enough to make me a statement of the facts in question?"

"You might put it several ways," she answered, deliberately. "'My friend, the architect,' you might say, 'whom you occasionally find interesting, being detained in Newport this summer, I naturally prefer that you should stay here;' or, 'Although you have a comfortable cottage at this same Newport, I should like it better if you would consent to remain in a musty little red farm-house, because it is the last spot in which one would expect to find you, especially as I have taken pains to inform people that you are elsewhere.'"

"And what is to prevent your informing Cornwall of your whereabouts at any time you choose?" he asked, coldly.

"Nothing is to prevent," she said, with indifference; "nothing at all, except—everything! You have interfered, as usual; but in doing so you have underscored a passage that hitherto had but trifling significance. There, I will lend you that little aphorism for your summer meditation. You can think of it when the fish refuse to bite. Now, then, you may go, my dear. Tell Ann I do not want her; and do not miss your train."

She offered him her cheek; he bent forward and kissed it.

"Good-by," he said, rising. "Hereafter I shall always be with you. It is our last parting!" He stooped to kiss her again; but she drew back, frowning.

"Once is enough," she said. "Please summon your 'family' dragon, as you go out."

Ned gave her a look in which affection and antagonism struggled curiously for the mastery, and without another word left the room, shutting the door behind him with a bang; then he opened it again, and muttering something about the "wind" and "an accident," closed it more softly.

Nina smiled, but not pleasantly. She was standing at the window, watching the rain that drifted in sheets across the square of tiny panes. The roll of departing wheels came to her ears along with the musical tattoo of drops on the glass as the gale changed its course. "Thank heaven!" she breathed, with a sigh of relief, and then, with quick repentance, added, "Poor Ned!"

"If you want to see your room," said Mrs. Long, bustling in, "I'll show it to

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you now; an' my niece, Ducie, can help you unpack your trunks. You're small of your age," she concluded, eying her critically; "but it strikes me you're a kind o' helpless even for your size!"

She led the way to a large room in the gable end of the house, throwing open the door at the head of the stairs with manifest pride.

"How pretty!" exclaimed Nina, looking about her approvingly. "And does all this handsome old furniture come from your people?"

"No; I wish it did; but it's been scared up from all over the country by Mr. Cornwall. A pretty row he'd make if he knew I was lettin' anybody use it."

"He ought to be grateful to you for your care of it," said Nina, carelessly. "What a lovely old fireplace!"

"He had that picked out himself; it hadn't been open for twenty years, an', Miss Forman"—Mrs. Long moved about uneasily—"if you'll please not meddle with any of his pipes and things over the mantel I'll be thankful, for he's that fussy about havin' them touched."

Nina looked up at a rack of pipes and old guns, unlikely objects of curiosity, and laughed. "Do you expect him down this summer?" she asked.

"No. He's got to stay in Newport. He's buildin' some houses down there, they tell me, that 'll bring him in a heap of money; but it 'd take more 'n that to seem anything to you Formans. And the papers say the old gentleman left you the whole pile?" She waited a decent interval for an answer, but none being forthcoming, gave a resentful sniff and departed.

Nina was warming her hands at the fire. She was a little creature, almost swallowed up in the great white easy-chair, with its high back and its sides curving like the lobes of two gigantic ears; there was a grandfatherly air about it that made her look very young and very small; it seemed even precocious of her to be twenty years old. For a while she sat watching the blue blaze of burning drift-wood in frowning revery; then, the ornamental arrangement over the mantel catching her eye again, she smiled and looked about her.

"Cornwall's!" she murmured. "I thought I was to have Ned's. The dragon's conscience is uneasy about it; I know they both pay her to keep their rooms vacant. What natural instinct makes me detest that woman?"

She rose and walked slowly about, looking at the various pieces of quaint furniture, and as she moved from spot to spot her face fell; she was going through that mixed process of mental pictures and silent verbal explanation that we call thinking.

"I remember it was down here that he planned our Newport house," she said to herself as she passed her hand almost caressingly over the great drawing-table near the window. "This is where he sat. No; I shouldn't call him handsome, but—yes, distinguished certainly; he looks like some kings. What a horrible sign!" She laughed outright. "I suppose poor Nellie Graham thinks Ned looks like a king, too—Henry the Eighth, very likely! He wrote his letters at this." She went up and seated herself in front of an old secretary in the corner, and leaning her elbows upon the open flap rested her chin in her hands and gazed into the empty pigeon-holes. "I wonder if he means to go there? I should miss him; he knew so well where to stop; it never gave me any anxiety. It was because he did not care, of course; a man of that age wouldn't; fortunately we neither of us care." A big tear dropped down on the polished red wood and lay staring up at her, as if inquiring into the causes of its existence. "And why not?" she said to it. "I should cry if Ned were going away, and certainly nobody can accuse me of being in love with Ned. At any rate, as a tribute to friendship, one tear is not very much."

She took out a little, black-bordered handkerchief and was about carefully to wipe it away, when she caught sight of something at the back of one of the pigeon-holes; she thrust her hand in and drew forth a soft gray felt hat, old and faded nearly white by sun and wet. "It matches my gown," she said, looking at it doubtfully; "I will leave him the tribute instead." She put the handkerchief back into her pocket and left the tear shining there on the open desk; going to the mirror she placed the hat on her head, scanned herself critically, frowned, laughed, and turned to the

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window without removing it. Nothing was visible but a row of blowing poplars, quivering in a green haze behind the gray-white drifts of rain. She stood for a long time looking at them, smiling, preoccupied, busy with many thoughts.

The next morning the wind blew strongly from the northeast under a clear sky. Early in the day Mrs. Long rushed up the stairs and stood with scandalized eyes at the upper window.

"Ducie, come here," she commanded sternly, pointing in wordless indignation at a little figure that was rapidly walking up the road toward the beach.

"If she hasn't gone and dressed herself in light gray!" gasped Ducie; "and as sure as I'm alive that's Mr. Cornwall's hat."

"It is," exclaimed Mrs. Long, tragically; "and if she calls that mourning, she's mistaken. Well, I wash *my* hands. You could have knocked me down with a feather when she came out on the porch with that old thing cocked on the back of her head, and all those little love-locks blowing about her face."

"She's more than pretty," remarked Ducie, in a tone of assent.

"Well! and who wouldn't be?" snarled Mrs. Long. "Hasn't she just had the biggest fortune in the State left her, and isn't she goin' to marry that splendid-lookin' cousin of hers? Who wouldn't be pretty? I'd be pretty myself!"

Ducie looked doubtful, but with unusual wisdom refrained from fully expressing her views. "*I* don't think her cousin good-lookin'," she said.

"Well, he *is!*" said Mrs. Long, with decision. "Mighty different from Cornwall."

"Why, Aunt Ellen, I thought you liked Mr. Cornwall?"

"Well, I don't," responded her aunt, who could not forgive Cornwall her qualms of conscience on account of his room; and, in answer to Ducie's questioning look, added, "You needn't ask me why, for I don't give no reasons."

Reasons had become a matter of indifference to Ducie; she was watching with breathless interest the young lady who wore Mr. Cornwall's hat and defied her Aunt Ellen!

"Come away," said Mrs. Long. "You'll get no good starin' at folks high enough above you to do as they please."

"She's sitting on the wreck," said Ducie.

"Well, she won't sit there long," snapped her aunt; "the tide turned an hour ago."

"She's more than pretty," sighed Ducie again, and returned to her household duties.

And Ducie was right: she was more than pretty. Hers was a charm, with all deference to Mrs. Long, in no way due to good fortune nor to happy love—a charm that owed nothing to the tendrils of soft, brown hair that curled wilfully on her neck and forehead as if defying the wind to untwist them, and that lurked somewhere else than in the pathetic, dark-lashed, blue-gray eyes, and sweet, mocking mouth. It was a charm transcending beauty, which caught the eye of every fisherman that strolled the beach, as invariably as it turned every head that passed her on the crowded city pavement—a charm perverse, rare, disturbing, even to such as hard-headed old Long, who remarked, "'Twan't nateral to be as good-lookin' as that an' no bigger'n a fairy. It gave him the shivers."

The wind was blowing full in her face, fresh, buoyant, jubilant; she drew it in in great breaths, and pushed back the little gray hat that she might feel its coolness on her forehead. On a distant point the white light-house stood out in clear relief against the deep satisfying blue of the sea, and not far from the shore the little breakers rolled in, one upon another, like a tumbling flock of snowy sheep. The rising water soon drove her from the wreck, and she crossed the beach toward the steep and glittering hills that had been dimly seen through the rain on the previous day. For nearly a mile stretched a wide and almost level reach of sand, beaten to a hard floor by the recent heavy rains, and hollowed into thousands of wave-like depressions by the retreating tides; this she followed until she found herself confronted by a ledge of granite stretched like a barrier across the beach and extending quite out into the sea. A narrow cattle-path wound beside it up among the leafless bay-bushes and sparse grasses,

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the roots of which were still blackened by recent burning, while the tops, green and shining, sharp as tiny swords, lashing about their flexible stalks, cut clearly defined circles on the light, gritty surface of the sand. It was the mystery of these circles that led her upward, until, finding herself very near the top, she clambered upon the nearest bowlder in order to gain a wider outlook toward the sea. The beach that she had just left shone wet far up the coast; at the foot of the elevation that she had been climbing, between herself and the sand-hills of Long Beach, in a wide basin, stretched a dreary waste of bushes and rank grass growing on little hillocks that rose in darker spots above the vivid green of the marsh around them, and all about her, heaped and gleaming, were the shifting dunes of the Eastern Shore. The bay-bushes were not in leaf, but, as she trod through them, they sent up everywhere an aromatic fragrance, and just at her feet, blue and thick, lay a patch of innocents, like a fallen fragment of the sky itself. "Ah! darlings," she murmured, and knelt to kiss them, and then threw back her head, startled, motionless. From somewhere near, yet faint and hushed, came a sound as of men's voices, deep, low, foreboding. The wind died away; she rose to her feet and listened again, but it was gone.

She recalled Ned's warning, but the strange solitude about her drew her onward with an attraction that overpowered fear. Further she went until a sudden dip in the path arrested her course. She stood upon the edge of a desert gully; bedded deep in the pale sandy incline lay a river of tawny bowlders that broadened like a great road leading upward to nothing but a wide tract of sky between two dazzling hills; the light sand, blown by the wind from their bare clear edges streamed straight into the blue, as thin as vapor, or driven by some vagrant gust curled in silent whirls along the even surfaces at their feet; nothing visible anywhere but sandy desolation! Gathering her gray wrap more closely about her, she descended the bank and sat down to rest in the blue shadow it cast before her. The breeze came in cool and strong, and, from above, the deep hollow murmur sounded again, rising, falling, warning, threatening, dying wholly away. She listened fearfully, and as she found it and lost it, and found it again, she shuddered with the apprehension born of solitude and of loneliness, shuddered even while she fully knew that it was only the wind soughing in the grasses and moaning through the bare, brown thickets of the bay.

Reluctantly she bent her steps homeward; she had heard the song of the sand-hills whose sorcery is irresistible. Day after day she returned to them, and the old fishermen wandering down the beach, or perhaps taking a short cut through the hills, would come across her, lying back against some bank or bowlder, her gray dress so blending with the colors about her that she seemed almost buried in the sand itself. "She looks like an apple-blossom, layin' back there with nothin' showin' but her pretty face an' her good-for-nothin' little hand," said one of them; but his companion shook his head: "She's bewitched!" he growled.

She thought of many things on these idle days; of the two old men—her uncle and her father—who had so long planned to unite their wealth in her marriage with her cousin; of Ned's quarrel with his father, and the old man's hasty will, which intended at first solely as a rhetorical flourish had become such ugly earnest when death intervened to make it final; of her own father's illness and death, and of her dismay on finding that, frightened at his nephew's reckless dissipation and passion for speculation, he had so skilfully tied up the whole enormous estate that Ned was powerless to touch it. Not that this annoyed Ned—Ned who was overburdened with debts that he had no wish to pay.

"If I had any illusions as to Ned," she thought, "it would really be more supportable."

But, alas! she had no illusions about any of them; they were all alike, and the younger man was no worse than the other two. Her uncle—she smiled when she thought of him, with a mingling of disgust and ridicule. Her father—ah! that hurt. It was small wonder that she had no illusions; for of this, with

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a certain bitter youthful vanity, she was fully convinced.

But all through June, as she watched the hills, and read and thought; all through the hot July, lying in the dry sand, doing nothing; all through August, as the sun journeyed south, and the blue of the sea turned pale in the heat, while the wild flowers died and the grasses grew brown, the girl dreamed and dreamed and dreamed fantasies that only twenty years can weave, figments that rule, myths that master; air-built castles crowned the rocks, knowledge was conquered, experience blind, and the shallow footprints of youthful disappointment wholly obliterated in the thronging crowd of youthful hopes —and all the sand-hills were peopled with illusions!

But a day came when she sat by the wreck, reading a letter from Forman; he was coming for her in the evening, she was to marry him in a week. No other course had suggested itself; but in spite of that she knew that she had hoped. Hoped for what? She would not answer, but as she looked about her on the heights and saw how fair had been her building, she was loath to leave. "If I could have one more day," she murmured, "one cloudless day! But——" she looked at the misty horizon and shook her head.

It was warm; the sea rolled in, gray and spiritless. Down by the water a man was waiting for a boat that Long was bringing on rollers across the wet beach; she had been watching him idly for some time. "He must be going to the Point," she thought, listlessly. "He looks a little like——!" She stopped and sat upright; he had taken off his hat and had turned from the water.

Her day had come! The day that she had dreamed of, longed for, waited for, the one day she asked of life! And when she saw it at hand she was not ready for it. Could she take it? Back and forth the struggle swayed in her heart. "Shall I stop him? *No; let him go.* Why should I let him go? I am nothing to him, nor he to me. *Let him go.* It is my last day, my only day; I may never see him again. *Let him go.*"

For an answer she rose and called clearly: "Mr. Cornwall!" and the voice was silenced—the prudent voice, that can never reason in emergency nor counsel in struggle; the voice that only cries, *Cling, cling, cling, to what in quiet and peace I taught you;* the weaker voice, for self is single in its strong desires, while sacrifice is doubtful and full of regrets; the timid voice, made cowardly through knowledge, and puzzled because the struggle between denial and indulgence is not always a struggle between right and wrong. How bitterly it fails us!

The man upon the shore turned as if doubting his hearing, and came toward her with a cold formality that almost seemed reluctance. Did he know that she was there? Had he intended to depart without seeing her? Resentful and defiant she looked up at him, offering her hand; he reached out his own to take it; she saw that it trembled and —forgave him.

"How did you happen to be here?" he asked. "Ned told me the other day that you were in Canada. When did you come down?"

"I have been at John Long's all summer," she answered. "Have you seen Ned lately?"

Cornwall's face flushed a dark, angry crimson; Forman had deceived him. It was not well to cross Cornwall.

"I met him in Newport last week. Now that I think of it, I see that I misunderstood him; he said that he had not seen you since he left Canada two weeks ago."

"How unfortunately misleading Ned's statements sometimes are. From this letter, written yesterday, I fancied he had but just come down from Canada himself, only a few hours before."

They looked at each other and smiled. It would have been more crafty of Ned to have told the truth.

The old fisherman put his hands to his mouth and gave a long halloo. Nina rose to her feet.

"My boat is ready," said Cornwall. "I must go." He took her hand and stood looking down at her face. "It is really good-by."

The wash of the sullen sea came to their ears; one or two gulls swept over

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them, and a long feeler of mist stole toward them from the sand-hills. Their world was in a swaying balance; unconsciously they were silent, waiting. What should decide? Cornwall's eyes passed from her face to her hair, curling in soft rings against the light, upturned brim of her hat. What charming, appropriate head-gear she always contrived to——! His eyes widened with a shock of recognition. Nina put up her hand vaguely, and then with confused recollection looked at him deprecatingly, deserted by all her worldly self-possession. But a change had come over Cornwall; the last shred of his reluctance and formality disappeared; his eyes were brilliant with something more than laughter.

"Must I go?" he asked, softly.

"Ned will be down this evening," she answered. "It is my last day. We leave to-morrow."

"And the first of September?"

"Yes; we sail the first of September."

"May I stay?"

For an answer she gave him her hand. "It is my last day," she repeated, and all Ned's manœuvres and her own doubts kicked the balance, outweighed by one old hat!

He turned away to make some arrangements with Long, and as Nina waited, the voice of denial, with the persistence that is its only strength, began again within her.

"*Renounce! Turn back before it is too late!* Too late for what? It is only a passing fancy. And as for him, he does not care! *But he does care!* Bah, it is only a game; we have played it for months and what harm has come of it? *Quick, before he returns! Ah! too late! too late!*"

Cornwall was returning; in every line of the figure on the beach he recognized a struggle, that sharpened the contest within his own heart. Had she but known it! And yet the insight might have been of little avail; still, still how often the knowledge of another's thought would save us!

"I must give you a walk to the rocks," he called. "Long says there is no good landing for you here."

She turned and went slowly down the sand. "How did he know that I would go," she said to herself, but Cornwall had won.

"She shall have time to recall her decision," was his thought as he rowed across the little bay. "But if she consents, I stay. She does not know what it means to me." "*It will cost you dear*," said the inner voice. He stopped and frowned, and then giving his head an impatient shake, fell to his oars and the boat shot forward. "Cost, of course it will cost! But I mean to have it. There have not been many days given me in my life; this one I shall take."

He knew the shore well and rowed out at some distance to avoid the shallow water. Nina was standing on the rocks as he came in. She never could explain why the sight of Cornwall doing anything gave her such pleasure. When Ned rowed—and he rowed far better than Cornwall—he did it with a thorough recollection of what he called "form;" there was a certain athletic pedantry in Ned's performances that made them always unpleasing. Cornwall rowed with entire self-forgetfulness, to attain his object; he was direct. Something in his presence gave her courage.

"Where are we going?" she said, as she stepped down into the stern of the boat.

"We are going to row a while," he answered fluently, with no sign that he was inventing his programme on the spur of the moment; "then we shall go to the village on the Point yonder and buy our luncheon; after we have come back, cooked it, eaten it, and thrown away the dishes we shall spend the remainder of the afternoon inspecting one of my most successful creations."

"What is it?" she asked, puzzled, and yet not wholly credulous.

"It is Moorish—the architecture is—in fact a little like the Alhambra."

She laughed.

"And it is builded on the sands!" he went on, gravely. "What is wrong?" She had stretched out her hand, palm upward, and was looking at the sky.

"It is raining."

Cornwall, who had laid aside his coat to row, reached behind him and handed it to her. Without a word she put it

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on, buttoned it, wrinkling the sleeves to her shoulders. What a remarkable coat it was! It only showed—Cornwall reflected—that a well-made garment would look well on any body. But then he remembered that he had lent it to other girls—it was astonishing how much he wished he hadn't, and yet Cornwall was not young—other girls had put it on, and they all had looked as if they could not rid themselves of a sense of impropriety, vague and not wholly displeasing, while Nina, except for an occasional gentle smoothing of the sleeve, seemed to have forgotten that she was wearing it. In his heart Cornwall believed that all girls were alike. "The difference is subjective," he finally assured himself, and felt in so doing that matters had been improved.

"So Ned has been back for over two weeks? I wondered at not hearing."

"I thought you knew, or I should not have told you."

"It makes no difference. The amusing thing is his desire to conceal it. Who is she? Mrs. Sturgis again?"

"Did you know that the old gentleman died the last of June?"

"Is he really dead?" she cried. "Oh, Mr. Cornwall, do you think that Ned—" Her eyes were bright with thoughts of unexpected possibilities, but Cornwall shook his head.

"She will have oceans of money," said the girl, wistfully, a little ashamed of her remark as she made it.

"You know that it is not the money. Ned is bound up in you."

She was sitting very straight, and a bright patch of color was burning on either cheek. "We shall see," she said waywardly, every nerve alert at the prospect of freedom, and again Cornwall shook his head.

"The old man founded a university."

"Oh!" cried Nina, passionately. "Why will they do that? It would have done so much good, if only——"

"Ned had it to spend?"

"Let us not talk of Ned any more, nor of anything else inevitable. I know all you have to say about Ned. What a pity it is that you can't marry him yourself, you are so impressed with his good qualities."

"And so are you," said Cornwall, firmly.

"Yes, when I find any, I will admit, they make a great impression."

"You are fond of him; you know it."

"Of course I am fond of Ned. I have lived for Ned all my life, for, and by, and on account of Ned; but—there are possibilities in Ned."

"There are," said Cornwall. "I do not ignore them, but to any one that loved him they are possibilities for good."

She looked at him mutinously, but Cornwall had said his say and was rowing directly out to sea.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Anywhere," said Cornwall; "nowhere. Shall I turn back?"

"No."

"The sea is like a new affection," he said; "you always want to try it as far as it will go."

"Fortunately new affections have more clearly defined limits, or some of us would never come back."

"Have they?"

"We come back, at any rate," she said, a little pettishly.

"I am not so sure."

"In that case it were perhaps wiser not to set out."

Cornwall put up his oars for a moment, and then, with a despairing shrug of his shoulder, turned the boat's head toward the Point.

"What you say is undeniably true," he answered. "Let us go and put in our stores." Nina had not meant to be taken so seriously. She removed his coat with great gravity, folded it, and carefully placed it on the thwart between them. It was a protest, but Cornwall kept resolutely headed in his own direction.

The rain had ceased when they reached the float, and after making the boat fast they went up the hilly village street together.

"They have very good candy," said she, as Cornwall, after making miscellaneous purchases, was glancing inquiringly at the further contents of the village store; he shook his head positively.

"Candy is too personal. It would be distinctly out of keeping. But I am

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willing to compromise with my conscience to the extent of having some clams, and I think I'll buy two umbrellas."

"It is a pleasure to have matters on so practical a footing."

"The umbrellas are not practical. They are the essence of romance. I am violating my soberest convictions in getting them."

"Then why do you have two?" she asked, innocently, and leaving the shop sauntered down the road. Cornwall looked after her with something like amazement.

"I will take one of these," he said to the shopkeeper, and muttered to himself, as he followed her, "I am a fool!"

They entered the boat and after rowing down a neighboring cove to buy their clams—Cornwall protesting all the while that no man was entitled to eat clams that he had not himself digged—they crossed back to where he had first taken her into the boat. Near this spot was a shallow bay, on the inner curve of which, high up among the rocks, was a small spring of fresh water. Here they swung their kettle of clams on an improvised crane, and piled it high with sea-weed, and setting their packages in dry places went in search of driftwood.

They talked idly as they went, Cornwall collecting great heaps of rubbish which he meant to unite on his return. Sometimes they were together, sometimes apart, and the impersonal practical footing that they had established quieted every doubt. It was the sea, the rocks, the mist, and the gray plashing water, not one another that they cared for! And Cornwall was happy; his scruples were forgotten; he was so happy that he went far away and putting down his great fagot looked out to where the sky met the water and nothing intervened. There are times when even the cause of our joy is itself an intrusion upon our joy. For one moment of time he wanted to be alone. And the girl, far back on the beach, seeing his figure motionless, absorbed, not knowing what were his thoughts, leaned against the bank behind her and looked at him without fear of observation or consciousness of observing, and the sight of him gave her infinite content. Two people in the world were happy, absolutely happy, with no touch of alloy, a happiness without reflection, immaterial, undemanding. "She is not for me," said Cornwall, as he stooped again for his burden. "I give him up," she murmured, as she saw him descend the rocks. And in Cornwall's eyes as he drew near shone the steady friendly light of renunciation which beautifies—nay, deifies—every human countenance touched by it. Dangerous moment! If we could but renounce and run!

Laden with the drift they walked back to the cove, and in the damp breeze that had sprung up after the rain the great fire was not unwelcome. The uncertainty of the weather insured seclusion, and they ate their luncheon with the high spirits that always follow a recent clearing of the conscience.

"How did you learn to make coffee?" asked Nina, finishing hers from a tumbler; but Cornwall only smiled—he would not waste time in explaining. The moments were flying.

"Give me your glass," and rising to his feet he ran down the beach and flung the heavy thing far out into the sea. "It is their last day!" he cried, coming back breathless. "Bring them all." One by one the dishes, forks, spoons, spun out over the water and sank beneath its surface. Then, taking up the coarse umbrella, Cornwall offered his hand to help Nina in climbing the rocks; she gave him hers with childlike trustfulness, and as they crossed the crest of the hill, breaking through the dark green bushes with their hoary bunches of purple berries, he thought that she had forgotten he held it, and did not loosen his clasp.

"Where are we going?" she again asked.

"To a land that is east of the sun and west of the moon," said Cornwall. "My greatest architectural success is built there."

"An impossible land?"

"An improbable one, I should have said."

"Is the castle improbable too?"

"It is not wholly a castle," said Cornwall. "In fact, it partakes slightly of the nature of a mausoleum—a combination

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of cathedral and tomb. It is intended for burial services—I mean to have mine there."

"Not this afternoon, I hope."

The words were light, but her eyes met his reproachfully. Cornwall grew grave.

"That depends on you," he said, abruptly.

"Don't!" And then, as if to disguise the pain underlying the sharpness of her word, "I am disappointed," she added. "I was looking for a castle."

"It is a castle," he quickly answered. "I was a brute to call it anything else. It is the only castle that I ever dared to build— There!"

They were descending a sudden dip in the hills, leading to a basin shut in on all sides by great drifts of sand. Nina seated herself, and, leaning back against the bank, looked upward. The deep song of the hills moaned overhead in the tall grasses that fringed the turfy edge curving above them; the sound of the sea came in faintly from the shore, and the leaden surface of the sky was beginning to break, rolling in soft masses with an occasional streamer of a paler hue, combed out by some lower current of air.

"It will clear," she said; but even as she spoke, the rain drifted toward them in a light, misty drizzle, and Cornwall, smiling, raised the umbrella.

"My palace is complete," he said; "it only needed a roof." He placed the umbrella over her head and stretched himself in the sand at her feet.

"You can't stay there and be wet."

Cornwall hesitated.

"Do you mean it?"

"I did mean it a moment ago," she answered, impatiently; "but if it means anything, I don't mean it."

"Very well," said Cornwall, "I shall take it as it comes, divested of every trace of intelligence." He rose, and readjusting the umbrella, seated himself at her side.

For a while nothing was said. With her left hand she was gathering the sand, and letting it run through her fingers. She had gained her day, a cloudless day in spite of wind and weather, and as she turned her face to his in the smiling defiance of her thought, she met his eyes, mournful, hopeless, grieving, with the look of a man who does what he would not. Turning away again she toyed with the sand; then, impelled by the perverse tact that women have for saying the thing which at a given crisis will cause the most pain:

"We shall be back in December," she announced, as much hurt in the saying as was he in the hearing of it. Cornwall started.

"I shall be in California then," he answered, with a masculine instinct of retaliation.

She put the palm of her hand down on the sand, and throwing her weight on her arm, leaned away from him, the better to look into his face.

"You have not accepted!"

"I intend to."

"You are going there to live?"

"Yes."

"But—Ned? What is he going to do without you?"

"He will have you?"

"But I don't want him to have me," she continued in the same tone. "Ned without you would be a serious responsibility. You are not going to leave him entirely on my hands?"

She was cruel, he thought, and yet he laughed. "Seeing that Ned is nearly twice your own age, I think you may be absolved from a portion of your serious responsibility, and, in spite of my peculiar usefulness, I must go."

"There is no 'must.' You are throwing away a brilliant career here; every one says so."

"Still, I must."

She continued to lean backward upon her arm, but her face took on a gentler expression.

"Is that the burial?" she asked.

"No," said Cornwall. "I told you that that depended on you; this does not depend on you."

"I shall make it depend on me!"

"Nothing would be easier," murmured Cornwall, looking at her with the rueful indulgence we accord a naughty child. "And yet, even then, I should go!"

She gazed intently over his head at the grasses waving against a rack of slowly breaking clouds.

"I cannot see why you go," she said, at last.

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Cornwall lifted his eyebrows.

"You don't believe me?" she continued.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I think you know," he said.

"I do not know."

"You do not know what?"

"Why you go to San Francisco."

"But you know something else."

Her eyes did not waver from the summit of the hill; the long, green grass was tossing against a blue background; but her eyelids quivered.

"May I say it?"

"How can I know unless you tell me what it is," she said, perversely.

"May I say it?" He leaned toward her. The red color poured into her cheeks and crimsoned her forehead. Cornwall reached behind her, took the umbrella, closed it, and threw it to one side.

"I am going to say it," he went on, "whether you let me or not. I am going to make things clear between me and you once for all. Why do I go? Why do I leave you to battle alone with Ned's good qualities against his bad? Why?" He took her hands in both of his. "Why?" he repeated; and then, flinging them from him, rose and stood before her.

"God!" he cried, "it is cruel that so sweet a thing as love should be an ignominy in the telling."

She hid her face in her hands. He was on his knees at her side in an instant.

"Dear, dear, dearest," he said, bending over her; "forgive me. I have hurt you. I have shocked you."

She shook her head, but did not look up. "It was my own fault," she murmured.

"It was all your fault—all your fault! How could I see you and not love you? How could I be near you and not want you for my own? If being alive is your fault, then this is also."

She lifted her head from her hands and tried to smile, but then drew back frightened at herself. Her face was ashen, and, as with compressed lips she leaned against the bank, the agony of that moment tore from her love all the disguises in which for months she had concealed it. "I must not speak," she thought. "I must not tell! Love, Love, Love, have I not struggled, too? Ah, do not let me see your eyes! They hurt. Why should you be giving and I sit dumb?"

"I would not kiss you; no, not even the hem of your gown," said Cornwall, in the same soft tones. "I would not touch you, dear, if my touch in the days that are to come should be a memory or a reproach; but I love you, love you, love you!"

And the girl before him, with closed eyes and whirling brain, listened: "I shall hear him say it even when I am dead," she thought.

"I am going away. You know why now. This is my last day—one little day. I am going, dear. See, I ask for nothing, when I would lay down my life just to kiss you once. I am going now." He bent toward her, and looked long at the closed eyelids, behind which her soul sat still, holding fierce contention. He was going! going, broken, discouraged, heartsick, weary, and ill-content with himself; he was going, defeated after all these weeks and months of struggle; he was going, carrying away no comfort, asking no recognition, humiliated at his treachery to his friend, and that friend was Ned! Ned, who suspected him, tricked him, and did him harm at every turn!

"Good-by," he said. Still she did not move. "Will you not once look at me?"

She opened her eyes; he was kneeling at her side; the sun was shining in a glare of light on the sand at his back, and against its intense brilliancy Cornwall's face stood out in strong contrast; his eyes were full of suffering — they hurt. She had broken his heart!

"I am going," he repeated. "Forget me."

Without a word or sound she threw her arms about his neck, and, drawing his head down to hers, she kissed him, and pushed him from her. Cornwall tottered as if the light touch had been a heavy blow. "Forget you!" she cried, with a little laugh. "Forget you!" She was sobbing on his shoulder.

He hardly understood; indeed he tried not to understand. She was there; she had appealed to him; it was

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enough. Interpretations meant scruples, and scruples meant misgivings; to be perfectly happy was exculpation and vindication in itself, and, as with delicate touch and tender word, he soothed and quieted her, Cornwall was perfectly happy.

She was a child, he thought—impulsive, warm-hearted. She did not know what she had given, nor did she count the meaning of her gift. Gently he tried to comfort her, afraid to startle or arouse her to the consciousness that he could comfort. The sobs died away; the girl rested motionless in his arms. Cornwall loosed his hold; she neither drew from him nor stirred, tasting the sweet poison that lurks in things that are the last. But he out of experience and years knew that borrowed joy bears a heavy interest. Slowly he drew away his arm and raised her head from his shoulder. He was a prig, he assured himself—but she was young and sweet, and dearer to him than love itself.

"Do you know," he said, "what you have done for me? I do not ask why; I do not even understand; but out of one divine impulse you have glorified my life. And if ever, in future days, you remember this, remember, too, that I shall never misunderstand nor put a value into it that you have not meant."

The tears still hung on her lashes, but at his last words her whole face flushed.

"You, at least, have no divine impulses for which you may store up future repentance," she said, audaciously, stung by something of admonition in his words.

Cornwall's eyes darkened and widened; his mouth took a suddenly grim expression.

"No," he said, "I have not; my future repentance will be that I have not given way to any divine impulses; but the greater mine, the less yours. I shall not take advantage of what you did not mean."

She rose to her feet, and stood looking down into his eyes.

"Not mean it! And what excuse should I have for myself if I did that without cause? You know me better than that; you know that——" She hesitated.

"That what?" said Cornwall, rising to his knees, and taking her slender waist in his hands. "That what?" he whispered, looking up into her eyes. "What? my darling! my sweet!"

For an answer she bent her head and touched his hair with her lips.

All life, all love, eternity itself, were compassed in that one little kiss, and for a moment Ned and duty, fidelity and the future, past friendship and present blame—the whole world was blotted out. Love ruled supreme, and perfect as it came so they received it, nor marred its perfection by taking thought; with an impulse that of itself is the inspiration of genius, looking neither before nor behind, they lived for each other that little space—a minute in life's sad journey without a flaw.

Throughout the few remaining hours of the afternoon Cornwall lay in the sand at her feet and looked in her eyes. Every question of the future disappeared: with her, because she had no question—this day was her last; with him, because to-day was to-day—leave it without blemish — contentions for the morrow. And she laughed to him, and cried to him, and told him all the things she had longed to tell him so many, many times—for trust is sweet and confidence is union. She quarrelled with him, and mocked him, making him alternately a jest and a hero, while she covered him with adoring ridicule and ridiculed her adoration by turns. And Cornwall, smiling, indulgent, happy, lived for to-day; light-hearted, perfect to-day—leave it untroubled. To-morrow her release should come, and she should not sue for it.

"It is out of your hands now, sweet," he thought, and bid her good-by.

She stood on the rocks and watched his boat steadily turned toward the further shore; life by love alone was made glorious to her, and the receding vision of perfect happiness held her eyes sealed from tears. He was gone, but he loved her; he was gone forever; but in her heart she held a memory and a promise; nay, more, a certainty that however far the way, however long the time, he loved her, he loved her!

At the hill-top she paused, and as she turned her face homeward two little drifting clouds of burning rose told

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where the sun had set. All the heavens were tinged with pink; the long, wet beach below her glowed with it, and the shining sand-hills blushed a faint reflection of the sky. Out into the pale, green waters of the gently heaving sea long ridges of rock stretched one beyond the other in deep masses of warm, purplish red, darkening into velvety shadows at their bases, and down on the curving beaches between, the smooth waves pulsed in slowly, unbroken, while each undulation reflected tender, indefinable changes from green to blue in soft veiled colors hiding a core of fire. Over all hung a thin red mist—the whole world was steeped in rose-color!

Silently she kept on her way, nor once looked back. Slowly and with something of weariness she descended the tumbling bed of rocks where the cattle had made a path to the shore. She was thinking, as she picked her way through the tide-pools, thinking hard; yet the thoughts were so unformed, so far below the surface, that it seemed as if in the depths of her soul another were thinking for her, while she listened, every faculty suspended, awaiting a decision. At last she reached the flight of broken steps that led to the roadway, and as she put her foot upon the lowest she looked back. The glory had gone from sea and shore; the gray waves lapped sadly on the forsaken sands; the hills and rocks were hard and forbidding; the sky was mottled with thin clouds, and upon all the broad expanse of waters behind her there was no token of any living thing. "He is gone, gone, gone!" cried the inner voice, wailing, despairing, and with one hand clenched on her knee, she stood and listened to it. Her day was over, her one last day!

II.

Nina mounted the steps and walked along the sandy road toward the farmhouse, dragging one foot after the other, heavy with fatigue. In an hour, in less than an hour, the old life of silent warfare with Ned would begin again. She would not—she could not! The little house that all summer had been so cool in the heat and sunshine, so cosey and friendly in the cold and wet, now with its glassy pool and dark background of pines suggested an infinity of forbidding possibilities. And Ned was coming! He was coming to turn it all into bitterness; her breath came with a sudden sob—"My day! my day!"

Silent and absorbed in her own thoughts she entered the house and sat down to the supper served with open disapproval by Mrs. Long. The woman's impertinence, curbed for months, seemed to-night beyond control, and the prospects of future gain were as nothing compared with the satisfying joy of a present spite.

"I suppose you'll be goin' out to spend the evenin'," she remarked as Nina rose from the table and went toward the front door; but the girl did not hear her.

Just above the hill that, on the eastern side of the little lake, faced the house, a line of pale gold stole from the dark tops of the stunted trees, arching above them dome-like, and as it grew and spread some strange witchery wrought a change in the dreary landscape. There was a moon, already high in the sky, and she had forgotten it! The impulse to escape her cousin's coming became a resolve, and taking her small gray wrap from a nail in the hall she left the house.

"You don't seem to remember that Mr. Forman will be here in half an hour," Mrs. Long called from the doorway, but Nina pursued her course.

"And you sit there and tell me that Cornwall went off on the coach. I know better!" said the woman, going back to the kitchen where her husband sat reading the paper. "Just wait till her cousin comes!"

"Hey!" said Long, who was a little deaf. "Yes; he's gone on the coach. He'll make her a sight better husband than Forman ever would! And you'd better mind your own business." And he returned to his *Evening Breeze*, unconscious of having given her the only advice she could not follow.

Not wishing to wander too far from the house, Nina crossed the sand and climbed out upon the wreck; it had "gone ashore stern on," as Long said, and the water plashed softly against the

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broken timbers at the bow, for the tide had turned. Silent and deserted the long beach stretched away to its rocky boundary, and a bright wake of moonlight fell across the wet sand, turning all the footmarks and depressions in its shining course into quaking pools of liquid gold. One beyond another the white sand-hills leaned backward from the shore, gleaming mysteriously, like snow mountains in a dream. The voice of the troubled ocean came in to her, laden with doubts.

"*Why?*" it moaned.

Where was the justice of this sacrifice? Had she asked for the wealth that chained her so heavily? Was not its restoration to Ned the boon of all boons that she ardently craved? What right had he to stipulate the manner of its restitution? Gladly would she fling it all into the sea before her!

"*Why? Why?*"

Because he was relentlessly set on one plan, selfishly and blindly indifferent to what the cost might be. Argument enraged him, and opposition drove him wild. "If only he would be reasonable," she murmured, knowing that to be reasonable, as she would define it, was the last thing to be expected of him.

A light mist was drawing in from the horizon, and a faint rattle of rowlocks came from over the water. Someone out beyond the dim line of sight spoke a word or two, there was a quiet answer, and all was still. The sounds died away, and again Nina was alone with the doubting, perturbing sea.

"*Why? Ah, why?*"

To sacrifice the man that she loved—to throw away her own life? Why, indeed, should this be asked of her? What did he care—Ned, who pursued his object from sheer momentum, the sullen force of whose obstinacy made her shudder with repulsion? "There are possibilities in Ned," she had said in the morning, and here, in the changing, fleeting light, those possibilities were far from attractive. As she sat and thought the water drew away, leaving the wreck high on the sands, and the clear light of the moon was dimmed by changing clouds. What other end than this had she ever looked forward to? Every tie of association, all the teaching of her childhood, every aim in her life had been bound up in Ned. What right had she to sever those ties, so long as he deemed her bound? She was fond of Ned, and he of her. Who knew but that in this matter she did him injustice, if he loved her? She dared not end it; in honor she could not end it. And Cornwall was bound to Ned, as was she. He would feel that in robbing his friend of the one he loved he was doing a cowardly thing. "And he shall not sully his conscience for me! There is but one course," she thought.

"Where is Cornwall?"

She started violently and turned. Forman himself was standing at the other end of the wreck.

"Oh, Ned! how tiresome and melodramatic!" Her voice shook a little as she spoke, and in his breast the unaccustomed tremor roused a strange pulsation, faint and tense, like that from the first clangor of a far-away tocsin, inciting to confusion and riot.

"Where is Cornwall?" he repeated, slowly.

"He went this afternoon."

"I knew he went this afternoon. He is a scoundrel. When did he come back?"

"Ned!"

"Where is he?"

Angry and hurt, and yet too conscience-smitten to protest, she jumped down on the sand, and turned to cross the beach.

"I am going back to the Longs," she said, as she passed him.

Forman stood still and watched her, half inclined not to follow. The moon was a little past the full, and seemed to float in an even background of pale gray clouds so thin that they scarcely dimmed its shining; but between it and him, blown by a contrary wind, long streamers of mist, black and delicate, floated capriciously like torn veils of lace. He glanced down at the beach again. Nina was gone.

"Nina!" he called. "Nina! Where are you?"

His voice was not far behind her, and she recognized, with a faint sense of amusement, that her gray wrap and gown made her indistinguishable from her surroundings.

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"I am here," she called, and with that she turned and ran toward the hills.

"Confound that dress!" cried Ned, from further down the beach, to which he had turned in the wrong direction. "Call again!" But Nina was silent.

The lingering cloud passed slowly, and suddenly the whole landscape was flooded with clear, white light. Ned stopped to look about him; far beyond, a tiny black patch, sharp-edged, as if cut from silk, fled noiselessly and fitfully. For a moment he took it for the moving shadow of a little cloud. Then, with a loud halloo, he sprang ahead in long leaps, and the dark silhouette flew more swiftly as the girl's light weight skimmed the yielding surface of the hillside. Heavily Ned ploughed behind, while faint, thread-like, he felt again the heart-quake of cruelty that ushers in the chase.

She had almost reached the crest of the hill when he caught her by the arm, and as she turned back to him, smiling half-defiantly, he cursed her softly under his breath.

"Where is Cornwall?" he whispered. "You are going to meet him."

"I am not. He has gone."

"Gone! gone! He has left you here to face it out with me. Great God, what a hero!" He threw back his head and laughed aloud.

Nina winced at this. "Let my arm go, Ned," she said, her voice quivering; "you hurt me."

"I am glad I do," he answered, with dry brutality. "And now tell me what this means?"

For the first time within Ned's memory Nina temporized. "What what means?" she asked. He stared at her incredulously.

"So the lying hound has brought you down to his own level! But it is of no use. Mrs. Long has been acting the part of chaperone this afternoon, and I have had the benefit of all her observations—I could wring her neck for her impertinence."

"And what has she observed? Nothing that would hurt either me or him. Still, I did not mean that you should know it, Ned; I had a right to one day of my life for myself, and it would only have vexed you."

"Thank you! You are remarkably considerate. May I ask what your final intentions in the matter happen to be? Was this delicate care for my feelings intended to extend indefinitely?"

"If I marry you, Ned, I shall do what I can to make you happy."

"Ah! me too," he answered. "You are more than kind."

She looked at him with innocent eyes. "I could have made you happy, but since you know this, perhaps——"

Forman dropped her arm and straightened himself. "Since I know this?" he repeated.

Nina turned to him with outstretched hands. "Ned, Ned," she cried, imploringly, "give me up! There is plenty of money for both of us. Papa couldn't tie up all the income, and if you will marry some one else I will settle all upon her. I have been thinking——Why should we be unhappy when there are other people for whom you care more than for me?"

"What has Cornwall been telling you?" he interrupted, fiercely.

"He has told me nothing. He has never breathed a disloyal word of you in my presence, and you, you know, you have never spared him."

"Never spared him!" Forman sneered. "It seems I have rated him far beyond his worth! And yet you would jilt me to marry him! A coward who leaves you to bear the brunt of this rupture alone——"

"It is false, Ned! There was to be no rupture. I meant to carry it all out. He would have stayed, if I had wished. It was honor that forced him away."

"*And he knew that you loved him!* Do you think that if I had been he and had known *that*, that anything in heaven or hell would have forced me away? I should have torn you from any man, let his rights be what they might! I should have stayed and faced it out with him, and claimed you, and won you! Do you think that your petty scruples would have been final with me?"

"They were not petty scruples. I was bound to you, Ned, and he is your friend. There seemed no other way—I thought. But now, since you know—it is not too late. Let me go, Ned. He is to see

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you to-morrow, he said; he had business in the city; he said so."

"To-morrow! Business! and this fellow you love? He shall not have you."

She was shaken to the heart's core. Had Cornwall deserted her? Was her one perfect love thus to be desecrated?

"You do not understand. You are ungenerous," she said. "You speak as if what had cost both him and me more than life had been a dastardly thing."

"How could he let the day go, and not make sure?"

"Because he loved you, Ned; you, who do not love either him or me. But never mind whether he should have stayed or gone. It is not this that we have to settle, but the other. Give me up, Ned. You do not love me."

"I—— do not love you!"

"Marry some one else—Mrs. Sturgis. You know that she is more to you than I am; you would leave me any time for her."

"Marry Fanny Sturgis! Did you mind that I left you for her?"

She shrank back from the face that he had bent down to her with a gesture of repulsion.

"No; you did not mind, and I knew it. You would not have minded if you had been my wife. Fanny Sturgis! She is not the kind of woman that one marries! I want you—you! And you think I do not love you? I have loved you since the day you were born, and I a great awkward school-boy took you from the fat nurse to show you to my father; I wasn't afraid. I held you as if I had been created for it, and I loved you because you were mine—because you were meant for me. And I have loved you ever since."

"But, Ned, you have loved other women."

He glanced at her and smiled. "So I have," he said deliberately, "and so I probably shall. Do you think that has anything to do with this? I may love a dozen, but I am going to marry you!"

She started as if stung by a blow. "Marry me! You never shall," she cried, and sped away down the slope of the hill.

Forman followed; the sand dragged, dragged, dragged at his feet, and a sullen obstinacy took hold of him. He ran in silence, guided now by a flitting shadow, now by the mere rustle of garments and the faint rush of foot-falls in the sand. For the moon played a ghastly hide-and-seek in the clouds as the girl glided from rock to rock through the tufts of grass and crackling bushes of pungent bay—now an invisible presence that baffled him and threw him far off the track, now a gray scud of mist among the dark greens of the low growths about her. And ever the thin, black, crape-like wreaths floated between the earth and sky where the clouds were massing in torn and threatening racks by the rising wind.

Nina sped onward, all her forces concentrated in her desire to reach the house before Ned. Her heart was as lead in her bosom. "It makes it hard to run," she panted, "hard to run; so heavy a heart!" and yet she scarcely knew why she ran. She only felt that behind her some ruthless force was driving her onward, and that she must not stop. "If Cornwall had only stayed!" she sobbed in short-drawn breaths. "Cornwall, Cornwall! how he will grieve that he did not stay. Do not be sorry, Cornwall—I understand—I believe. It was a mistake—we all make mistakes at the turning-points in our lives. Cornwall, Cornwall, do not be sorry."

Her sharp breaths began to sound like a faint cry, coming back to Forman's ears as the painful breathing of the hunted hare comes back to the hounds that have almost run it down. The spirit of the hunt was upon him, and the cruel throb within him, once as faint as the weak pulse of a dying child, had strengthened into a resistless power. She had led him this chase for a lifetime. The weight of the heavy sand goaded him to fury. Let him but once reach her! The cutting, knife-like crying was close before him. They were running deep within the hills, and the sand was everywhere about them. She turned and faced him. With a last leap he caught her by the shoulders.

"You shall marry me," he whispered, bending his head to a level with hers. She made no answer, and the painful heaving of her chest testified to the

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frightful exertion of the last few minutes. "My heart!" she said, at last, in a stifled voice, "my heart! Go away, Ned, let me loosen my dress. Go, I will not run; my heart, oh! my heart, it will burst!"

But Forman never stirred; tightening his grasp he waited, ready to tear an answer from the agonized heart whose beatings made a surging in his ears. She was caught.

"You are mine. You are bound in honor to marry me."

"I will marry you if you exact it," said the girl, in broken gasps; "but I shall never be yours. Force me to marry you and you shall see. Every kind word I speak to you shall be meant for another; every thought, every touch. You shall not even exist for me. Why do you not marry some woman that loves you?"

"You shall love me. You are the woman I shall marry—the only woman I want for the mother of my children."

She looked at him a moment with angry incomprehension, all the innocent simplicity of her girlish thoughts in outraged opposition.

"And if I have children, I shall teach them to be like him! All that they honor most will be found in him; they shall not even know you! Whenever I look at them I shall remember that if he hears of them he will think tenderly of them because of me, and I shall love them for that; and so even the love I give them will be for love of him; you will have nothing—nothing!"

"I shall have this," and Ned bent his face toward her.

"No," she cried, throwing herself back.

And as she leaned against the bank the moonbeams shone through the grasses that fringed the turfy edge curving above her, and fell on the smooth slopes of the deep basin shut in on all sides by great drifts of sand. She smiled with a sudden light in her eyes. "Cornwall," she murmured, as if she saw him. Ned turned fiercely; there was no one there. "You defy me?" he cried; something in his brain gave way with a great snap as he shook her with sudden rage by the shoulders. Her head fell back and for an instant a look of terror dawned in her eyes; with a light wrench she freed herself and looked about her. It was the place; she knew it! Again she smiled, and stretching her hands as if in greeting,

"I love him!" she cried. "I love him!"

Forman waited one incredulous, infuriated moment, and then dragging her toward him he kissed her on the lips. "This is for me," he said, savagely, and stooping forward looked into her face; but she, smiling still, gazed at the sky beyond him.

"I love him! love him!" she answered, and the moonlight shone down into her eyes.

And of a sudden a great confusion fell upon Forman, as of bells clanging, voices crying, strange hands pushing, and all for one thing—to destroy, to obliterate, to kill forever that smile meant for another. It was his prey; it defied him even when captured; but the girl on seeing his face closed her eyes to shut out the terror of it.

"For God's sake stop smiling, Nina," he said, hoarsely.

She opened her eyes. "You have had nothing," she said; "nothing. He told me he loved me—here—this afternoon."

"Be silent," said Forman, and his hands crept along her shoulders, upward. "Women have been killed for less."

"Kill me then! Death would be a grace compared with the life you would force upon me. Oh! Cornwall!" Was it a cry for help?

What had he done?

She was lying back against the sand-bank, the smile still on her face.

"Stop smiling."

She tried to speak. He loosened his grasp and bent to hear.

"We—all—make—mistakes—at—the—turning-points—love," she gasped, faintly. "Cornwall—Cornwall—do not be sorry—Cornwall!"

Ned's hands tightened without mercy; a thousand screaming demons screwed his tense nerves and steadied them for action; then, with a sudden, awful relaxation they gave way. The man shrank and fell together like a lifeless thing, and with a suffocated cry, holding out his hands in abhorrence far from him,

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he fled. He knew not how far he ran, nor where were the dark masses of rock between which he crept to hide from the moonlight that shone up to his horror-stretched eyes in a thousand laughing reflections. He knew only that it smiled on the waves and danced on the beach, and that the sky was clear and broad in the west, a terrible thing. But in the dark, between the setting of the moon and dawn, he stole forth, trying to seek out the spot that in his blind horror he had fled from. With despair he found that amid the confusing sameness it was lost to him. Carefully at first, and then with growing recklessness, as the time grew short, he searched in and out among the misty dunes, until the light began to steal into the sky, and all at once he stumbled, recovered himself, and looked downward.

She was there at his feet in the sand. Her eyes looked up softly, blue, deep, without the glaze or fixity of death, her lips were red, and the faint color of her cheek almost seemed to flow under the transparent skin. The soft, curling hair made a little brown shadow about her ears and temples, and yet she was dead, smiling upward in the spot where Cornwall had told her of his love! Remembering this, Ned stooped, and gathering her to him, with a sob, lifted the light burden and stole away. She should not lie there.

Later in the morning Forman came to the Longs and ordered Nina's trunks to be sent to a neighboring town on the coast, whither he had taken her, he said, on the evening before, because of Mrs. Long's impertinence. Except for a lively curiosity as to what had occurred when "he had it out with her," the woman gave the matter no further thought. The summer had been profitable; she washed her hands of her boarders, and her mind, at ease with the world, was pleasantly full of projects for laying out her gains.

And Ned—fresh, pink, complete—appeared that afternoon at one of the gay resorts near at hand, which the people he knew best were wont to frequent in the summer weather; he was to be married, he said, in a few days, privately, very privately; he would not even tell where, nor exactly when, but he was bidding everyone good-by. They were astonished at his gracious amiability; they had never dreamed that he cared so much for them—all that trouble just to see them once before he sailed! Surely he could not be compelled to leave before night. But Ned hurried away; he must "get back," he insisted.

But as the crowded cars gradually emptied, the Ned of an hour before fell away like an outer shell—he was getting back! Wherefore, he knew not. Weary, haggard, almost stumbling, he clambered down from the train at the end of the line, and unthinking, drawn by a fearful attraction, against which his every instinct rebelled, he started across the country; through the woods, over the bogs, up among the frightful desolate bowlder-strewn hills, and down again to the water's edge he walked, as if every foot of the unwonted way were oft-trodden ground. Silently he loosed a little boat from the float and pushed into the stream, threading in and out among the marshes with absolute certainty, never taking a needless turn nor mistaking an inlet for the main current. The smooth, black water hardly seemed to splash under the oars; the tall grass drew behind him whispering, while the long water-weeds hissed softly against the bow. He pulled the boat far up on the narrow, pebbly beach, and crossed the fields behind the hills.

"I am not going there," he muttered, and then with a gesture of despair turned, climbed the rocks, and felt beneath his tired feet the yielding, soundless, obstructive sand. The night was obscure, and he plodded onward, dull, heavy, feverish, yet occasionally shivering; he looked up, stupidly wondering at the absence of the torturing moonlight, and for the first time realized that it was raining. To-night he had not lost his way; without searching or hesitation he found the spot that his unwilling feet were seeking. Surely there was something breaking the smooth surface that he had left in the morning! Without dread, with expectation even, he descended the slope of the hill and found what had not been hidden from his eyes during all the scenes of the livelong day. Slowly he sank at her side; carefully he avoided

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the touch of the icy little hand that rested on her breast, and in the sand that covered all but her face, he laid his head and wept, and wept—not for repentance, nor for remorse, but because the rain was falling upon her upturned face and hung in drops from the long lashes of her sweet, sweet eyes ; he wept for the pity of it—and such weeping drives men mad. Then he rose, and gathering her again in his arms he sought securer burial.

A new dread had come to haunt him ; with shrinking nerves he watched the spot where he now laid her, through the long hours of the weeping night far into the morning, leaving it only when the bright noon-day shone down upon it, and the fresh rising wind blew the sand in little steam-like streamers from the top of the peak that formed his landmark. Fixing it clear in his mind—the white drift, the little clump of bay, and the blue sea beyond—he strode away.

"My God! my God!" he repeated, "what an awful errand! What an awful errand!"

By the back roads he made his way to a small town not very distant, and bought something, and as he looked at the bright steel surface of its broad, square blade, it filled him with an ungovernable repulsion and disgust.

"Wrap it up," he said, shuddering ; but the independent shopkeeper refused.

"See here," he declared, "if you are not too proud to use a spade, you needn't be too modest to carry it bare!" And Ned dared not insist, but hiding it in the bushes he bought the paper and twine elsewhere and covered it away from his sight. Then he wandered into a pine wood, and deep in a thicket lay on the scented needles and waited. He slept by snatches, slept and dreamed, and groaned in his dreams. For a space he sat erect and talked, fast and long, with crimson face and vacant eyes. He was not sleeping, but he knew not that time was passing, and woke to consciousness only when the moon shone down upon him from directly overhead.

It was late when he returned to the sand-hills ; he walked in a daze and had missed his way ; the wind from the sea was bearing in a fog again, and the silent scene was changing in a moving panorama of haze and clear moonlight. And nowhere could he find the spot where a tall peak of sand stood out against the sky, and the sea showed blue beyond a little clump of dark green bay. He had lost her again—but he had known that he should lose her. Wearily his search began ; the clouds closed silently in around him ; the moonlight filtered through them with a tint of green, and from time to time as he reached an open space a little gray scud flitted before him—and he remembered. Thicker and thicker grew the haze ; the moon was sinking toward the west; with careful feet he crept along the bowlders, and once at the edge of a cliff he heard the sea booming on the beach, and saw in the parting of the mist the waves lashing below him ; he drew back unstartled, turning his face inland—that was not a thing to fear. But in among the sands he wandered with horror-strained nerves, and as he slid down the shifting hills his mouth was dry and his tongue lay shrivelled in his throat.

"If I should come upon her unawares," he said, his voice hoarse and inarticulate, and he peered before him in the thickening chaos that he might not be taken by surprise. The moon went down and left him in blackness, utter blackness and fear. Like a grovelling shadow in the midst of the dark he searched on his knees, searched with hovering hands recoiling in anguish, for that the eyes should see is far more tolerable than that the hands should touch. Creeping among the woody thickets of the bay, feeling every sharp-edged tuft of grass, passing smoothly over the level sand, shrinkingly raised whenever the surface rounded, they searched, while again and again he straightened himself to his feet to push more securely into place the long package under his arm which was growing heavy and slipped constantly. And as he crept, the sand gave way under him—forward, downward, he slid and fell—it seemed forever. The heavy iron escaping from his hold struck against a loosened stone, and stone and steel, clanging together, rolled down like a rude alarum ; on he slid, clutching for it, securing it, missing it, with hoarse

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ejaculations of disappointment at each succeeding failure, until with his left hand he caught it, and with his right ——in the dark, in the thick dark, there was heavy silence, even the sea was still, and then, from out of the gloom a man's voice resounded in one intolerable, frenzied cry. Up from the depths it echoed, through all the great serene spaces of clear deep blue, from whence the frightened stars looked downward at the one black spot in all the transparent purity of the night.

Rigid, motionless, with stony, averted eyes, Ned stood and frowned into the opaque darkness, until a gray shade began to suffuse it, and a light wind blew suddenly inland. The whirling vapor enveloped him like a shroud, writhing in spirals from the sparse grass about him, and before him was a stretch of sea, a patch of dark green bushes, and a softly outlined snow-white peak that melted into the awful pallor of morning. Long he stared at it and at the lashing water beyond, with level unwinking eyes, that never dropped nor wavered, and yet that saw all the while at his feet, smiling, innocent, with dewy hair and scarlet lips, a little dead face, and one delicate dimpled hand lying bedded in the dull gray of the wet shallow grave he had given her. Warned by the growing light he stooped, and sought to lift her, but this he could not do; the rain-washed sand had drifted upon her body and clung in masses to her garments. Then, with the slight laugh of a man who after long reflection casts aside some scruple as too dainty for worldly wear, he tore the wrappings from his spade and freed her from the heavy weight. Lifting his burden he strode down the hill through the stony channel to where a wind-swept tract of grass and bushes rose on little hillocks from the surrounding bog. Down here the mist still lingered, and as he approached began to roll and rise and drift and courtesy to the ground again, trailing like frayed garments across the rough bushes, and the man, springing from hillock to hillock with great leaps, laughed and laughed as it fled before him, until the hills echoed, and the fishermen, launching their boat far down upon the beach, looked up and wondered.

"What's that in the bog there?" said one.

"It's the mist, most like."

"I tell you the mist don't laugh. See now!" But Ned was gone.

He felt neither fatigue nor strain, but hunted every hollow and dip for a sheltered, hidden spot. "You shall rest securely this time," he whispered; but he searched in vain; here there was an opening to the sea, here to the beach, and in another place the narrow foot-path along the hill-top came close to the edge; there was but one spot where, shut in on every side, the sand opened only to the sky.

"This will do," he said, with cheerful alacrity, as if he were bent on some commonplace errand of daily need. Then looking about him he recognized the place.

"You shall not lie here," he whispered fiercely in her ear. "It is that you are planning for."

He retraced his steps and was crossing the bog again when he was startled by a loud halloo from the shore; turning quickly to the right he made for the hills. Up, up, he clambered, striding with the strength of a giant, and ran along the top. The men on the beach hallooed again, and one of them gave chase, running in a parallel line, intending to intercept him at the cattle-path.

"Come back," cried the other. "It is only some crazy painter with his kit." But Ned, without waiting to see him obey, ran back out of sight, and doubling turned toward the spot from which he had been flying. He was unconscious of fatigue, but his sight was blurred and uncertain. "We must hurry," he said, talking to himself continually. Again he plunged into the drifts, half-sliding, half-leaping, and the yielding powdery sand, started by his wild haste and borne along by the weight he carried, rose up about him in a thick cloud, and rolled down in masses behind him. Laying his burden gently on the ground he began to dig and dig and dig, stepping into the pit he had made and throwing the sand recklessly right and left, until the whole place was in a haze.

"It shall be deep, child. They shall not find you. It shall be deep enough —deep, deep, deep," he repeated, with a new-born fear of the men who had

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chased him. "They shall not find you, dear!"

And, as fast as he dug, the soft sand slid downward, doubling his labor, until, with a curse, he reached forward and drew her toward him. Carefully he placed her on the bottom of the grave, and then standing at the edge looked down into it. The daylight was all about him; slowly, even with thoughtfulness, he threw shovelful after shovelful of sand upon the dress that he had carefully straightened about her little feet; he covered her gently, as a child is covered in bed by its mother, and then he stopped, stopped and waited.

"I cannot! Oh, my God!" he cried, "I cannot."

A long streak of sunshine fell in upon the upturned face, and she suddenly smiled in his eyes—the smile that was not meant for him! And Ned flung the spade far from him, and with hands and feet dashed the sand down upon her in showers; dashed it, pushed it, crowded it, in a frenzy of mad resentment, and stamped again and again until the hollow throbbing resounded throughout all the sandy basin. He ceased, and when the mist had gone from his eyes he looked upward. The grasses fringed a turfy edge that circled above him, and in front rose the smooth bank against which she had leaned that night so long ago—years, ages ago—and he had buried her deep in the place that Cornwall had chosen!

Then Ned laughed again—she had outwitted him. Laughing, laughing, he ran out of the hills, down across the beach, to tell it, and when they turned to hear he fell on them furiously lest they should go also and find her, and they bound him and carried him away in the boat, raving.

For days and weeks they searched the hills and shore, unavailingly. But since that time, in the clear moonlight, in the shifting fog, sometimes in the rain, a man may see a little face lying flowerlike in the sand; flowerlike, with dewy eyes, and soft, curling hair; the delicate hand rests lightly on the breast, and he that sees forgets not.

THE TWO GATES.

By Margaret Vandegrift.

I would recall, if I could recall,
If it were not quite too late,
The dream that came to me first of all;
It came through the Ivory Gate.
And I would forget, if I could forget—
It is with me night and morn—
A dream that my very soul doth fret;
It came through the Gate of Horn.

We know full well that we may not choose
What is, or is not to be;
What we shall keep, or what we shall lose—
That not one heart is free;
But this is the thing that saddest of all
Sad things to me doth seem,
That we may not forget, we may not recall
So slight a thing as a dream.

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MODERN FIRE APPARATUS.

By John R. Spears.

IT was only a few years ago, so few as to be easily within the memory of middle-aged people, that when a fire was discovered destroying a house in the city of New York, the person who made the discovery ran into the street, shouting "fire" at the top of his voice. The cry was taken up in every direction by all who heard it, and a howling mob gathered at the nearest engine-house from which was dragged a great hand-pump mounted on wheels. With one accord the mob clapped hold of the rope and away they went whooping over the pavement to the scene of the conflagration. The pump was coupled to the hydrant, a line of hose was stretched to the burning building, the pump-brakes were shipped, the mob, now well-nigh breathless but still vociferous, took hold with a will, and straightway a half-inch stream began to squirt from the nozzle. To the credit of the good old days be it said that the half-inch stream commonly saved the adjoining property.

In these days we do such things somewhat differently. The business man, detained at his office down town until nightfall, comes out upon the street at last and hurries away toward the station of the elevated road. A few steps from his door, perhaps a block away, he sees smoke coming up through a sidewalk grating. He is not quite sure but what it is all right—that smoke may be made in the basement beneath that grating at that hour in the regular course of business; but the indications are that the building is on fire, and perhaps a million dollars' worth of goods in peril. He casually mentions the matter to the policeman on the next corner. The policeman walks quickly to the building and then runs to the little red box set in a red lamp-post supporting a red lamp, which can be found in nearly every block. With a twist at a handle he opens a door in the box and gives a hook a pull, and then goes and stands by the nearest hydrant in order that the driver of the coming fire-engine may see the more easily where to rein in his team.

A minute, perhaps a trifle more than a minute passes, and then, away up street, drawn by a galloping team of noble horses, with a roll of smoke above and a trail of burning coals below, comes the first steamer. A tender with a reel of hose is close behind it. From another street swings in a truck piled high with ladders. From other streets come a second and a third, perhaps even a fourth engine, if it be an important district.

They reach the scene of the fire to find that although so short a time has passed since the alarm was sent, a tongue of flame has followed the smoke through the grating; the windows have become luminous and the sky overhead gorgeous; for the fire has gone roaring up stairway and elevator shaft and burst through the ventilator, to fill the air with flame and sparks. It has done more. It has crept across floors and spread over ceilings, and quick as the trained men are in coupling the engine to the hydrant and stretching the hose across the narrow street they are not so quick but the flames have had time to spread marvellously. As the front door is burst open to make way for the men carrying the first line of hose they are

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met by a gush of fire and smoke that hides them from view, while not infrequently flames or smoke are seen creeping from every window on every floor. The whole building is one huge furnace.

But the end comes quickly. Line after line of hose is laid. Stream after stream is directed into basement and sub-basement. Ladders are reared and other streams are carried to the floors above. A truck with an iron pipe that towers fifty feet in air is placed before the burning building. At the top of the pipe water is hurled from a nozzle through the windows of the highest floor and sent splashing against walls and ceiling half-way to the rear of the loft. While yet the horses have scarce ceased to pant from their exertion in dragging the first engine to the scene of the fire, the roaring furnace becomes a steaming, soggy cave.

How long did it take to do this?

For instance, on the night of Saturday, March 8, 1890, fire was discovered on the second floor of a furniture factory at the corner of Third and Goerck Streets. The whole building was filled with well-dried lumber in small pieces, and furniture in various stages of completion. The floors were littered with shavings and wood-dust. Oil and varnish abounded. The second story, where the fire originated, could not have been better arranged to promote the spread of a conflagration had an expert in such matters piled the stuff there with that end in view. At 6.07 o'clock the first alarm was turned in. At 6.10 o'clock Engine 11 and Truck 11 arrived. The men found the whole second floor, one hundred feet long on the Third Street side, a mass of fire, while flames were leaping up a stairway at one end and spreading over the floors above with almost lightning rapidity. Without noise or excitement, but with marvellous celerity, ladders were reared and streams of water started, while two more alarms brought further help quickly. At 6.35, when the reporters of the morning papers arrived, not a spark of fire was left in that building.

From the old hand-pump, worked by a mob of panting men, to the steam fire-engine of latest design; from the half-inch stream, that vainly splashed against the upper windows of a four-story dwelling, to the five-inch deluge that with irresistible power tears its way through the thickest walls of the loftiest buildings is a far cry. To tell how far a cry it is, to describe not only this five-inch water-spout, but all other modern apparatus for saving property and life from destruction by fire should be an interesting task.

The most important, though not the most powerful, apparatus used in fighting fire is the *steam fire-engine* that is familiar to the eyes of all who dwell in cities. The most important, because its power is almost everywhere available, it is, nevertheless, a simple machine. There is an upright boiler, with a fire-box or furnace at the bottom and short smoke-stack at the top, set between the rear wheels of the truck. There are two steam-engine cylinders bolted to the forward side of this boiler, and two pump-barrels are bolted above them, so that the piston-rod of the engine serves for the pump-rod of the pump. As the steam from the boiler drives the pistons to and fro in the engines, water is drawn from the hydrants through a short thick hose in one end of the pump-barrels and forced out through the other. From the pumps the water is forced into an air-chamber, where a cushion of air serves to equalize the varying pressure of the engines, and thence it is driven through the hose and out of the nozzle. The pump of the majority of the steamers in New York is very much like the pump of the old hand-machine in principle; but in effect it is tremendously more powerful.

To those interested in mechanics the boiler of the steamer is worth inspecting. The products of combustion pass up through tubes that are surrounded by water, as in all ordinary locomotive boilers, but in addition to this there are three sorts of devices for aiding the evaporation of the water in the boiler. In one type of boiler inch tubes depend from the roof of the boiler, like stalactites, down into the fire—thus the water in them gets the full benefit of the heat; in another type small groups of

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tubes, something like tiny steam radiators, are hung to the roof of the fire-box and connected with the side of the box as well, so that the water readily circulates up through the nest of small tubes; while in a third type there is a coil of water-pipe running from the roof of the fire-box around through the fire and down into the side of the box; and all three types have their advocates among the engineers. To aid the draught the engines all exhaust into the smoke-stack.

A feature of the steam fire-engine not commonly recognized by the spectator is the water-tank for supplying the boiler. This is located under the driver's seat, and is used only when the engine is pumping salt or foul water. It is generally filled by hand with buckets when engines are taken to the water-front to pump from the rivers.

The most powerful land engines in the department have two steam cylinders, eight and one-eighth inches in diameter and with a stroke of seven inches. The pump-barrel is five inches in diameter. They will throw solid water through a two-inch nozzle to a distance of about two hundred feet over level ground on a calm day. So powerful is this stream that the men cannot control the nozzle without the aid of what they call a *nozzle-stick*, which is a simple iron rod that slips into cleats on the nozzle while the other end is jabbed into the ground.

The hose for the engines is commonly carried on a reel or spool supported on either two-wheeled or four-wheeled vehicles. A combination truck for hose and ladders is in use in some communities. The very latest thing in *hose-trucks*, however, is the simplest sort of a four-wheeled truck with a bed or box in which the hose is laid flat. The firemen find that they cannot only stretch a length of hose more quickly when it is carried in this way, but they can get it ready to carry back to the engine house more quickly when the fire has been extinguished.

In the pictures of fires of olden times the firemen were invariably represented as standing in the streets at a comfortable distance from the fire and directing the streams of water through the upper-story windows. They do not fight fire in that way nowadays. Ladders are reared to the upper windows, and the hose is carried right up to the floor that is on fire. But sometimes the fire gets going so fiercely before they arrive that even trained firemen cannot face it, and it is when the flames are blazing through the upper windows of a tall building that the value of what is called a *water-tower* is apparent. New York got its first water-tower about ten years ago. Its last was but recently purchased.

In principle these towers are very simple. There is an iron tube so pivoted over one end of a truck that its top may be raised to a height of sixty feet above the street pavement. The upper end terminates in a nozzle. Connected with the bottom of the pipe is a very large hose. From two to four engines may be coupled to this hose, and their united streams forced up through the pipe and out of the nozzle. The nozzle is controlled by a man on the truck, so that a solid two-and-one-quarter-inch stream may be directed through the top windows of a six-story building with ease and certainty. The newest tower in the department differs from the older ones in several important details. The old tower had to be raised by hand-power, and it was a slow and tiresome job. Moreover, the old tower was made in sections that had to be screwed together by the men. The new tower has a twenty-eight-foot pipe suspended inside of a slender steel derrick that is twenty-two feet high. The derrick is pivoted over the forward wheels of the truck, and, when not in use, it, with the pipe inside, lies prone upon the truck. At a fire the derrick is erected by means of what may be called engine-power—the piston-rods of two cylinders, which are very like steam-engine cylinders, connect with the bottom of the derrick. Instead of steam, however, carbonic acid gas, which is generated in a retort suspended near the rear axle of the truck, is used. This retort is partly filled with soda and water, and when the time comes for raising the tower a small quantity of vitriol is spilled into this mixture. The gas is generated in sufficient quantity to create a pressure in the cylinders of above one hundred pounds to the square

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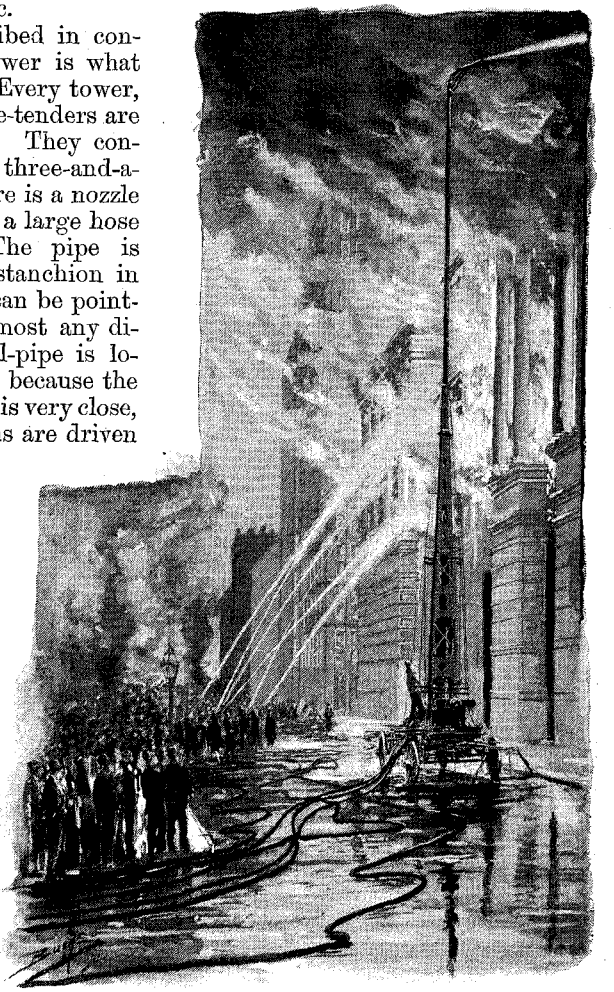
inch, and it is this power, exerted through the cylinders, that raises the derrick. The pipe is elevated above the derrick by means of a stout metal rope working over pulleys and a hand-winch. The stream from the tower can be swung around in any direction, and thrown up or down through a wide arc.

Very appropriately described in connection with the water-tower is what is called the *swivel-pipe*. Every tower, truck and most of the hose-tenders are provided with swivel-pipes. They consist of a five-foot piece of three-and-a-half-inch iron pipe, and there is a nozzle at one end of the pipe and a large hose coupled to the other. The pipe is mounted on a stout iron stanchion in such a way that the nozzle can be pointed and securely held in almost any direction. Because the swivel-pipe is located near the ground, and because the connection with the engines is very close, even more powerful streams are driven through the swivel-pipe than through the water-tower.

Wonderful as are the results obtained by the engines used exclusively on shore, their streams sink almost into insignificance when compared with the volume and power of those thrown from the greatest of all fire-extinguishers, the floating fire-engine, or, as it is commonly called, *the fire-boat*.

Like the water-tower and a majority of other kinds of apparatus used in extinguishing fires, the floating engine is a modern device. The first one ever built was the "Havemeyer," launched in 1875 for New York City. She is still doing good service. There were, however, a number of boats built for other purposes, which were in use as fire-boats before that date.

It seems a little singular to the ordinary observer, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the hardest fire to fight is one alongshore, where there is no end to the water to throw on it. But a moment's consideration shows that while water may be abundant, the opportunity to throw it is scant. If a building be on the water's edge, or on a pier, there is at least one side on which it cannot be approached by the shore extinguishers.



The New Water-tower at Work.

While the firemen may deluge the shore portions of a building, or the shore end of a pier, the fire may eat away the water-side portion, and so destroy the whole. The greatest fire in New York during the year 1889 was a fire of this kind. It involved piers, elevators, and other buildings alongshore, in the yard of the Hudson River Railroad, for some blocks above the foot of West Fifty-ninth Street,

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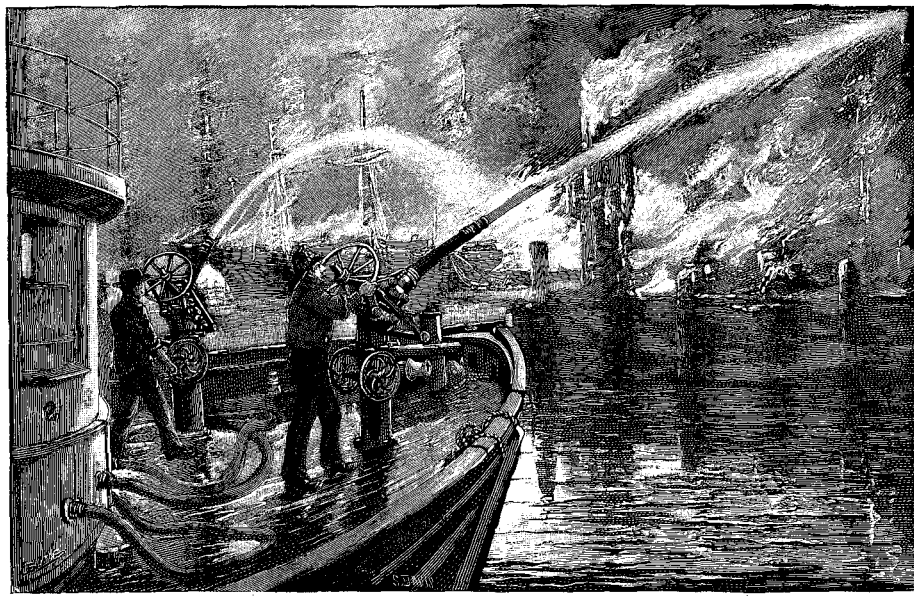
and the loss was a million and a half of dollars. This and other like fires have proved very destructive because the city lacked adequate apparatus for fighting a fire from the water. A description of the last floating engine built for the New York Fire Department will serve very well to show what the requirements of such a boat are.

She is called the New Yorker, and her owners think that, because she is great and powerful—well-nigh irresistible—she has been very well named. To an ordinary observer she looks very much like a handsome tug. She is 125 feet long, 27 wide, and 14 deep. She draws something over 9 feet of water, and her displacement is 351 tons. She is built of steel. There is the usual structure on deck, with the pilot-house on top, at the forward end; but here the resemblance to a tug practically ceases. She has two boilers, each powerful enough for a great cargo-ship, and triple expansion engines. Instead of one propeller-wheel, she has two, one of them being connected with the rudder and the wheel-shaft in such a way that it swings with the rudder, and so aids in steering her—makes her handy as nothing else could do.

The chief feature of the boat is, of course, her pumps. She has four sets (or eight in all) of vertical, double-acting steam-pumps. The steam-cylinders are sixteen inches in diameter and the pumps ten. The stroke is eleven inches. From the pumps the water is forced into an air-chamber, and thence it is driven through four standing pipes which rise through the deck-house—two forward by the pilot-house, and two well aft, as the picture very well shows. The ends of these pipes terminate in nozzles, which can be turned about and elevated and depressed through ample arcs for every need. For ordinary fires these nozzles have a diameter of from three and a half to four inches. But the power of all the pumps may be concentrated on one or two pipes, and when this is done, a nozzle five inches in diameter is called into use.

The New Yorker is berthed at Pier 1, North River. Here she lies with fires banked, but with ample steam in her boilers to set her propellers whirling efficiently. The instant an alarm that calls her is received, the lines that hold her to the pier are cast off by the men on deck, while the stokers rake open the fires in her furnaces. The steam begins



The Fire-boat Fighting a Fire from the River.

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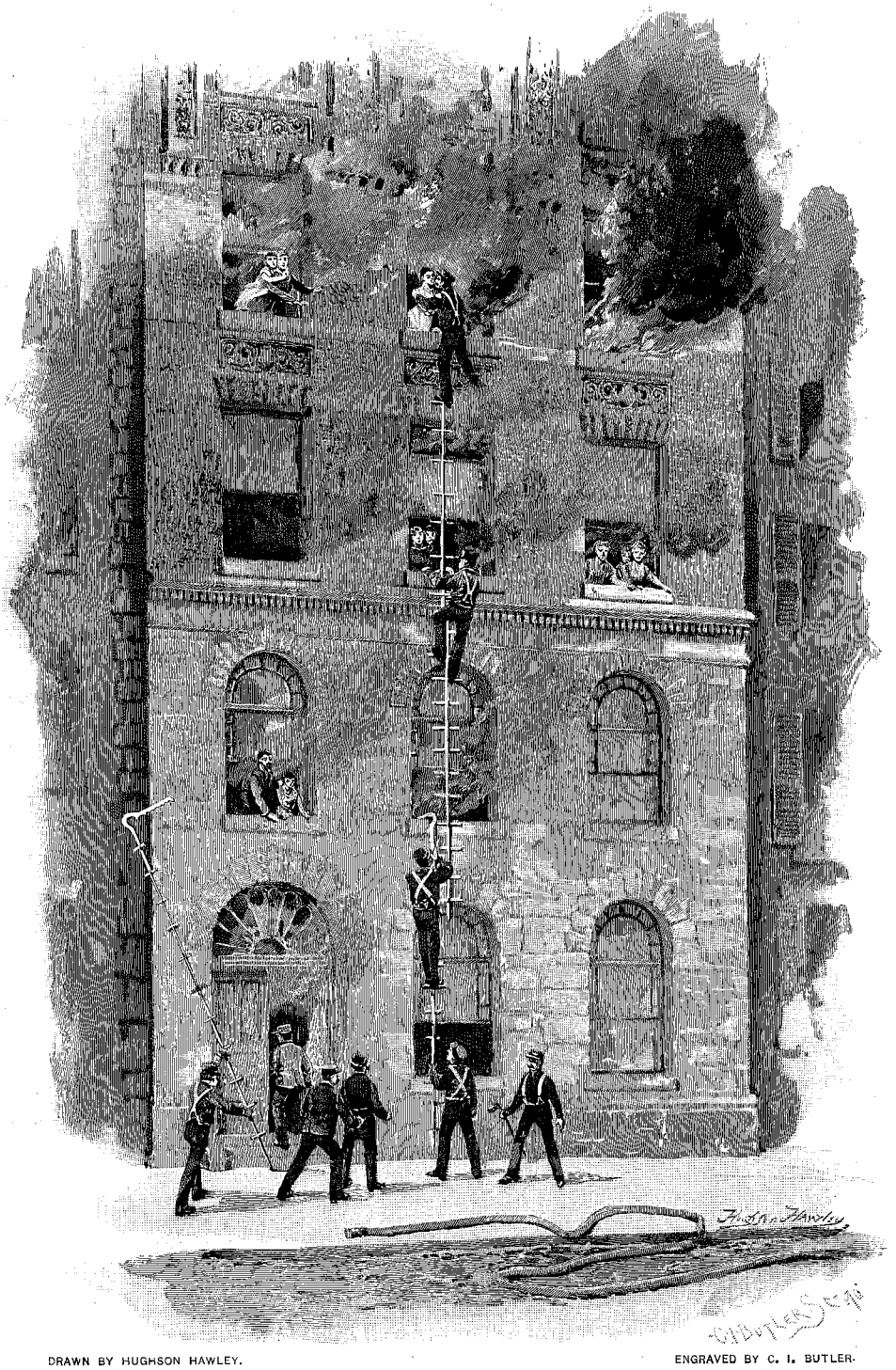

DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY. ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

Saving Life by Means of Scaling Ladders.

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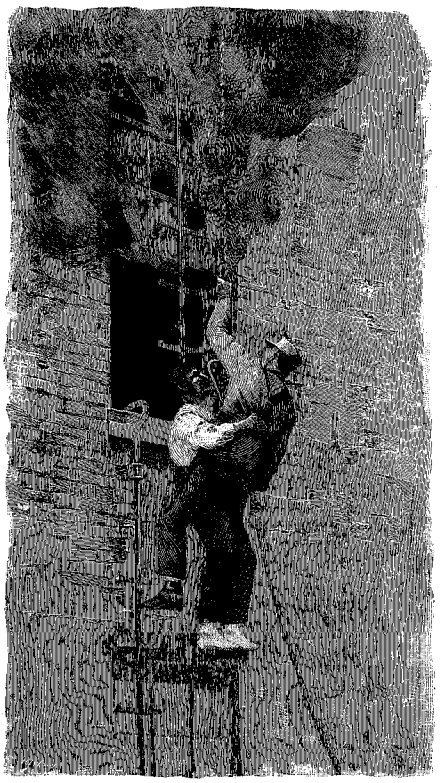
to rise. The engineer, at the signal from the pilot, throws open her throttle, and under the impulse of her wheels she heads away for the fire. The steam rises still faster then, for the engines exhaust into the smoke-stack and force



A Rescue with the Life-line.

the draft. With a feather of spray from her cutwater and a lengthening wake astern, she ploughs along with increasing speed until, but a few minutes after the alarm came in, she is making from eighteen to nineteen sea-miles an hour. Dodging the river craft that would impede the progress of a less handy boat, she runs to the scene of the fire, and when there, because of the peculiarity of her construction, is able to approach it, if it be at the water's edge, until the flames are wrapped about her stem.

Then the whole power of her boilers is turned upon the pumps, and from a single nozzle a solid stream five inches in diameter is hurled at the fire—hurled through pier-shed sidings, through ceilings, through roofs, through brick walls, and thence, through every obstruction, into the heart of the fire. Where are the heat and flame that can stand before a deluge like that? There was never aught like it under the sun, save in the torrents of nature and the giant flumes built by the Rocky Mountain miners to tear down cliffs of solid rock.

Less picturesque but very useful are some of the minor features of this boat. There are the screens for shielding the men when the boat must run her bows into the flames. They are made of steel plates, and are of double thickness, having an inch air-space between the inner and the outer skin. Each screen is six feet long, and rises four and a half feet above the rail, where it arches in over the deck so far that a man may have ample room to work under it shielded from dropping cinders. Peep-holes to look through, and larger ones to direct small streams through are provided. There are six of them in all, and they may be used separately or grouped all together at any part of the rail.

Then, at four points of the deck-house, small pipes arise that are fitted with revolving curved arms like lawn-sprinklers. When the flames are so fierce as to scorch things, and the metal screens that protect the men begin to redden, the captain, instead of backing out, turns on the sprinklers and fights away under the cooling shower that then floods the deck.

If desired, as many as thirty-two two-inch streams can be thrown through ordinary hose, instead of one or two or four giants through the big nozzles; or long lines of heavy hose could be stretched from the pipes, and the power of the pumps used to feed water-towers, or swivel-pipes, or engines two thousand feet away on land. The belt that a boat like this covers is therefore a belt around the water-front very nearly half a mile wide.

The New Yorker was designed by a New Yorker, Mr. William Cowles, formerly of the United States Navy. The fire-screens and sprinklers were put on at the suggestion of Chief Hugh Bonner.

It is not uninteresting to note that there are floating fire-engines in London. They consist of little steam-pumps

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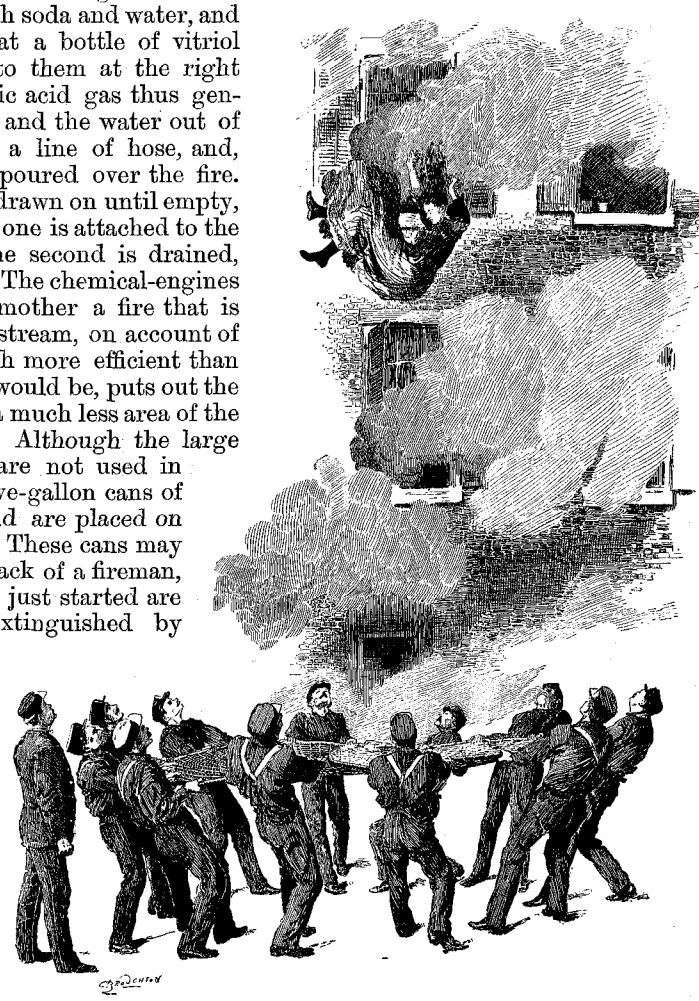
placed on scows which are moored at long intervals along the water-front. When an alarm of fire comes in the captain of the scow goes whooping up and down the water-front to get a tug to tow him to the place from which the alarm has come.

Although, curiously enough, not used in New York, a kind of fire-extinguisher known as a *chemical-engine* has been found of great service elsewhere. These chemical-engines depend for their success on the fact that no fire can live in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas. A substantial truck carries astride the rear axle two cylindrical tanks of a capacity of about one hundred gallons each. These are filled with soda and water, and are arranged so that a bottle of vitriol can be emptied into them at the right time. The carbonic acid gas thus generated forces itself and the water out of the tanks through a line of hose, and, with the water, is poured over the fire. In use, one tank is drawn on until empty, and then the other one is attached to the hose, and, while the second is drained, the first is refilled. The chemical-engines are intended to smother a fire that is yet small, and the stream, on account of the gas being much more efficient than a stream of water would be, puts out the fire while wetting a much less area of the house and goods. Although the large chemical-engines are not used in New York, little five-gallon cans of the same compound are placed on each ladder-truck. These cans may be carried on the back of a fireman, and fires that have just started are very frequently extinguished by them.

Little space need be devoted to the ordinary *ladders*. Every truck carries ten, varying in length from ten to seventy-five feet. There is one in use that towers ninety-two feet above the pavement. The longest ladders are permanently fixed to turn-tables on the trucks that carry them, and are raised and extended by cranks and screws and pulleys. The scene when men are taken from the roof of a burning building on the top one of these towering ladders and swung over until they land in safety on the roof of another building on the opposite side of the street is one not soon forgotten.

The *scaling-ladders*, because used only in saving life, are of peculiar interest. A look at the illustration [p. 59] will save all necessity for further description of the ladder itself. Standing in the street the fireman reaches up and hooks his ladder over the second-story window-



Jumping into the Life-net.

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sill. Then he climbs up and, throwing a leg over the window-sill, draws up the ladder and hooks it into the third story, and so up he climbs to the top floor, no matter how high the building may be. Here he sits in the window and lowers a cord to the ground by which a life-line an inch thick is drawn up for use in lowering people who may have no other means of escape. It may happen that as the fireman goes up the flames burst from a window directly over him. In that case he hooks his ladder on a window-sill to the right or left and swings over, pendulum fashion, out of the line of the fire, and there continues his way

The Life-line Gun.

till above the fire, when he swings back and is ready to care for the people whose escape has been cut off. It is an act that little account is made of by the fireman, but the unaccustomed man would need an iron nerve were he to swing thus at the end of a pole hung sixty feet above the stone pavements.

With escape to other buildings cut off, and with blazing stairways and windows below him, so that neither ladder nor life-line can be used, the last desperate resort of the life-savers is the *jumping-net*. It is a wheel-shaped net, ten feet in diameter, made of slender ropes. When stretched by the men who grasp its rim beneath the window where the victim of the fire is perched they call to him to jump. It is a thrilling moment as the men stand thus gazing through the flames and smoke, and the imprisoned one gathers himself for the leap. Not everyone is saved, but he who jumps as he is told to do seldom suffers any harm beyond the nervous shock. With trained men around it the net will safely land a man of two hundred pounds weight jumping from the top of a building one hundred feet high.

A novel device for quickly running a rope to the top of a tall building is *the line-throwing gun*. The peculiarity of this weapon is that the gun is placed inside of the projectile instead of the projectile being placed inside the gun. The gun is a smooth-bore Remington with a cast-iron butt and a ten-inch round barrel. The projectile is simply a long pear-shaped cap that fits over the muzzle, with the end of a light line made fast to a ring in its base, and the line is coiled in a round box. A blank cartridge is placed in the breech of the gun, and when exploded it throws the projectile two hundred feet in air. The men catch the line when it falls across the roof of the building they are on, and by it draw up the rope they want.

The hardest fire in the world to fight is one in a sub-basement. New York business houses commonly extend two stories below the street level. The lower basement is often stored full of very inflammable goods, and when a fire is kindled among them there is no draft to carry away the smoke. By the time the firemen arrive the two basements are full of smoke so thick that no man can live in them. But water must be thrown all over both floors, and that as quickly as possible, to prevent the fire spreading

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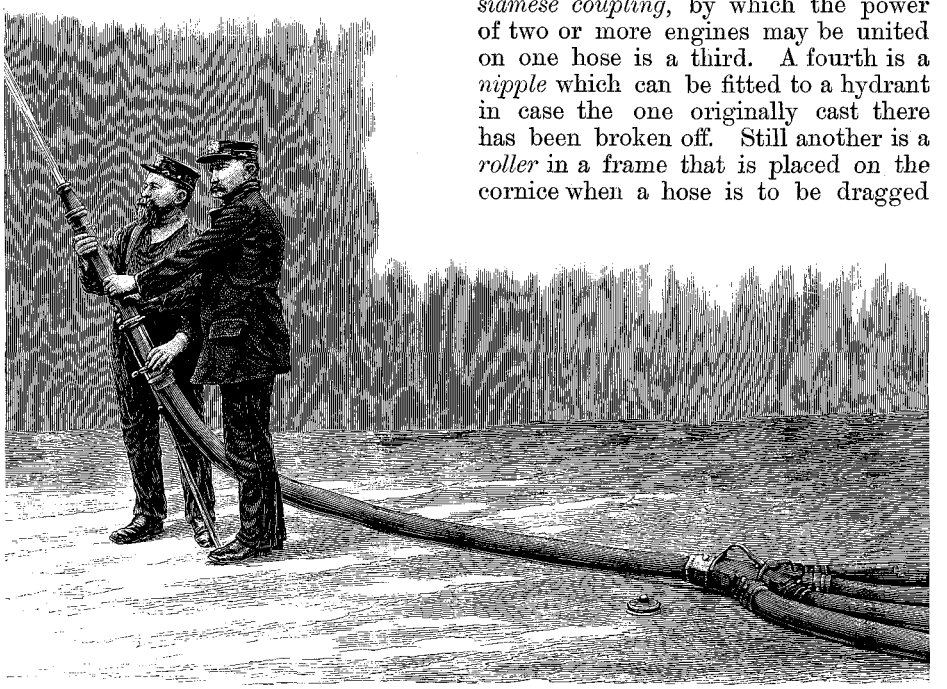
up. For such emergencies what might be called *one- and two-story nozzles* are provided, besides another kind and an air-washer. One is an iron pipe long enough to reach from the street down into the sub-basement where a common nozzle bent at right angles to the pipe is fitted, to throw a stream parallel with the floor. Another is long enough to reach almost to the floor of the upper basement. The third kind is shaped something like the letter **S**. It is swung at the middle through a hole in the floor and can be turned in all directions. Last of all is the *air-washer*—a device for washing the smoke out of the air and purifying it so that men can enter the room. It consists of a two-foot section of pipe, with two short sprinklers on it that work after the manner of a lawn-sprinkler. It is lowered through a hole in the floor, the water is turned on, and the sprinklers throw showers in all directions.

There are a number of appliances, some of which are in daily use, that are sufficiently explained by the illustrations. The *hook*, by which the tin roof of a house may be cut away in a few minutes is one [p. 64]. The *ram*, by which a hole is bored through a brick wall, on occasion, is another. This ram is particularly useful. Going into the building adjoining the one that is on fire, the firemen drill a hole with it through the dividing wall opposite the hottest part of the fire, and are thus enabled to throw the water most effectively. The *siamese coupling*, by which the power of two or more engines may be united on one hose is a third. A fourth is a *nipple* which can be fitted to a hydrant in case the one originally cast there has been broken off. Still another is a *roller* in a frame that is placed on the cornice when a hose is to be dragged up to a roof from the street. Two men with a roller can hoist more hose than ten men can without it. They are all simple and all very useful, and nearly all of them have been invented within ten years.



Four Streams "Siamesed" Together.

That the growth of the work which New York firemen are called on to do demands the best apparatus which can be made, and that every valuable improvement must be adopted, will be apparent from even a casual inspection of the statistics of fires and consequent losses. In 1866, the year after the paid department took the places of the volunteers, there were 796 fires in the city.

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In 1888 there were 3,217. In 1866 there was 1 fire to every 80 buildings in the city, and in 1888 1 to 35. In 1866 there was $1\frac{1}{2}$ fire to every man on the force, in 1888 $3\frac{1}{7}$ fires to each man. That the efficiency of the force has more than kept pace with the growth in fires, however, is plain from the fact that the average loss per fire in 1866 was $8,075.38 and in 1888 but $1,705.29.

Cutting Open a Tin Roof.

TO CARMINE.

By I. D.

When 'gainst the hills that barrier the West
There break at morn long, roseate waves of light,
My heart leaps high; for one loved memory, bright
With old-time smiles and kisses, on their crest,
Is borne to me each morn; and always blest
The hour when from the sun's most fervid height
Thy South is shed around me; but the night
And the herald stars of eve are loveliest.

For life seems fairer under kindling skies,
And love still comes to man in tenderer guise
Beneath the gracious influence of the stars;
And in the dreamful night, I leap the bars
Of sense and journey southward where thou art,
Darling, the Mecca of my pilgrim heart.

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JERRY.

PART THIRD (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER IV.

"When wealth shall rest no more in mounded heaps,
But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man
Thro' all the seasons of the golden year."

"AND this was the original bed of the stream?" Mr. Henshaw asked, standing in front of Jerry's unfinished shanty, and looking up the gorge that was untouched by the sun as yet, "and formerly it flowed into this opening and disappeared?"

"Yes," Jerry answered. "And Mr. Durden, seeing indications of gold in these rocks, turned the stream aside by building a dam up yonder," pointing to where a dam, running up and down the ridge, turned the stream into a shallow ravine on the other side, "and worked in this cave opening. It is said," looking at the engineer keenly, "that the Eureka Mine, which has also a cave opening, was the outlet of the stream."

"Indeed?" seriously. "I doubt it; there is no sign of a cave opening there."

Jerry laughed.

"The only way to settle it," he said, "would be to turn the stream in again."

The engineer shook his head solemnly. He was too poor a man to joke about trying experiments on gold mines. "That would be ruination, you know," he said.

"Of course," and Jerry brought himself back to the strict business of the hour: this man was literal and earnest, the very man to have on an exciting search, as this might prove; and the traditions were nothing; indeed, it would be for the benefit of all if they could be forgotten. And the scrap of paper, that now he understood, had better be burned. For with the opening of the mine all the most far-fetched and most weird of the legends had come to the surface.

Mrs. Milton had poured into his ears all that 'Lije had revealed to her, of the sounds like women and children crying and calling for help—of a great red eye that glared at him—of twinkling lights that shone in impossible places; and Dan Burk had told him the old Indian's story of how the tribe had driven in all its women and children to death in a bottomless hole, rather than they should fall into the hands of the enemy. But the Indians had not gone in through the mine's mouth, of course, but through another opening into a cave that lay on the other side of this death-hole—a cave that was "lined and floored with pure gold!"

Before day that morning Dan had come to tell Jerry this story, and to warn him not to turn to the left. "Joe were the only feller as knew the way," he whispered, "and 'Lije Milton's death come from there, and Joe Gilliam's death come from there!"

So Jerry went to meet the engineer in the early morning with his nerves all strained and tense, and his mind all alive to every least sign or mark. He had not told Dan Burk that Joe already

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had warned him about the turn to the left, nor had he mentioned to any one Burk's story of the abyss that Joe had crossed daily; but the whole thing was clear to his own mind now. He could understand now Joe's anxiety as to the mine being occupied—it was his only entrance to this cave beyond, where he had found his gold; and amid the chaos of new surmises that were coming to him, the dreadful suspicion that Joe had aided in terrifying 'Lije Milton away from his work of exploration grew stronger and stronger. He had given up the thought that 'Lije had been hurt in any way, for from Mrs. Milton he had heard that the illness had lasted for months, and had been what she called "a dwinin'."

"'Lige stayed in thar as long as he said he were agoin' to stay," she said, "'cause he never let go onest he tuck er grip, but what he sawn an' hearn in thar never leff him, an' he worn't never wuth nothin' no mo'."

"It promises well," and Mr. Henshaw's voice roused Jerry from his dreams; "the stream fell in here," he went on, "and the opening was enlarged from the top; see?"

"Yes," looking up where the marks made by the picks so many years ago were still visible; "but here come the men," and he leaned over the opening, that seemed to descend much more rapidly than he remembered.

The men came up; all of them were new men, anxious for the work, and anxious for the success of the mine in which they had shares: what were legends to them?

One after another they descended, Jerry leading the way. He was a man now, and educated sufficiently to be above all superstitious and ghostly fears, yet he looked back longingly to the light as they went down into the darkness, and for an instant held his breath to hear the water that dropped forever—and what would he see?

"This is still the bed of the stream," Mr. Henshaw said, as they paused for the men to light the lamps, "and it turns to the left."

Jerry looked; surely it did, and he looked about him carefully for some mark or track—some little, beaten way that would tell that the place had been frequented—but there was not a sign; the worn bed of the stream held no marks.

"And they tunnelled here straight in front of them, and up," Mr. Henshaw went on solemnly, holding up his lantern to prove his words. "They should have followed the bed of the stream."

"Shall we?" Jerry asked, doubtfully.

"It will be best," was answered; "but follow very carefully, for being the natural opening they would have followed it as least expensive, unless stopped by something impassable."

Jerry listened quietly; he could never have reasoned in this way; surely this was the man for such an expedition.

"I will go first," Jerry said, and no one demurred. The bed of the stream tended steadily to the left, dipping slightly, but lay several feet above the floor of the tunnel where they stood, so that a little climbing was necessary to put them back on this level they had left.

"They did not tunnel here," and Jerry lifted his light to show the scarred roof when once more they were in the bed of the stream.

"Yes," Mr. Henshaw answered; "strange they should have left it."

On they scrambled, Jerry leading the way, and going most carefully; what might he not find?

Presently the light from his lantern struck against a wall—the next moment it travelled indefinitely into the gloom!

He paused, and the men behind him stopped as if moved by machinery—they were not timid men, and were seeking their fortunes, but they stopped as one man and listened.

Was it water or wind that they heard?—a sigh?—a cry?

"It is the echo of our own voices," Jerry said, sharply; "listen!" And he raised his voice in a high, long cry. The men started. Even Henshaw felt his nerves jerk a little as the cry went on, and on, and on—coming back again and again—fading and rising and dying like a sob! Then a dead silence fell, and Jerry leaned against the wall he had reached, unnerved and weak.

Was it a sob or a sigh that swept past

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him, or the last wave of sound from his own cry? It came again, and he started, lifting up his lantern—higher—higher! and he stepped back slowly, carefully.

"Stand still!" he commanded quickly, for the men were moving forward; then picked up a stone and cast it down in front of him.

The men all saw the movement by the flickering lights, and waited in silence. Would it never reach the bottom? Then, far off, there came a sound, then another, and another, fading down in the depths.

"Great God! if we had gone on!" and the men moved back hastily; but Jerry did not move, and Mr. Henshaw came to his side.

"Drop another stone," he said; "we can time it and judge the depth."

Jerry picked up a stone, and the man of business took out his watch.

"Now—" and the stone flashed across the belt of light and disappeared: down—down—down. What would it fall on—bones? poor whitened bones that would be crushed and powdered by this touch from the upper world—by this stone their feet had trod on years ago. Ah! it struck them, then.

"Very deep," and Mr. Henshaw looked up in the darkness to make his calculations. "One hundred feet at least," he said; "a very good reason for not following the bed of the stream—it fell here;" then he went back to where the men were grouped. "That echo was a fortunate warning," he said, "and we must put a railing there; it is too dangerous."

But Jerry had not left his position. The corner where he leaned was polished as by constant rubbing—the spot where he stood had regular marks worn into it; he waved his lantern out into the darkness, and there, not four feet away, was the corner of a ledge. He paused. Was this Joe's path? Did he daily cross this awful gap, a hundred feet deep—jump across that space trusting to that ledge? He drew a sharp breath; he would not find anything of Joe's, they were in the cave at the end of the black tunnel down which he looked; and the ledge he had seen must run along the wall and be the path to the cave.

And this awful risk for gold!

Mr. Henshaw called him, and he went back to where the men were turning over sand and rubbish that had been brought in by rain and wind, and Mr. Henshaw peering at everything closely.

"Very rich," he said at last, "but worked most carelessly—most carelessly."

In a moment Jerry was at his side.

"They made a great mistake," Mr. Henshaw went on, "they worked overhead and in front of them—a great mistake—all lies under foot—all of it; rich, most rich!"

"Good enough!" and the men went to work more busily than ever to clear the rubbish away.

"It will be well to work this tunnel that is cut already, until we get the proper materials to sink a shaft," Mr. Henshaw went on; "but we must go down; for this vein, the richest I have ever seen," his eyes gleaming as he spoke, "widens as it descends."

Eagerly the men listened, and Jerry, with shining eyes, seemed to drink in the words.

"There are millions in this mine—millions!"

Jerry stood quite still, and his old dreams, that only last night he had laughed at, seemed to sweep over him and fill his brain as a mist; all his visions of piles and piles of gold—piles that would satisfy the nations, and stop all greed and longing! Gold should be a drug in the market, and what would the world do for a medium of exchange? In the latter days there was to be "perplexity of nations"—nations that could not buy nor sell to each other—nations reduced to barter! All the great exchanges in ruins; grass growing in the streets of great cities, and the nations spreading out over plains and hills, seeking for places to plant and reap!

Back, farther still, they were searching into the tunnel, and Jerry followed mechanically, walking as one in a dream.

No wonder the devil had worked to drive men out from this great treasure-house; his power was to be taken away; his charm wherewith he charmed all men to sin and death—the root of all the evil and suffering under the sun—the gold for which men sold their souls—this thing was to be cast among them until it was like the dust in the road,

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and the chips! — yes, as when one "breaketh and heweth wood" — then the devil's power would be done!

And Mr. Henshaw, turning over a rock in his hands, muttered, "Millions —millions." He must borrow money and invest in the venture; and he would write to Sue that soon he would be a rich man—a rich man! Then to Jerry:

"Your fortune is made, Mr. Wilkerson, already made," he said, and Jerry started from his visions as if some hand had struck him. "You have made a most wonderful discovery," Mr. Henshaw went on, "and your townspeople, and all who come here, should be most grateful to you, for I understand that you entered into this scheme with great odds against you."

"I did," Jerry answered, slowly; "but all is in my favor now;" then, looking up, "Have you shares in this venture?"

Mr. Henshaw shook his head.

"I had nothing to invest," he said, sadly.

"Let me lend it to you?" Jerry rejoined, quickly, "and you can repay me at your leisure."

"Sir!" stepping back in his astonishment, "sir, are you in earnest?" and the workmen looked from one to the other questioningly, then into each other's eyes longingly; they had shares, but if only they could double them!

"It is nothing," and Jerry turned away. "I have money my adopted father left me, and I shall be glad to lend it to you," and the men looked at him kindly; he was a "fair, square man," they said afterward; he could have taken double shares himself, but instead lent the money to a poorer man; he was a fair-dealing man, a man they could depend on.

And Mr. Henshaw felt his proper, middle-aged heart beating hard and fast under the shining seams of his coat: he could build a little house, and Sue and the children could come out! His mild blue eyes were strangely dim behind his spectacles as he looked after Jerry, walking back and up to the black hole. A strange "mob-leader," he thought, a strange disturber of the peace, and an honest Communist! Surely he was sharing his goods.

And in his report warmer words were said of the venture than ever he had said of anything in his whole visionless, unenthusiastic life; and the Board felt new confidence in Durden's, for every man sent out, from the keenest to the dullest—from the most enthusiastic to the most prosaic—all seemed to become imbued with perfect faith in the project, and in the young leader, Wilkerson.

And now the stock ran up higher, and Jerry's man of business had orders to sell out all his other investments and to put all the proceeds in Durden's; and Greg told his father that he could not invest too largely; and Mr. Henshaw bought and felt his life begin afresh; and Durden's rose to such a pitch of enthusiasm and delight that people almost cheered Jerry as he passed.

Eureka came over in a body, settling themselves anywhere that a house could be built; selling all to buy shares in the mine, and privileges in the Commune; and the doctor rode about among the sick, lending money to those who did not have it to invest, and watching Jerry's course with tired, kind eyes: and Paul, refusing to come back from Engineer Mills's house in Eureka, worked and thought, and spent money and strength to build up Eureka—to outdo Jerry! Once more the "dirty little beggar" had the best of it, and had overcome him; but life was all before them yet, and where would death find them?

CHAPTER V.

"But oh! blithe breeze! and oh! great seas,
Though ne'er—that earliest parting past—
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

"One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare—
Oh! bounding breeze, oh! rushing seas,
At last, at last unite them there."

The weather had held good, as Jerry had expected, until the work in the mine was well under way; the railway also was near, for building on the plain was easy work; the town of Durden's was spreading up the mountain-side,

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and down and out on the plain; and Eureka seemed dead, save for one grog-shop. Mr. Henshaw was spending most of his time now working on the dam that kept the stream from the mine; and was impressing on the Committee and the Company the grave importance of keeping the dam in perfect order. Once let that stream break through into its old channel, and the mine would be flooded to a ruinous extent; for now all the work in the mine was on a level far below the old bed of the stream, and all the new shafts and tunnels would have to be filled before the stream could find its old outlet down the chasm. And Jerry had made a speech to the people on this subject that had caused their pockets to feel empty, and their hearts to ache. For himself he dreamed, night after night, of an awful battling with overwhelming floods of water; waking with cries and struggles that made Mrs. Milton announce to her gossips that "Jerry Wilkerson air the mos' onres'lessis creetur as ever wuz, an' if he eats nothin' or no, he's allers a-walkin' aroun' an' a-hollerin' in the night."

So things had gone until now the open weather seemed over; all the new houses, clean and tight, and ready for occupation, were covered with a light fall of snow; only a light fall, but to all weatherwise eyes the low clouds promised much more in a little while. The Committee added steadily to the stacks of wood gathered for the common good, and all the people did what they could in preparation, for it was prophesied on all hands that the winter, though late in coming, would be a hard winter—a very hard winter. A bright December made always a black January, the old people said.

It was Sunday, but Jerry had not gone to the church, as usually he made a point of doing, even if no better man than Dan Burk or Dave Morris was there to preach to him; but, instead, he was going to ask the doctor to come to Mrs. Milton; she was not well, and Jerry had volunteered to bring the doctor.

He had not been down that road for months, not since he had gone to offer his services, in case the doctor needed help. That had been in the spring; and since then a life seemed to have passed.

Now he walked slowly; it was cold and still, and all the town seemed dead: everybody was in the church, or shut safe in their houses; his own little house that he used as an office, but into which Mrs. Milton had begged him not to move until the spring, was shut tight, and looked desolate; indeed lent desolation to the scene as he caught a far glimpse of it before descending the hill toward the doctor's. Down the long, ugly road he went, then turned sharply across the gullies and rents made by the snow and rains, up to the steps. Nothing had changed since his first visit there, as a child: all was the same—no fence had been built, no whitewash nor paint had been put on the house: as dark, as ugly now as then, only now seeming more still.

Slowly Jerry mounted the steps—slowly took his way across the piazza, and knocked at the door. A step came down the hall—a step that made the color mount to his face, and Paul opened the door. One moment they eyed each other, then Jerry asked,

"Is the doctor at home?"

"No."

"When will he come?"

"I do not know;" then, more curtly, if that were possible, "I do not live here, perhaps the servants can tell you," and shutting the door he went back, and Jerry heard him call the doctor's man, then turn aside into the library. Presently the servant came, and Jerry saw on his face an anxious look.

"Doctor's been gone since yisterday—since yisterday evenin' late," he said.

"On horseback?" Jerry asked.

"No, sir, he walked off," and Jim scratched his head anxiously; "he hed his dinner, an' read a letter, an' walked off without sayin' a word—notter word; an' Mr. Paul's been here since mornin', nigh crazy to see him."

Jerry's face was as anxious now as the servant's; this was not like the doctor to go long distances on foot, and he asked slowly:

"Where did this letter come from?"

"I don't know; I couldn't read the mark of it, but it was black all roun' it; I had it a-waitin' fur him a long time,

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an' plum disremembered it tell he was done his dinner, then I give it to him, an' he took it like it were a snake, an' he went to the library, an' after that I heard him go out an' he ain't never come back."

Jerry leaned against the door-post.

"Have you told Mr. Henley this?" he asked.

"No, I ain't, because when he come he cussed me black an' blue; but he never axed *me nothin'*, but he's been a-stompin' roun' in the library consid'abul."

Jerry stood still a moment, then drawing a long breath straightened himself up.

"Tell all this to Mr. Henley at once," he said, "and say that I have gone to hunt for the doctor—that I have gone to the rock over the mine—the doctor often went there."

The man looked aghast.

"But all night, Mr. Wilkerson, all *night*!" he said.

Jerry turned away quickly, a nameless terror coming over him.

"You tell Mr. Henley," he repeated, "and tell him to come to the mine;" then he went down the steps and turned toward the old trail that led past Joe's house. This was the easiest way to the shelf of rock he wished to find.

What news had come in that letter with the black edges? What news had come to make Paul stamp and curse? Only one person could touch them both. He paused a moment in his rapid walk; had anything come to that woman? Faster and faster he made his way up the slippery path, scarcely thinking what it was that made him come to this place. Higher and higher, while the low-drooping clouds seemed to touch him with their shadowy, cold hands, and in their folds he seemed to see that woman's patient eyes looking out on him—eyes that looked as if they had shed so many tears. So often had he gone over the few links of that story that at last it seemed as if it were his own romance: had the one in the convent died? and what was the mystery that lay behind?

Up, past the ruins of Joe's house, past the broken tree where the doctor always tied his horse during his few visits—then beyond, and down the narrow path that led to Jim Martin's house. He remembered so well the first time he had come here to get hogs, and they had stopped to look at the stream that fell so far, and on the shelf of rock they had seen the doctor. Often in the years that had passed since, Jerry had found him there, and many times since the opening of the mine; looking up from below he had seen the flutter as of a white handkerchief, and knew that the doctor was there. And now his instinct had brought him here first, sure that in any trouble it was to this quiet place the doctor would come. And the last time he saw him—the last time! He shook himself—what nonsense to think of a "last time!" he would see him many more times—could go to him in his success and say, "I love you, doctor, and have loved you always, and you misunderstood the stand I took!" Then the doctor would clasp his hand so kindly, and his voice would soften as sometimes in the old days it had done, and all would be well between them.

It was fortunate that he had put his hand on that bowlder, else he would have fallen down to the mine's mouth!

He stood pale and trembling. What was missing? Surely he had always stepped down just there — surely? Something was gone, and some low bushes and vines seemed to have been pulled up by the roots, and some of them were still hanging—still hanging!

He passed his hands over his eyes—his hands that trembled so and were so cold. But the weather was cold, very cold, and this freeze had caused the thin slab to fall; or perhaps the jarring of the work in the mine; something had caused this rock to fall—this rock that had been there yesterday; yes, up to the time when the workmen left the mine, for he remembered looking up and seeing it. It had fallen in the night, for the night had been such a cold one.

His thoughts stopped, his heart seemed to stop, and he leaned against the rock: something fluttered from one of the uprooted bushes — something that until this moment he had not seen against the whiteness of the snow. He pressed back against the rock—he looked up at the low gray clouds—looked all about him over the ghastly world—looked at everything save the white

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token which the sudden flaw of wind had lifted, and he could not look at that! He knew what it was—he knew whose it was.

Then he straightened himself up and walked steadily toward the loosely hanging bush, and untangled the handkerchief from the briers that held it; it had been a perilous act, for the bush hung so far over, but he had the handkerchief safe, and put it in the breast of his shirt slowly. He sat down for a moment, for his head seemed going round and round, and he wondered if it would be safe for him to go on. The path by Jim Martin's house was very steep, and with snow on the ground would be dangerous. He staggered to his feet. Of course he would go on—how could he stop to question it—and he began carefully to find his way over the snow-covered rocks down the steep path. There was smoke coming from Jim Martin's house, and a face watched him from the window, but not for long, it was too cold to stay near an unglazed window. Down, still down; he had not travelled this path since he and Joe had come together, and had imagined the vision of 'Lije Milton. This day was just as that one had been, gray and cold, with the ghastly snow-clouds hanging low. But it was harder now than then to reach the mine's mouth, for now there were huge piles of *débris* all about, and huge timbers waiting to be put in place; and all was quiet with a death-like stillness, save for the wind that came in gusts up the gorge, and the stream that cried as it fell!

But the town, scattered up and down the sides of the gorge seemed supernaturally quiet. He stopped to rest for a moment, for he was very tired, and the dizziness was returning; it was hard work climbing up and down with that slippery snow under foot, and he had come a long way round, and had come rapidly.

The last hillock of rubbish was reached, and he stopped to look: the black entrance yawned before him; the timbers lay about just as he had seen them the night before, and the snow had blown a little way into the mine; that was all he saw.

Nearer he crept, with ever an unanswered wonder in his heart as to why he crept—why he was afraid—why did he tremble.

One second's pause—no cry—no exclamation, only a deadening of every faculty—a stiffening of every fibre!

So still he lay.

Slowly, as one walking in his sleep, Jerry climbed down the rocks that slipped from under his feet with a noise that struck sharply on the silence; bounding down and down, as if they were alive; and one—he held his breath—how far it was rolling, how far—on and on until, O God! it struck him, lying there so still, with a white face turned to the sky—struck him dully on the breast!

How Jerry crossed the intervening space he did not know—what need to know?—he was there kneeling, crouching, lifting the poor cold body, drawing it up into his arms, brushing the snow from out the silvered hair!

And the rock he took from off the pulseless breast—he would break it, he would grind it to dust, for it had struck his friend lying dead and helpless!

Dead? dead, and cold as the snow that lay in little lines in the creases of his coat, and in his hands some dry grasses, and a leafless twig—he had tried to save himself.

He drew the dead man closer with a passionate, remorseful strength; how had such an awful thought as suicide crept into his mind. The rock had fallen with him; he had been too strong for such a thought as self-destruction. It had been dark, and he could not see to save himself, and had caught only the little grasses and the tiny twig. Oh! the awful horror of that fall—falling in the black, lonely night! Had any cry gone up for help?—gone out on the wild winds, and none had heard it?

Jerry's face drooped until almost it touched the dead face resting on his shoulder; why had he not made his peace with this man?

"O God! O God!" he whispered, "have mercy!"

He did not remember then that this man had let him go; he remembered only his love, that had turned to bitterness in his heart, and now had become bitterness that would never die?

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He started a little, for something dropped on his leg: he raised his friend and stretched out his arm, leaning over to see: a dark stain, almost black, was on the sleeve of his flannel shirt, and on his trousers a smaller spot that shone red on the gray of the rough jeans. Blood—he shivered a little; then he saw the great gash on the back of the head and the neck. He laid the head again on his shoulder; why should he shiver at blood that had pulsed with this good man's life; the blood of the only creature that he loved on earth!

Again the blood dropped, and Jerry's weary, racked mind slipped away to the memory of the water that dropped in the mine—the water they never had found—that dropped with a catch in its fall like a sob.

Did nature weep far away under the rocks; weep her tears in silence where no eye could discover them? weep out all her sorrow for the beautiful dead years that could not crown her with their glory any more?—the beautiful dead years that had spent all their life and strength for her. Did she weep for them in the darkness tears like the tears that kill humanity—tears that never leave the heart?

He did not remember shedding many tears; his mother had trained him not to cry for fear of his father, and he could not remember many tears. All his sorrows had seemed to lie still in his heart until they died.

He looked down on the dead face; this sorrow would never die. His head seemed to swim a little; the cold wind seemed to strike through him like a knife, and it was with an effort that he kept his mind from wandering. All sorts of vague dreams and half-memories seemed to float about him, and the visions he had lived among and loved through all the lonely years up on the trail.

Some one ought to come; if the servant had given his message, Paul ought to come. Or would they leave him here to watch with the dead until his own blood was frozen? Then his mind slipped off again to vague wonderings as to the news that had come in the letter with the black edges; was it any trouble that had come to the woman this man had loved so truly—any trouble for her that had hurt him, and made him come out to the darkness and stillness for comfort?

His head drooped lower; he was so cold and weary, and the women were all in the church, and the men in Eureka, and there were good fires in most of the houses, good fires.

What made him think of this? He was losing his mind, and freezing to death—sitting still with the dead in his arms—freezing to death!

If only his tears could drop as the blood was dropping, maybe his head would not feel so heavy, nor his thoughts wander so wildly.

Ah! there was a step. Surely no rock would roll else: certainly it was a step, and a hurried one: would the person come near enough to see him, or must he call. Call with the dead in his arms? He could not do it.

He watched anxiously as a hat, and then a face, appeared above the nearest hillock, and Paul stood looking down on him.

For an instant that seemed hours they stared in each other's eyes—then Jerry's voice, all changed and hoarse, broke the stillness.

"I found him here," he said, "dead," and he pressed the white face against his breast as a mother might press her sleeping child; saying the words made it seem so much more real—made his mind come back from its desolate wanderings.

Then Paul climbed down slowly, and stood beside him. "My father's sister, who was in a convent, died," he said, in a slow, dazed way, "and the shock killed my mother, and I came this morning to tell him."

The words crept slowly into Jerry's mind; the one who bound them had died—and her death had killed the one who longed to be free.

"They say my mother had heart disease; and I came to tell him," Paul went on, in a low, unnatural voice.

Jerry pushed the hair back from the dead man's forehead—of course, her heart was broken—broken long ago, her eyes told that.

"He got a letter with black edges," Jerry said, "your servant told me so."

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A letter with black edges: the servant had told him also, but he had forgotten it; a letter with black edges; so his guardian had known the news first.

A strange change came over Paul's face, a strange change, that grew in his eyes as he faced Jerry.

Always there had been a mystery about Paul's life that he could not solve, that had kept him watchful and suspicious, and that now came up before him: why had he been given to this man? why had he never been allowed to go back to his mother for one day even? And now she was dead, and this man, hearing it, was dead also—a strange, unaccountable death—was there any connection? What right had this man to die because his mother had died?

Suddenly he became conscious that Jerry had laid his burden down, and stood before him with eyes that burned and glared on him, and Jerry's hands clutched his shoulders almost to pain!

"The rock fell with him, do you not see it?" his voice rising to a sharp cry; "look there in his hands where he tried to save himself—look!" and he pushed Paul back and stooped by the dead man — "look, here in his hands the grass, and the bush he caught hold of; it was dark, and he could not see," a pleading, soothing tone coming into his voice as he looked down on the dead face, "he could not see to catch a rock —he could not see," laying the cold hand down softly.

But Paul did not answer; he stood there where Jerry had pushed him, still and white, with a hard look settling on his face, a hard, evil look. This man he had looked on more as a jailer than a friend had no right to die now—no right!

"You seem to have had that same thought yourself," he said harshly, but stepped back as he spoke, for Jerry sprang up tall and straight before him, with that strange light in his eyes that had gained for him the reputation of a man who would kill without thinking!

He could have killed Paul with one blow—he could have shot him, for instinctively his hand clasped the butt of his pistol, and he longed to kill him—longed to give vent to the wild rage that surged within him; but the old loyalty to the doctor held him still.

The gathered jealousy and hatred of all his life seemed tearing at his heart—he could have struck and beaten Paul like a beast—he seemed to hear the blows falling dull and heavy on this enemy—he seemed to see the beauty bruised and driven from his face! The love that he had so longed for all his life had been given to this false creature —this vile creature—who now cast it all back in the face of the dead; who would now cast black suspicion upon a defenceless grave! Death was too good for this creature, who trampled on a never-failing love—a love that protected him now, as it ever had done, from Jerry's anger.

Farther back still Paul retreated, never moving his eyes from Jerry's face; his own face was white, and his heart beat tumultuously—had he roused a madman?

But Jerry did not touch him; not any more now than he would have done when the doctor was with them; it would be treachery. But he could tell him all the scorn he felt for him; he could accuse him of the lies he had loved and made to separate him from his only friend; could curse him!

And the awful words fell deliberately from his dry lips—the awful words that seemed to throb through Paul's brain, and to ring and echo through the cold, dead silence—would he never stop?

To Jerry his words seemed like blows he was hurling at this man—oh! if only they would follow him forever. "And I shall listen," stepping close to Paul, who now was braced against the cliff, "I shall listen with every faculty I have, and if ever I hear a whisper that he died in any way save by an accident, I will kill you like a dog—I will beat and stamp the life out of you—now remember that."

And Paul answered slowly:

"There is Greg behind you, and he has heard you."

There was a sharp, short, gasping sigh, and Jerry turned on his heel to see Greg and the doctor's servant standing behind him. How the scene and his words might strike them never entered Jerry's mind; his only thought was to

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prevent any surmise on their part like that he had seen in Paul's eyes; and he approached them quickly.

"The rock fell with him," he said hastily, pointing up to where the fresh break showed clear on the cliff—"see all the pieces about him, and the grass and twigs in his hands."

Greg looked anxiously from one to the other as the eager explanation went on, then down at the dead man, and at the blood on Jerry's clothes.

"And he struck his head," Jerry went on, gently, raising the dead man in his arms. And Greg could see, as Jerry held the body, how the blood had gotten on him; and the snow had gathered in the dead man's clothes—yes, the rock must have fallen with him. And now he could remember that one day he had seen the doctor standing up there and looking out: and he drew a long breath of relief as a dreadful suspicion lifted from his mind; a dreadful suspicion that Paul had seen, but that Jerry had not dreamed of. No thought of suicide had dawned on Greg's mind; what he had first seen, and the words he had heard from Jerry, had filled his thoughts with but one idea—murder.

And Paul had seen the thought; and Paul knew he was the only living creature who could refute it! But now Paul saw that Greg's mind was clear of the doubt, and on his face was only the deepest sorrow.

And Jerry, kneeling by the doctor's body, looked up into Greg's eyes questioningly. Then the servant told his story, making it still clearer to Greg that Jerry had nothing to do with the tragedy: and Paul found the black-edged letter in the doctor's pocket, a short note from Paul's sister telling the sad news, and asking that Paul and the doctor would come to her immediately.

"He and my father were friends," Paul said slowly, and Jerry stooped low over the mute, dead lips.

Then the servant was sent to bring help; and the three men sat watching with the dead.

(To be continued.)

BOTTICELLI'S MADONNA IN THE LOUVRE.

By Edith Wharton.

What strange presentiment, O Mother, lies
On thy waste brow and sadly-folded lips,
Forefeeling the Light's terrible eclipse
On Calvary, as if love made thee wise,
And thou couldst read in those dear infant eyes
The sorrow that beneath their smiling sleeps,
And guess what bitter tears a mother weeps
When the cross darkens her unclouded skies?

Sad Lady, if some mother, passing thee,
Should feel a throb of thy foreboding pain,
And think——"My child at home clings so to me,
With the same smile . . . and yet in vain, in vain,
Since even this Jesus died on Calvary"——
Say to her then: "He also rose again."

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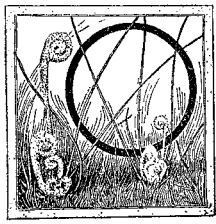
IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA.

By Josiah Royce.



ONE hears nowadays a great deal about a future Imperial Federation which is some day to bring into a closer political unity the English race. I confess to a strong dislike of the whole speculation upon which this romantic dream is founded. The English race is indeed not without ideals, and not incapable of vast organizing enterprises. But the thing whereof the English race is incapable is romanticism in politics. The Englishman's problem of life is the conflict between his love of home and his love of wandering. He tries to solve the problem by carrying his home with him wherever he wanders. His institutions of local government are plastic, and easily adapt themselves to new regions. His ideals grow readily in new climates; he can safely transplant all that is dearest to him. The "expansion of England" has therefore meant, and will always mean, the making of new Englands in remote regions of the world.

Great nations ought to be united on physical grounds first of all, as happy marriages ought to be sought on the basis of a mutual personal attractiveness in those who are to wed. No race knows this better than the English, whose very unity and history as a people, in their own island, depended upon a minor accident of the physical geography of the French coast in the present geological period. And therefore the existence of a great English nation like our own is rather an argument against the possibility of an all-embracing English Federation in the future. We owe our own national unity to God and the Mississippi Valley. The English race will owe its future political divisions to the oceans, which the sentiments of human brotherhood can indeed easily cross with the winds, but which a sober domestic policy will in the long run respect as regards all matters relating to national unity. Human brotherhood is a noble thing; but political unity is a matter of stern justice as well as of home-seeking devotion. You best honor both the justice and the devotion when you confine their work within easily intelligible boundaries.

For this reason the interest which I take in Australia and New Zealand is an interest for which they appear not as parts of the future Federated Empire of Great Britain, but as young nations for themselves. It is doubtful whether New Zealand will ever be very intimately united to Australia. It is certain, as certainties go in politics, that all of Australia will be ere long united into one comparatively close federation. It is almost certain that a period not far distant will see both Australia and New Zealand separated from the mother-country, and engaging in an eventful life as the principal powers of the southern hemisphere. And it is with this impression of the meaning of their existence that I desire to remember them, whenever I recall a journey that has first taught me something of their charm and significance.

II.

FIRST, then, for a few general impressions of the region where the coming Australian nation is to grow. Australia is as certainly destined by its physical conditions to be one great nation, with strong internal contrasts, as we ourselves have been destined to be one people, with sharply distinguished sectional feelings and interests. Australia is a vast, irregular plateau, with a few mountain-ranges. So far, all makes for unity. The continent has indeed but one great river-system, and that in the southeast portion. So much the more, however, must the fragmentary basins

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of the interior depend for their future commercial existence upon long lines of railway that will connect the various parts of the land. But meanwhile, with all that makes for unity, there is the other equally obvious fact which secures strong contrasts of life; and that is the diversity of climate. Subtropical and temperate Australia will be related as regions of widely different latitudes have always been related elsewhere. The new continent will have its great problem of the relations of North and South. The interests of the subtropical North may easily tend to attract to the northern colonies Asiatic labor. The interests of the Southern civilization will always oppose the coming of alien races. Out of this opposition important complications are almost certain to grow. There is little doubt, then, that Australia will not lack the serious issues which are necessary to the development of a great people.

But we must turn to the Australia of the present. What attracts the stranger most in the physical aspect of the continent is the weird novelty of the mountain regions. Yet to these regions the stranger gives, doubtless, too much importance. Outside of the mountains, the well-settled portions of Australia are simple, charming, and comparatively unimpressive. There is, indeed, the vast interior desert region, whose desolation is said to be impressive enough. But the traveller of ordinary inclinations sees little of that. What he sees near the coast, in the cultivated parts of Victoria and New South Wales, is a fair and generally fruitful land, sleeping under kindly skies, amid conditions of climate which remind him of California. Far-off blue hills, seen against the horizon, remind him that there are wilder regions not far away. But all about him vineyards and pastures indicate prosperity; and the optimistic settlers, men plainly not as reckless nor as restless as our Californian population, but active and hopeful, assure him, with all the well-known loyalty and vehemence of English colonists, that this remote region is the best on earth for comfortable homes.

Perhaps it is well to let such loyal lovers of the new land tell the story of their love themselves, and I have taken great pleasure in looking through a collection of papers by an Australian newspaper man, Mr. Donald Macdonald, who, under the title "Gum Boughs and Wattle Bloom, Gathered on Australian Hills and Plains," has sketched country scenes in southeastern Australia in a most charming way. His sketches form a sort of guide-book to the Victorian forests and farm-lands; only this guide devotes himself chiefly to studying every form of natural life, not, of course, for the purposes of science, but with the fascination of the loving observer. In a sketch called "Village and Farm," nature and man are studied together; and the mingling of old and new, of native and imported plants and people, of ancient and novel ideas, of conservatism and restlessness, is depicted with an art which one who has lived for a long time in our own West can well appreciate.

Mr. Macdonald's chosen village lies in a "hollow of the plain," beneath gray basalt cliffs. From the table-land above, the far-off smoke of the city is visible; but the village beneath is isolated and self-contented. If we expect to find it described as a raw and crude place, showing everywhere signs of its recent origin, we are quickly disappointed, as is proper. Whoever is familiar with new towns in fruitful regions, knows how quickly the wounds of nature heal, and how readily the old vegetation finds room for its new rivals beside it. In Australia, however, where the natural products of the soil are so unlike what the settlers have planted, the gentler contrasts of the scene are still attractive to the describing artist. Our author tells us first of the pond in the centre of the valley, not far from the village. Once this pond was a lake where the water-birds came. Stately gum-trees guarded it. "Sedate emus trooped in stately columns over the hilltops," above the lake; "kangaroo came out into the moonlight from the hollows." But "now the white tails of many rabbits twinkle in the dusk. Chrysanthemums of all shades spread their glory over the flower-beds in the autumn." The lake is half-filled with washings from farm-lands. Not only is there thus a contrast

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in the surroundings of the village between the present and the half-remembered past; but even now the black Australian pine grows side by side with the English oak or the cedar of Lebanon. On the slopes above the village the gum-trees, "thinned in numbers, have broadened in shape, each throwing its arms outward, as though seeking always for that touch of companionship lost nearly fifty years ago." The author observes, too, the stubbornness of life in the old woods. "Wherever an Australian forest has been cut away, it will renew itself in time," if conditions permit. "All about the bases of the dead stumps the crust of earth is forced upward, as though mushrooms were breaking through." In the farms near the village we learn of the beautiful and "cosmopolitan" mingling of the flowers. At the margins of the fields, between fence and furrow, flourish in profusion "self-established communities" of blooming plants. "The marigold, the sunflower, and white clover are mixed up with such native flowers as the wild violet, the shepherd's purse, or the blue-flowered 'digger's delight.'" The latter flower, it seems, had formerly the reputation of growing only in gold regions, and near the gold. It has been doubtless transplanted to this region. The field-birds are as cosmopolitan as the flowers. Everywhere nature delights in the wealth of contrasts.

All this prepares us for an impression of the village itself. The inhabitants, to be sure, are not likely to include any aborigines. But the associations of the old home in Europe appear, in our author's description, to thrive as lavishly, side by side with the novel ideas of the young land, as the sunflowers flourish side by side with the "digger's delight." The most interesting of the older inhabitants are the survivors of the gold period, rugged men, as attractive as the California pioneers, although possibly more conservative. Our author finds the older men, in fact, generally loyal to tradition; lovers often of the Church of their fathers, and anxious still to see it an institution of power in the land; faithful to the mother-country, proud of the British connection, and all the while a healthy and steadfast folk. The young Australians he describes in somewhat different fashion, and one may be sure, from very brief observation on the spot, that he must be right. Healthy and promising this young race indeed is, but "they are deeply imbued with the spirit of a new democracy." If they are still loyal to the Empire and the Church, "self-interest is the secret of their concern for one, and they are loyal to the other from mere force of habit." For the rest, the population is as manifold in origin as in our own West—English, Scotch, and Irish elements predominating, but the composite being "leavened by units of other lands who have almost forgotten their nationality."

Noteworthy in this account is the political activity of the villagers. "The political centre of the village is the blacksmith's bench." Here gather idlers and farm-hands busy with their errands. "Broad questions, such as protection, free trade, or secular education, are the subject-matter for argument. The subtleties of lobby politics rarely penetrate to Arcadia." In Australia, as the reader must always remember, the subject is always nearer to the State than he is with us, and that not merely because his State is a small province. Responsible ministerial government makes it always "presidential year" with him, to use our own phrase. And the political eagerness of the people is not yet blunted, as with us, by the habitual cheapening of the issues of politics.

Farming life is comparatively easy and prosperous. "There is little variation in the method of farming. When the fields are weary with the giving of their strength to so many harvests, they can rest for a season. There is no mortgage on the farm, no lien on next year's crop to draw every possible corn-blade from the soil, and exhaust both home and husbandman. There may be little wealth, but there is no poverty. No home-sick Ruth has to glean in the corn-fields. Indeed, the Australian Ruth either drives a pony phaeton, or is at least the charming autocrat alike of parlor or dairy." One sees that Mr. Macdonald is decidedly an optimist as to the health and comfort of the Victorian farmer. His description of the scenery of the farms near the village is through-

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out one of cheerfulness and beauty. The fine-blooded dairy cattle appear to him "as ornamental as the deer in an English park." Gardens, with towering poplars, with wall-flowers, blackberries, currant-bushes, adorn the hill-slopes near the river. Nature is not torn to pieces, as so often is the case in the neighborhood of our Western villages, but is rather overgrown with a wealth of old and new vegetation. The farmer himself has in his past much hardship to remember, as other pioneers have, but he has not been soured by it. The great incident of his early history, in days since the gold period, was his long conflict with the stock-raisers. This whole country near the village was at first a "vast common, or grazing ground." Then came the "selectors," and the new land was seized by stock-dealers who owned vast herds, and shut out the village farmers, until it came to a formal declaration of war between villagers and stock-dealers. In those days land-acts were the principal topic of political discussion. The public peace was broken by hand to hand fights, with stones, or even with guns, between the invading stock-owners and their retinue of hired servants on the one side, and the defending farmers on the other. Now all this is far in the past. Such political and social issues have been put to rest, at least in this district, and if the struggle of those early days left some traces on the farmer's temper, "it only ripened his philosophy."

Perhaps Mr. Macdonald is a trifle too optimistic in his sketches, but the rural conditions of southern Australia are certainly very promising, in view of this kindly climate and this vigorous population. And if great nations are created by their farmers, the future looks bright for the Australian.

III.

But we must not forget the other Australia, the region of the mountains, where the tourist seeks for fine effects, and where the inhabitant goes for recreation—or for coal. The mountains of a country often predetermine its poetry, and even its thinking. A land where nature is original has more chance of developing original men. And surely Australia is not without ample opportunities of this sort. I, for my part, shall always associate the Blue Mountains of New South Wales with what I may hear of the intellectual life of Australia, for it was my fortune to visit these mountains in company with a friend whose ability and good fortune have already made him a power in the political life of the new country, and who seemed to me to represent some of the best tendencies of the young civilization. Shall I violate the obligations of hospitality if I sketch a scene or two of our life together as we wandered? At all events, I shall try the sketch, and shall seek, meanwhile, to say nothing of my friend that I should hesitate to say in his presence.

He was himself a young man, nervously active in temperament, cheerful, inquiring, speculative, unprejudiced—unless it were in favor of the political tendencies of the country where he is a Cabinet Minister—an admirer of America and of good scenery, a lover of life, of metaphysics, and of power. Our brief acquaintance was full of surprises and debates, of fanciful conversations, and of mutual good-will. All questions were open to my friend. If at one moment he wandered off into vaguer speculations on the future of Australia, at the next moment he would condemn almost cynically the preaching and the scheming of those over-hopeful colonial idealists who are already talking of immediate separation from England, or of other airy dreams of social reform. His reading was large and varied; he had visited America and made a pilgrimage to Emerson's tomb; he had even occasionally written, and either printed or burned, a good deal of verse and of literary prose; but what his countrymen best know him for is great practical activity in connection with public enterprises of a very material sort. His enemies, as I had occasion to discover, have often called him an Opportunist in politics, so ready are his resources as a party leader, so facile is his persuasive talent, so sensitive and plastic is his mind. But the accusation of such enemies would never

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deceive a fair observer of character. The leader of the people has, in such countries, to be precisely that—plastic and sensitive. The popular minister in Australia is in momentary and constant danger of losing his very existence as a politician. The people are always awake to public matters. The rivalry of politicians is keen, their weapons are sharp, and the good fencer has to be a graceful and pleasing artist in the use of his sword rather than merely a sturdy fighter. Prophets do not succeed in such places. Yet happy is the people whose political life is not merely a contest among managers, but a warfare of skilful, but earnest, ministerial leaders. In our country, as I felt, my friend would have been anywhere but near the head of the State. These Australians must know how to find their public servants. We relegate such minds as my friend's is to the study or the lecture-platform. We call such intelligence a purely "theoretical" quality, and so indeed we do our best to make it what we call it, namely, theoretical in the bad sense. In consequence, our clever young men of literary and speculative tastes never learn what practical political activity means, and become abstract, vainly idealistic, and sometimes, if they engage in social speculation, even a mildly dangerous class. I can conceive that if my friend had grown up in California, he might have written something as shadowy as "Progress and Poverty;" or that if he had been educated in the Eastern States, he would at best have been known as a "Nationalist." As it is, he has a leading part in determining the councils of a strong young province. And such men as he will some day make Australia an empire. They will be speculative, and somewhat socialistic, men, confident of the safety of popular government, and perhaps too much devoted to bold social enterprises; but they will be men well trained in public affairs, accustomed to feel the popular pulse, conscious of the limitations of their practical life. In short, they will be not only men of large ideas but men of business. Would that our public life were as certain to combine these important qualities in its ministers!

The country where we wandered together, and where our talk found all questions open and attractive — from the Moral Order to the conduct of Melbourne newspapers, and from Telepathy to the Chinese problem—was as full of mystery and wonder as the destiny of Australia and the future civilization of the Pacific itself. To be sure, as I must admit, the Blue Mountains are not precisely the region for tourists of a too conventional sort. Such people never desire to see the same thing twice, and the repetitions of nature weary them. But the Blue Mountains are magnificently tautologous in their scenery. This scenery, in fact, reminded me at times of the English Church service, as it is repeated weekly, with the eternal confession of error and straying, and with the eternal prayer to be delivered from lightning and tempest, from battle and murder and sudden death. For just so here, in these mountains, the effects vary little, and are always solemn and melancholy. On the summit you seem, as you leave your hotel, to be wandering in a fairly level and well-wooded region, with pleasant streams visible here and there (in the winter season), and with signs of human life not infrequent. Suddenly your path becomes steep, rocky, lonesome. You seem to have left all signs of life far behind. The slopes, as you glance downward, look treacherous; and you wonder if they do not lead to the edge of some near abyss. And then, at a turn in the way, you come indeed to the abyss itself. The ground flies away from under your feet. A valley stretches out for many miles, and far beneath you. A sheer precipice of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet is directly below where you stand. Beyond the huge valley stand the farther walls; and there dark red and dull gray rocks are piled in vast, roughly sculptured masses. The eucalyptus-forests, looking in the depths like thickets of chapparal in the California Coast Range, climb the precipices as if their trees formed an attacking army, assailing an enormous castle. The gum-tree, when old, is always irregular and twisted in shape. The curving white limbs, seen amid the dark foliage of the woods, look much as if the crowded trees, in scaling the

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castle walls, had been wounded in the endless battle with the rocks, and were writhing in pain. In the whole scene, especially as viewed in winter, every color is sombre. Cloud-shadows wander swiftly from the far-off plains up the long valleys, and cover gorge and cliff in the rugged foreground. In the valleys, there is little or no sign of the presence of man. As you listen amid the solitude, you hear now only the strange notes of the native birds, notes such as you never heard before, unless in a troubled dream. In fact, the desolation of this wilderness is distinctly dream-like. For some reason or other, our own Western solitudes, even in the wildest regions of the Sierra Nevada or of the Selkirk Range, yes, even in the deserts of Nevada, or of the Sierra la Sal, never appear so unearthly and inhuman in their lonesomeness as do these singular Australian gorges, with their strange bird-voices, and their tangled thickets of writhing eucalyptus-branches. Our Western scenes may be forbidding, and are often sublime; but they seem, more or less, to belong on the same planet with ourselves, and to our own geological period. In Australia, as has been said more than once before this, you feel that you are in the midst of the relics of a past time, as if in a sort of fragment of the primeval world.

One morning stands out with especial clearness in my mind among the experiences of my journey with my friend. It is useless to try to describe completely either what we saw or what we said on just that occasion. What we saw was too Australian to be fully understood by one who has not seen it; and what we said is of course mingled in my mind with the contents of numerous other conversations. Perhaps, however, I do my friend no wrong if I put into his mouth, in my sketch of this day, the substance of what I heard from him on various occasions. At all events, let me try to give the spirit both of the day and our speech. The morning in question was the one when we visited what is, after all, a very familiar place to Australian tourists, namely, the cliffs above the "Wentworth Valley." For my part, I found the Wentworth Valley the finest of the more familiar sights in these Blue Mountains. There is a still more celebrated valley, the one called "Govett's Leap," where the dark cliffs are some two thousand feet in sheer height, and where all the weird effects of the mountains are exemplified in one vast landscape. But to my mind the scene at Govett's Leap undertakes, as it were, too much at a time. The valley is long and wide, the cliffs in sight are endlessly numerous, the whole outlook lacks unity. The Wentworth Valley, on the contrary, at the point where the tourist looks down into it, is a narrow gorge, into whose secret and gloomy depths a beautiful stream vanishes in a series of magnificently graceful cataracts. A glance gives you the whole effect in its first fascination and terror, while hours will not exhaust the individual features of the landscape. The ferns that gather at the feet of the cataracts, about the pools where the water rests a moment before taking its next plunge over the still deeper precipices—the cliff-climbing armies of eucalyptus trees, the dark rocks, the cloudy sky above, the distant bird-notes—all these blend at one moment into a single impression of the majesty of the place, and, at the next moment, invite afresh your closer scrutiny, to see if haply you may not catch and hold henceforth every feature of the landscape.

As you look from the cliffs toward the cataracts at the head of the valley, you face a rocky amphitheatre whose walls have a nearly sheer height of possibly a thousand feet, while from the base of these perpendicular rocks the lower cliffs fall away in terraces, until at last the sides of the gorge seem so nearly to meet in the depths that the eye wearies of searching in the forest below for any sign of the lost stream-bed. At the summit of this amphitheatre a fringe of dark eucalyptus-forest bounds the scene, standing out in rough outline against the sky. From the midst of the opaque mass of the forest-fringe springs the shining stream, eager, rejoicing before its fearful plunge, tumbling over rocky rapids to the edge of the sheer precipice. Then comes its first great leap. The waters part into thread-like streamlets, cling, as it were,

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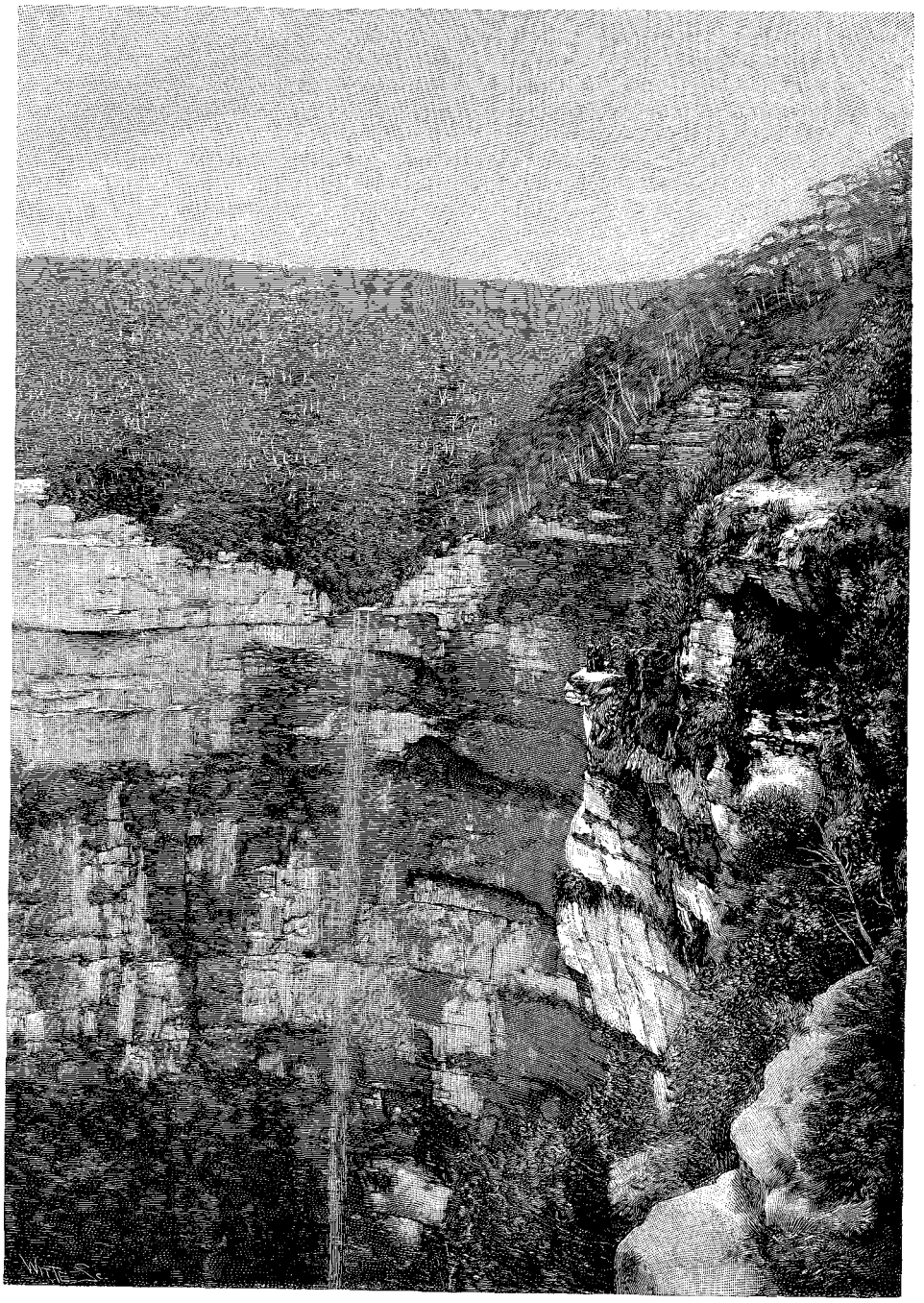

Govett's Leap.

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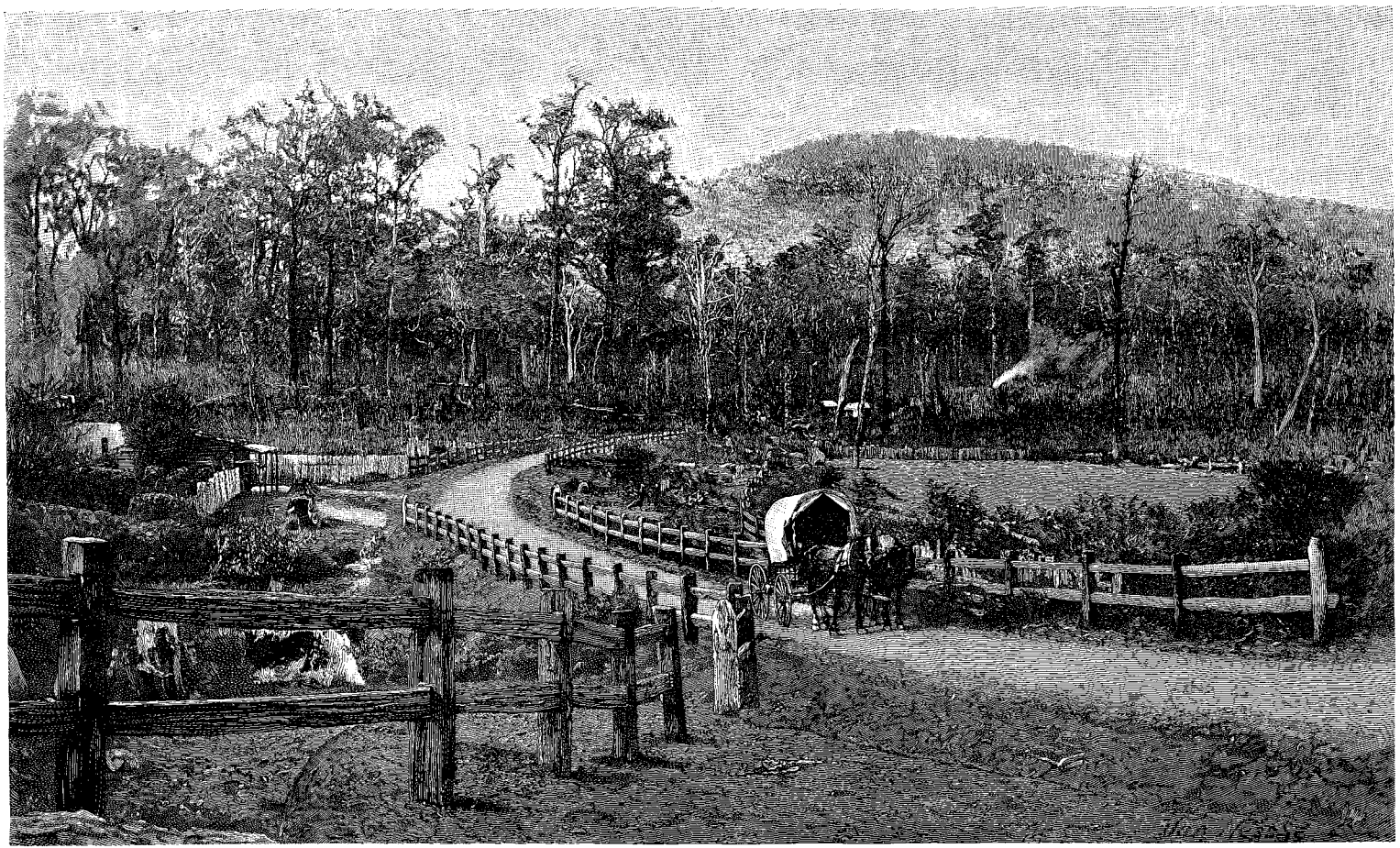

The Woods Point Road, Australia.

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in terror to the cliffs, grow dead-white, and then fly out in sprays into the mid-air. There, in a twinkling, their volume is lost, they have become a veil of mist, that sways and comes and goes in long cloudy streamers, until it descends to where the first terrace begins. And now, as if by magic, the water has become once more a boiling, angry mountain torrent. It buffets the rocks, whirls and dashes, and then plunges afresh—this time but a little way. Hereupon, lo! it has suddenly changed into a dark pool, lying deep between the rocks, a fairy lakelet. All about it the ferns are massed. Their deep green covers the high banks that bound the pool. Here is a spot apparently inaccessible from above and from below, except for the birds—a peaceful home for the water in the midst of all this changing and falling. But the water may not stay here. Another and another plunge—and then at last the stream is indeed lost beneath the forest, and one's glance turns to follow the gorge farther downward, between its gloomy walls, toward the blue and hazy lowlands that appear in a faint glimpse many miles away. All this one sees standing himself at the edge of the abyss, the thrill of the scene quivering all through his nerves, the fascinating depths begging him to step from the rocks and try to imitate the water flight himself. And so here is the place for a true lover of mountains to spend a long time.

Such scenery, I have observed, usually first acts to make one very gentle and submissive in mood. One feels like a child watching a great multitude of busy folk. It is delightful, but it is also physically overwhelming. What is going on here is too large to be made out. It tames you. A truly great scene does not affect you because you have first reverently chosen to hunt up whatever is sublime. On the contrary, what you notice in yourself is a simple, brute sort of panting, a leaping of heart, or some other visceral sensation; and after you have reflected on the elemental freshness of the experience for a while, it occurs to you, perchance, that this childish fright and joy of yours is what more pious and reflective persons would call a sense of the sublime.

After we had enjoyed the landscape long enough, my friend and I rambled yet farther about among the rocks, and then lunched, whereupon the talk may be supposed to have run on much in this wise:

"And so," said I, "I find you also lamenting what you call the evils of your parliamentary system, as we in America lament our own political apathy. Why is this? Apathy, at all events, is surely not what your colonial political life suffers from."

"No, indeed," he answered. "The colonist passes but a very short time without hearing many political speeches. Agitation is always in the air. Political life moves fast with us."

"And with us," I replied, "life also moves fast enough, but it is seldom that the larger political problems trouble our public very seriously. Politics, to the cultivated American, and in great measure to the general public also, may be said to offer rather amusement or vexation than thrilling hopes or great anxieties. Even in our Presidential year, there is more show of enthusiasm than depth of patriotic feeling."

"Well, with us the colonist is rather narrowly, but still very intensely, patriotic. The affairs of his local government are of the strongest daily concern to him."

"Do you lament your condition, then, because the popular will, with all this intensity of feeling, does not find adequate expression? With us, you know, great public needs often exist for a long time before we can find expression for them in new laws. Is your legislative machinery slow to act?"

"Usually not. It is a popular government that we want, and we get it. We believe in agitation, and in strong legislation, and we find means of making the popular wants known and met."

"So much, then, for responsible ministerial government," I said. "You know that with us there is a small, but very intelligent and persistent, company of theorists who are always assuring us in their writings that the one thing lacking in our form of government is just the ministerial responsibility that you possess. If they are right, you ought to have reached the millennium—the pop-

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A Splitter's Hut in the Australian Bush.

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ular will always ready to express itself, and a responsible ministry always ready to express that will, or to retire. And yet you aren't content."

"I am not content, because what I miss in our system," responded my friend, very frankly, "is stability in the ministerial tenure of office."

"Stability and responsibility joined! How can that be? But what more could a ministry accomplish if it were more permanent?"

"It could give more time to administration of the laws, and to deliberate legislation. What is the result now? A minister has no time for his department. His clerks manage that. He can't reform it. He can't invent new plans for making its work effective, and carry them out. Day after day, on session days, he must sit in the House, gibing at the Opposition. A colleague makes some parliamentary blunder. Well, then, the minister is bound to support this colleague through thick and thin, and to repair the blunder in debate. He must be always by to see that things go well. The whole ministry must give up time to tactical moves in the House, and so, although great measures of policy do indeed take care of themselves, many minor matters of popular concern have to pass by without proper treatment. More strength is needed. Not less responsibility, as with you, but a stronger hand, and more time for administration."

"More government, then, not less, is your ideal," I said. "What socialists you all are! Would you have the State do everything for the people? As for us, we are too apathetic, by far; but I fear this strong-handedness of your colonial governments. This quick, drastic legislation of your colonies fills me with fear for your future. What if the labor agitators become more and more a power in your councils? To what excess of socialistic legislation will they not some day lead you? With us there is a safeguard in the fact that it is a long way from agitation to legislation, from projects to hasty, so-called 'reforms.' You would make of your ministerial governments not merely the vigorous legislative powers which they already are, but yet more merciless administrative machines, yet more skilful inventors of minute enactments for the benefit of the people. Are you not afraid of popular government, if you make its power too easily expressed? May it not commit great mistakes?"

"I fear, indeed," my friend replied, "the baser sort of men, whenever they are in politics. What I do not fear is the people itself, whenever it is well organized. You talk of the labor agitators, as if they were a danger. I tell you, our labor organizations are already, as I hope, far on the way toward a fair settlement of many of the most serious modern labor questions. For instance, our laborers have learned that their own trades' unions must exist, not merely for the sake of meeting force with force, but for the sake of establishing fair dealing on a fair basis. Our trades' unions have in more than one notable case disciplined their own members for unfair dealing toward employers—have, in fact, begun to establish the principle that laborers organize to protect the social welfare rather than to gain merely selfish ends. The aim with us is everywhere popular sovereignty under a strict organization."

"And in consequence you have an early closing law in a certain city, whereby, for the benefit of their clerks, vast numbers of shopkeepers are prevented by force from doing the most ordinary business after certain hours in the early evening."

"Yes, we have such a law, and we think well of it. We except from its operation certain classes of business. The booksellers, for instance, may keep open to a late hour, because that is for the benefit of the popular intelligence. Why should not the people organize for their own good, and make laws to that effect?"

"Well," I said, "we, too, have our agitators for State interference. But are you not going too far and too fast?"

"See the results. A people in each colony already provided, at the cheapest rate, with the public works they most need, public libraries even in remote country-districts, an advanced state of popular intelligence, strong interest in public affairs, sturdy patriotism — are these not things to be proud of? Not

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that I overlook the many evils of our public life. Our parliamentary system, I admit, does not exclude the baser demagogues of whom I spoke before. Our irresponsible legislators talk too much and work too little. Our ministries are overworked in the House, and are distracted from their administrative duties. Our legislation is too roundabout and often too sordid. But at heart we are sound. I often regret the weary and petty vexations of our provincial public life. Your own great nation must offer so much more that is ideal and inspiring. But I believe in our people, and in the great strength of popular organization among us."

It was hard to argue against a confidence like this. Perhaps my friend was only insisting upon that side of the duty of the State which he found me most disposed for the moment to ignore; but throughout his discourse I was always struck with his frank and intelligent confidence in the power of the State to do a great deal for its subject. And the important thing was that all this confidence seemed to be founded on practical experience. It was not a mere semi-socialistic theory, such as doctrinaires in this country may often enough express in an airy way. It was the view of a busy politician, who seemed to be voicing the spirit of his people. If, by way of criticism, I ever called him a State Socialist he made light of the accusation, or vindicated his good judgment as a practical man by disclaiming any sympathy with this or that socialistic absurdity then under discussion among irresponsible schemers. For my friend was, after all, a responsible and not incautious official in his own work. His general theories have never turned his head. As a politician in daily life, he knows very well what it is safe to do, and does it at a fitting time. But it was this undercurrent of idealistic socialism that attracted most my attention. Our early statesmen in this country used to fear nothing so much as the European tyrants who, no doubt, were longing to get at our liberties; hence our early tendency was mainly toward whatever secured popular freedom, and checked the powers above. The Australian leader is nowadays thinking, it would seem, of nothing so much as of some new social tie by which he may persuade the popular will to bind itself. After all, are not social ties the glory of rational human life? The result is already strange—this vast, weird continent, where nature is the most primitive and unexpected in her desolation and barbarism, fast filling with men whose thoughts are daily fuller of elaborate political schemes and social theories. At this rate, before another century Australia will show us some of the most remarkable experiments in State Socialism that have ever yet been seen.

IV.

Yet a hasty sketch like the foregoing is sure to give one-sided impressions. Australian politicians are not all young, nor all idealists, nor all so progressive on the lines of social organization as my friend. One of the best and most widely known of the Melbourne newspapers, the very one on whose staff the author of the rural sketches above cited was a worker, is a journal of a generally conservative English tone, whose ideals represent those of a large class, and whose purposes amount to nothing as novel as those I have just been describing. Just so, not all Australian scenery is so novel as that of the Blue Mountains. But I confess that when I consider this charming young nation, with its romantic past and its most attractive future prospects, I feel a little thrill comparable to that with which I watched the fortunes of the water in the Wentworth Valley: so full of surprises must its life be—so splendid in its ventures, in its fearlessness, in its joyous seeking of dangers, in its bold plunges into mid-air, in its enjoyment of the calm prosperity of peaceful moments, and in its ceaseless progress to new adventures and conflicts. Its future is hidden, like the stream in the forests at the bottom of the gorge, but the sea is far away still for the young mountain-torrent; and the long course is full of fair scenes and great experiences. Australia will not be one of the happy countries without a history, but will surely know, in Carlyle's sense of the word, the "blessed-

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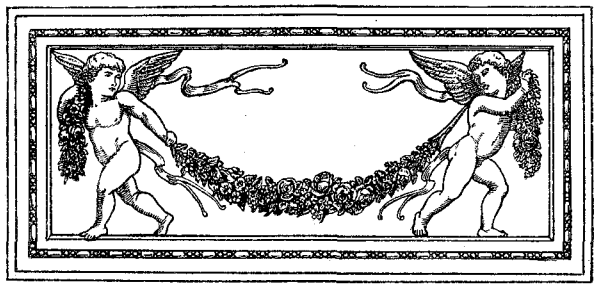
ness" of having a history. Its varied and progressive population, its contrasts of climate, its relations to Asia, its important position in the Pacific, its vast resources, and its social progressiveness, all unite to assure it of a very significant place in the future tale of civilization. I fancy that I may have done a very slight service to some curious reader if I have thus given him any new interest in these our southern fellow-countrymen and in their land.



THE ROTHENBURG FESTIVAL-PLAY.

By E. H. Lockwood.

A PLAY which has a whole town for its theatre, and half the population for its actors, and whose chief incidents take place on the spot where they actually occurred more than two hundred years ago, is certainly not common anywhere, least of all "at home," as we wanderers always say when we refer to the land across the ocean; and among the crowds who flock here at Whitsuntide to the "Festival" every year, none get more enjoyment out of it than the Americans; not to speak of instruction, for the whole affair is an object lesson in history.

Until within the last ten years Rothenburg an der Tauber was almost unknown outside of its own walls, excepting to a few antiquarians and half a dozen artists. The antiquarians dived down into the damp vaults under the "old Rath-haus," as the oldest part of the Town-hall is called, and revelled there among chronicles which told about the tower that Pharamond, the Frankish king, built on a spur of the same hill which afterward bore the fortress of the Counts of Rothenburg, and, later, the town much as it stands to-day, only then, instead of being an obscure Bavarian dependency, it was a free city of the Empire, and governed itself. And they settled their spectacles still closer to their near-sighted eyes, and peered through the delightful half-darkness, sneezing at the dust, into more chronicles that related how one Pluvimond, another Frankish king, built another tower farther down toward the valley, and called it the "Vinegar-jug," because it was raised with the benevolent intention of "spoiling the teeth" of his Swabian neighbors, in case they ever tried to crunch it; about the tournament that was held here by Conrad the First, and the invasion of the Huns; about Salians, and Hohenstaufens, the Italian wars of Frederic Barbarossa, and how a Count of Rothenburg was the first to plant his victorious banner on the high altar of St. Peter's. But when they got down to Frederic Barbarossa, the antiquarians felt as if their researches were growing too modern to be interesting. As for the artists, they settled their camp-stools in mouldy corners and drew. There was no lack of what they called "motives." Rothen-

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burg-on-the-Tauber is nothing but "motives" for picturesque representation. The little town stands on a hill, one of many that hem in the narrow Tauber valley. It is surrounded by a wall, with towers and gates in perfect preservation. Inside the walls cluster the high red roofs and steep gables, the crumbling portals, old fountains, rickety wooden galleries, carved stone "Erkers," or bow-windows. The enclosed courts containing prim gardens, with walks and terraces, ending in stone benches, before which stand stone tables, supported by heraldic quadrupeds on their hind legs, lifting mutilated forepaws and lolling broken tongues; the Gothic arches and mullioned windows, the dislocated saints and twisted apostles, and lock-jawed patriarchs, the grinning masks and grotesque waterspouts, the long stretches of ivy-covered wall, the heavy bastions and narrow loop-hole towers of a German mediæval town in almost perfect preservation.

About nine years ago the Rothenburgers grew tired of the oblivion which had been their portion since the end of the Thirty Years' War, in dismal contrast to the busy and important part they had played among warring emperors, bishops, and margraves, from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the seventeenth centuries, and they determined to assert themselves a little. The result was a popular festival, held for the first time in 1882, and since then yearly at Whitsuntide, or, as the Rothenburgers say, "at Pfingsten!" It commemorates an incident of the Thirty Years' War, and the principal feature is a play acted by citizens of Rothenburg, and composed by a Rothenburg citizen also, the "Herr Glasermeister" Hörber. To those who, having neglected their German lessons in school, do not know what a Glasermeister is, I will say that they would know if they should see the "Old German" lanterns, with curious metal settings, and the windows with small leaded panes, which Herr Hörber makes for the artists in Munich. In the intervals of his trade he finds time to write very good poetry. The play is mounted, and the whole festival arranged by a native Rothenburger, the Munich artist, Birkmaier.

"Now, to-morrow," said the author of the play, "you must begin the day by visiting the church at sunrise to see the east window lighted up." So we did. At five o'clock, as we crossed the Herrngasse, where the old patrician families used to live, the street was silent and, but for us, deserted. From the gray Gothic tower of the "old Rath-haus" at one end, to the low, dark archway of the Burg-gate at the other, not a soul was stirring. The high houses with their steep red roofs, sharp gables, and huge doorways, were asleep. Over the doors were carved the arms of families long extinct—romping griffins and prancing lions, shields, helmets, pennons, all the mysteries of heraldry in gray stone, sometimes richly colored. On the house where Kaiser Maximilian once lodged, under a fine Erker, stood a stone carving of the Madonna, to testify that Rothenburg was not always Lutheran. She had the street to herself. At least she divided the survey of it with a severe-looking gentleman in a crown and sceptre, sitting on the top of a pillar that stood in the middle of a brimming fountain. A flat-featured, indignant gentleman, with an expression like that of Mr. F.'s aunt when she hated a fool. And with reason; for every one who sees him for the first time is startled to find so much dignity combined with two fish tails instead of the usual number of legs. And he thinks that's so silly! "What are you staring at, any way?" he mutters, and curls a fish tail all the tighter round each arm. He adds that sometimes he's a mermaid, and sometimes he's a Neptune. "Is that quite reasonable?" we timidly inquire. "Never mind," he answers, and that ends it. Well, as I was saying, the Madonna on the Erker and this gentleman on the pillar had the street all to themselves, for I suppose you would not count half a hundred pigeons that were strutting and dipping on the fountain's edge. The beautiful chimes of Rothenburg began on one of the distant gates, taken up by another, and another, in a harmony I have never heard equalled by bells, until they reached the market-place and the high tower of the Town Hall, and finally the soft rich tones of St. Jacob's joined in and ended the long

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DRAWN BY CHESTER LOOMIS. ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

The Burgomaster's Niece of Rothenburg.

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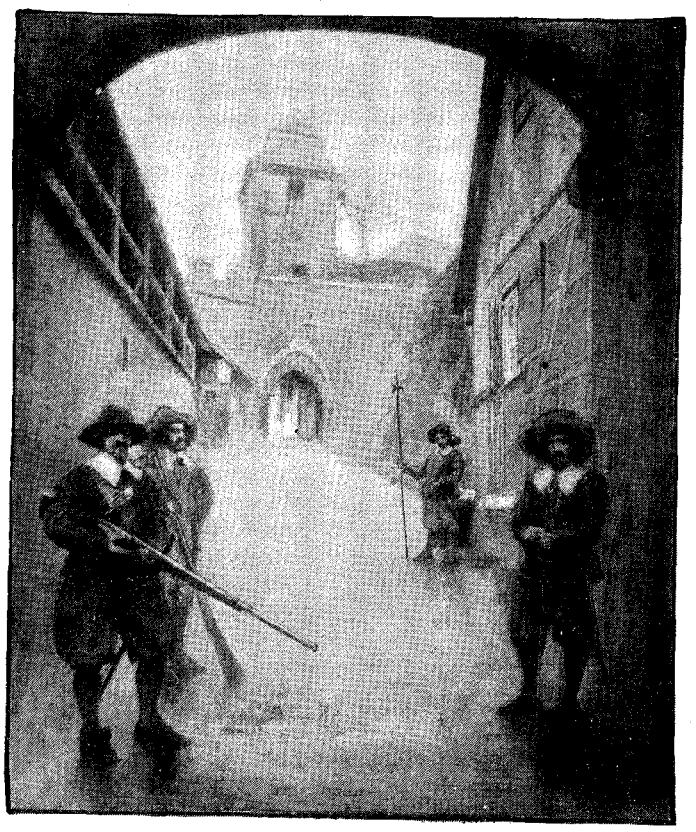

Guarding the Gates.

chorus. With the last sound there mingled the clatter of hoofs, and into the silent, empty street came riding a group of soldiers in steel caps and leather jerkins, carrying lances. They were going to guard the gates.

The sun was shining through the rich east window of St. Jacob's, and presently the bells began to ring again for early service. The organ and the wind instruments and the voices joined in a choral. We did not need the clergyman's gown and bands to tell us the service was Lutheran. The bare white walls of the church said that, reminding of the time when Rothenburg was the headquarters of the Iconoclast, Dr. Carlstadt, who sent her treasures of early German art floating mutilated down the Tauber.

We went out from the severely plain service, with its cold, sad chorals, into the streets once more, and found ourselves in the midst of those stern times which followed the Reformation.

Tilly and Pappenheim were storming the town, Gustavus Adolphus was coming to the rescue, so people said. The streets swarmed with soldiers in the steel caps and leather jerkins of the Rothenburgers, mingling with the blue and white of the Swiss garrison. As we passed the Town-hall the huge doors under the tower stood open, and, within the archway, a company of soldiers were feeding their horses. Under the Renaissance Colonnade of the "New" Court House (built in 1578 into the "old" Court House, so that the two make one building) sentinels were pacing. The guard-room was full of helmets and lances, and groups of ugly-looking men-at-arms loitered in the doorway. Bands crossed the market-place in every direction, and a cluster of Burgomasters, in peaked hats and long black gowns, with heavy gold chains, descended the steps and walked away in earnest conversation. It was

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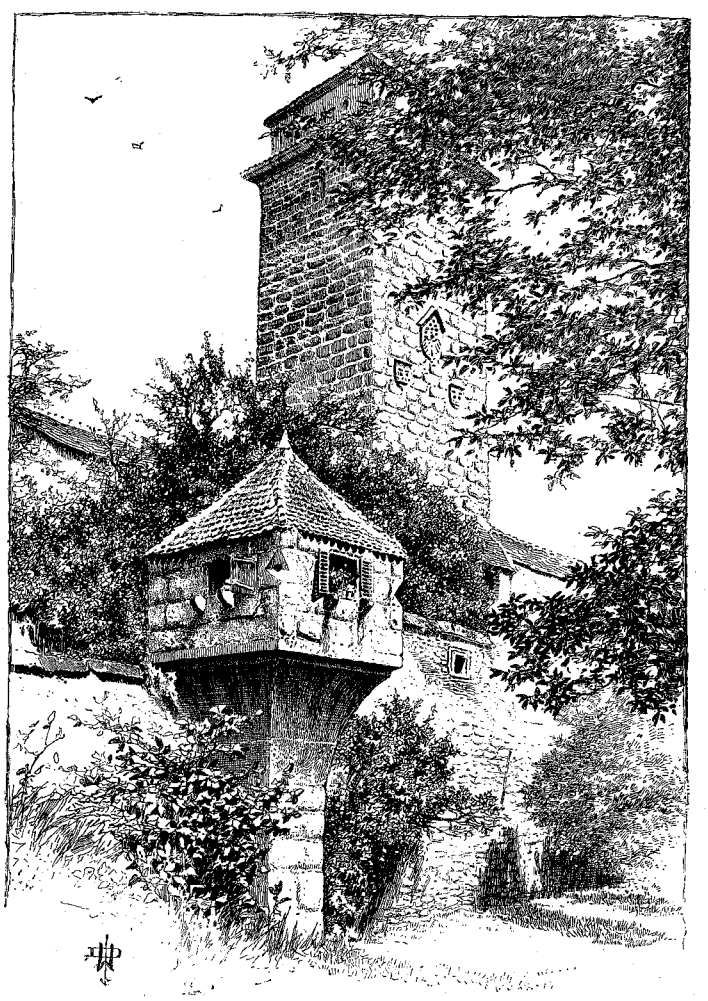
no joke to defend a town against Gscherklas Tilly!

A visit to the gates showed them all closely guarded, and an anxious look from the walls revealed the Imperialist forces camped much too near for our comfort. A party of wild-looking Croats on horseback occupied a rise of ground; the sun shone brilliantly on their scarlet and gold, their barbaric weapons, and short cloaks of strange furs. Bivouacks and camp fires showed our enemies drinking, singing, dancing, playing cards. Some queer little seventeenth century cannon were making ready to begin the assault. The Emperor's captains spurred hither and thither, their long plumes floating behind their broad hats. It was only following the natural course of the day's events when we found ourselves, later, sitting in the Council Hall of the old Court House. An immense room, two stories high, with a row of tall gothic windows on one side, and the double-headed eagle of the Empire at the upper end, above the long table of the Burgomasters. The head Burgomaster Bezold, was saying that he had slept badly, and felt overwhelmed by the weight of anxious foreboding which had oppressed him more than ever during the past night. He must call his colleagues together and learn from them their views about the wisdom of holding out longer against the Catholic emperor. He rings, and a pretty girl in an "old German" bodice, cap, and short skirt answers him. It is the Castellan's daughter. The Castellan is up in the tower keeping lookout. Bezold gives the daughter the order to call the Burgomasters together. She goes out, and in a moment, over our heads, we hear the same bell sound which was always used to summon the Council to a special sitting in times of emergency.

The Burgomasters come soberly in, excited but decorous. The question is, shall we continue the defence at the risk of enraging Tilly by our obstinacy? Remember how he served Magdeburg for holding out against him.



Stone "Erker" or Bow Window in the City Wall.

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Bang! went the guns outside the walls, and, for my part, I was for surrender. But the worshipful Council thought otherwise. A new company of Rothenburgers marched in, drumming bravely. The commander of the Swedish garrison appeared, and promised the speedy arrival of Gustavus Adolphus to raise the siege. The young recruits marched down the hall, and went drumming and singing out the door to defend the walls. Some of the Burgomasters accompanied the Chaplain of the Council to St. Jacob's Church, close at hand, to pray for divine aid. When the organ and the choral sounded through the open windows of the hall all the Council joined in the prayer.

But the cannonading continued.

Messengers began to arrive from the walls. How was it going? Bravely! The Imperialists were beaten back; the walls unbroken; and on the Wurzburg road a large body of troops were marching hitherward. By their white uniforms they could be no other than Gustavus Adolphus and his Swedes. Hurrah! Hold out! Of course we will!

An Imperialist.

Bang! from the walls. A furious cannonading, and finally a loud explosion. In rushes another. It is getting hot. We are hard pressed. A third staggers in with his head bound up. The Tauber-tower is blown into the air. The troops on the Wurzburg road are Imperialists!

In comes Burgomaster Nusch. How goes it? He tells how it has gone, but we hardly hear him for the cannonading, and then he hangs his head and says the white flag is out. We are not surprised, but a thrill runs down every one's back when at last a messenger hurries in and says that Tilly is at that moment making his entrance.

The Burgomasters pluck up spirit, get out their keys on an embroidered velvet cushion, and the city's charter in its casket, and wait for their grim visitor with dignity. In he comes. We can hear the heavy tread on the stairs and through the ante-room and the seventeenth century war song — "Heil! Tilly!" which his guard are singing. Preceded by lanzknechts, and surrounded by his generals, he comes in through the arched doorway and makes straight for the rebellious Burgomasters. His staff officers stand behind him. The Duke of Lorraine, gorgeous in green velvet, Count Pappenheim, in full armor, exactly like his portrait, Pfalzburg, and Aldringer Ossa, and the cruel-hearted Dominican, always at Tilly's elbow.

Tilly is in an awful temper. How he stares at the sober black-gowned Burgomasters, as he tramps in among them, and slams his plumed hat and leather gauntlets down on the Council table.

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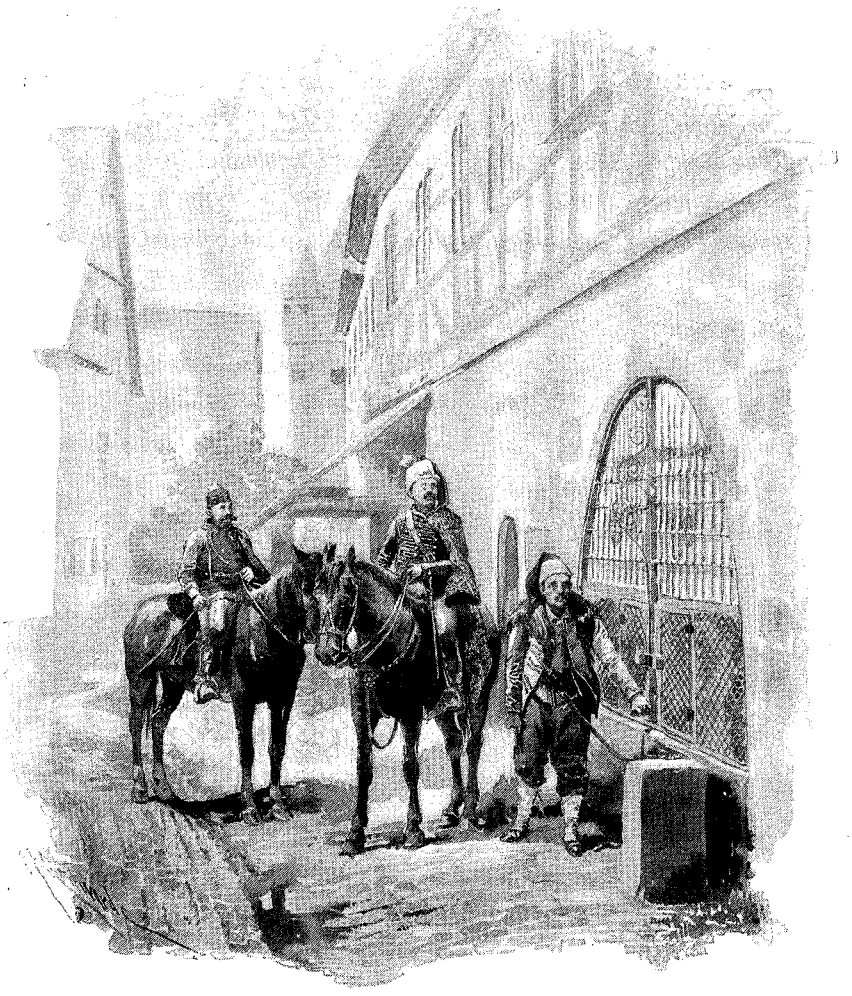
The people, hunted by the cruel soldiery, rush shrieking up to the door by which he entered. "Drive them back!" he shouts. "If need be, at the lance's head. If they won't go, scourge them!" number for immediate execution, then perhaps he will pardon the remainder. The Burgomasters refuse to choose, of course. They quietly say, "Mercy for all, or destruction for all!" "Very



A Party of Croats.

By this time we are in a pretty fright, and wonder how Burgomaster Bezold, for all his furred gown and gold chain, dare speak up so resolutely. What's the use of getting out the city's charter when an old war dog looks like that? All the good it does is to make him say that the city may pay him a heavy tribute as indemnity for the trouble it has cost him to take it. And as for the Council, they are to select four of their well, then, destruction it is," says the hard old villain. The executioner lives outside the walls. Tilly sends Bezold under a guard to fetch him, for the cheerful purpose of having his own and his comrades' heads cut off. Bezold's niece, Magdalena, and her children kneel and pray in vain for mercy. They are driven away. Tilly dislikes women, and the cruel monk calls her a snake; a compliment which she returns with

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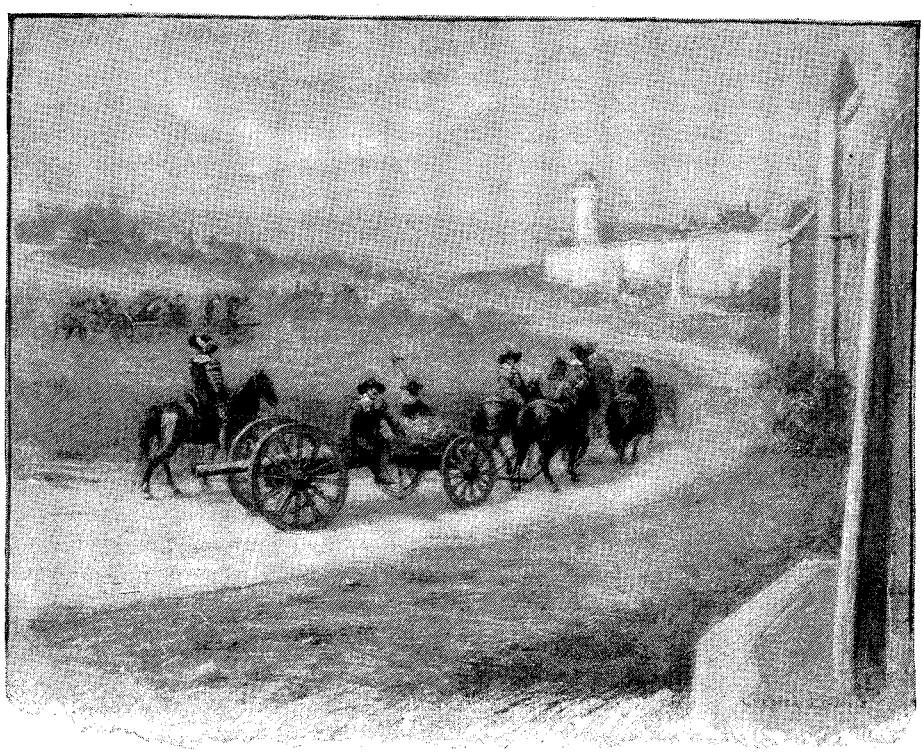
spirit, but that only makes matters worse.

Then the pretty girl in the Alt-Deutsch cap and bodice has an inspiration. Her father is not only castellan but cellarer. She whispers to him to bring the Welcome Cup for their formidable guest, and to fill it with the best wine in the Rath-haus vaults. The "Cup of the Council" is a glass flagon, holding thirteen schoppen—about thirteen pints.

Tilly doesn't approve of wine either, but to-day he makes an exception, and when he tastes the noble vintage of the Burgomasters, grown in their own vineyards, it warms his cold blood. He passes it to his generals; they all drink, but when it comes back to Tilly it seems nearly as full as ever. He grimly declares it to be a very respectable drinking-cup, and, as the wine works on his humor, he has a bright idea. If any one among those Burgomasters, he says, who must be good drinkers, since they own such a flagon, will empty it at a single draught, he shall purchase his own life and that of his comrades by the feat. Every one breaks out into cries of derision and of indignation at that monstrous taunt. Even Pappenheim and Lorraine protest that that is asking an impossibility. "Very well, then," says Tilly, "the first judgment must stand, and let no one beg for their lives."

Burgomaster Nusch steps forward. He says he's an old man, and it's only dying anyway if he fails. He will try it if it kills him. So they fill the great beaker again to the brim, and stand around in breathless suspense as the huge flagon slowly, slowly, tilts higher and higher; at last bottom upward, not a drop left, it is set down, and Father Nusch, half dead, demands from Tilly the fulfilment of his promise.

So the headsman is sent away, and the Burgomasters shake hands with Father Nusch, and everybody else, and the pop-



A Field-piece of the Seventeenth Century.

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ulace streams in, and the chorus sings. And we all go out through the same arched door where Tilly and the soldiers have been going and coming, and find the ante-room, with its heavy round ceiling, its carved wood screen, and its frieze of Rothenburger coats-of-arms, crowded with ladies in puffed sleeves and trains, maidens in white caps and aprons, pages in tights and slashed doublets, Imperialists in velvet and plumes, all flocking up to the banqueting room on the floor above :— whither the Nineteenth Century is not invited. But the Nineteenth Century has its revenge. For the rest of the day it makes itself so evident in its character of spectator, that the illusion of the morning can no longer be preserved. It swarms in the streets and crowds all the windows, at half-past two o'clock, to watch for the procession. Only the peasant women, in head-dresses of broad black watered ribbon, reaching in loops to the bottom of their full round skirts, and the old men in short-waisted jackets and knickerbockers, blue tasselled caps, like night-caps, on their heads, their spindle shanks encased in white worsted stockings to the knees, afford a quaint relief to the prevailing commonplace. But the commonplace is easily forgotten again when one swings back the narrow latticed casement, and leaning out looks down upon five trumpeters on horseback blowing a fanfare, followed by groups of pages, of iron-clad troopers, black-gowned Burgomasters, Prince Louis of Pfalzburg, Count Heinrich of Pappenheim, a jolly cellarer bearing aloft a huge flagon and wearing his leathern apron jauntily, a public executioner clad from head to foot in blood red, his hood drawn over his face, his axe in his hand; grim Gscherklas Tilly, and his Dominican, brown robed, sinister, and sly; Croats, Swedes, cannon, baggage wagons, sutlers, and camp-followers, a newly captured spy fighting with his captors, heralds, Lutheran ministers, Dame Bezold and her niece Magdalena, riding in state, as great ladies should, with the puffiest of velvet sleeves, and the widest of rich point-lace collars and cuffs; "Rothenburga" herself, as becomes a mediæval pageant, sitting high up on a shaky gold car, with several yards of blonde hair flowing over her velvet gown, and all the towers and turrets of the city crowning her head; and every remaining space in the procession filled by the pale blue short skirts, white aprons and sleeves, black bodices, and caps of the Burger-maidens. They pass between the rows of high gray houses, under windows from which King Christian of Denmark, Kaiser Maximilian of Austria, and Charles V. have doubtless often witnessed similar processions, and finally disappear through the dark arch of the Wurzburg gate. The Nineteenth Century, rousing up, as from a spell, rushes after. It overtakes its picturesque ancestors once more, in what was formerly the moat—now dry—and partly filled in. On the west and south, Rothenburg was difficult of access because of the steep, though not high hill

A Spy and his Captor.

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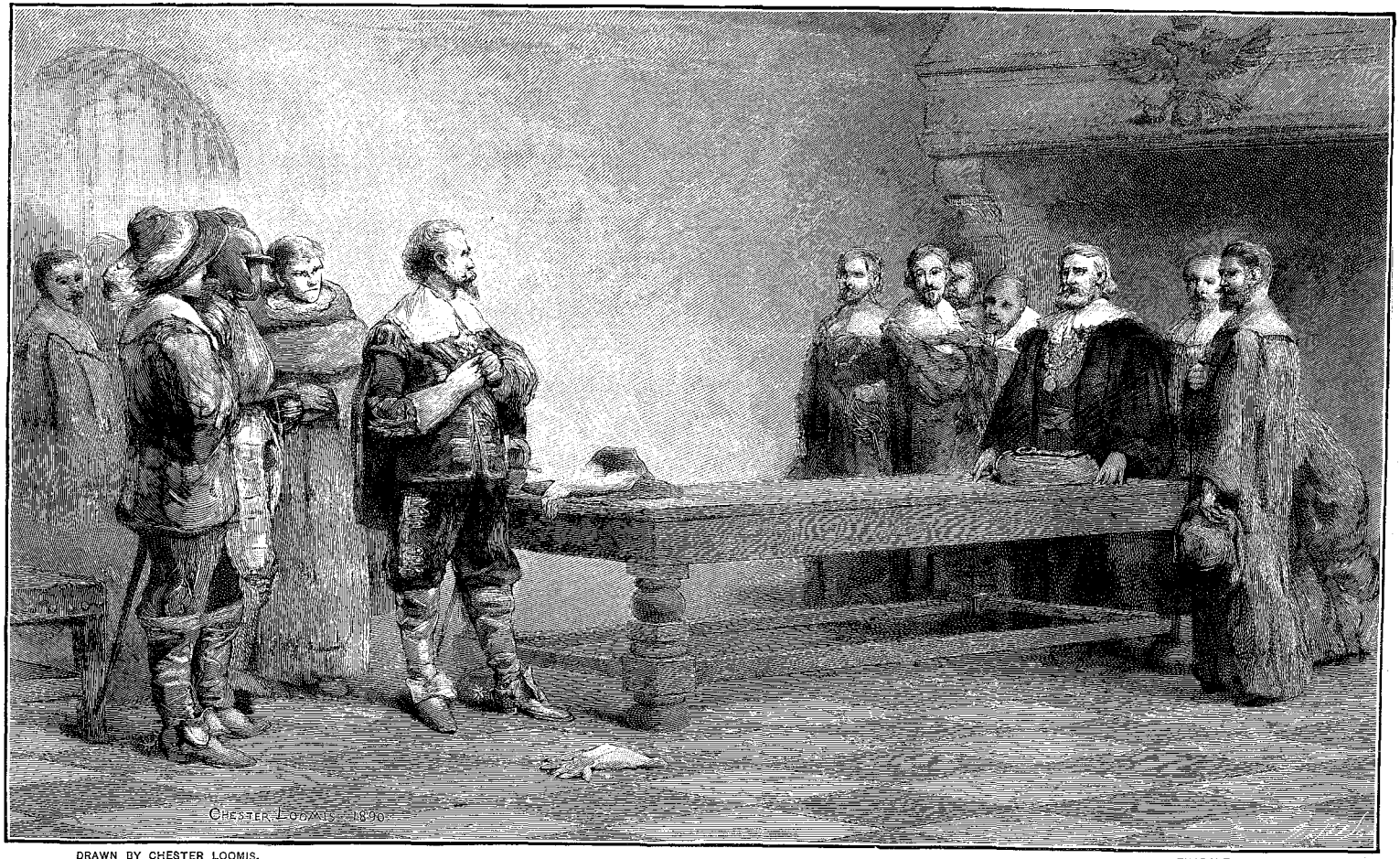

DRAWN BY CHESTER LOOMIS.

Tilly Sentencing the Burgomasters.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

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which rises abruptly from the Tauber valley, and the solid walls, with their towers, then considered defence enough. But on the north and east there is a plateau through which the Wurzburg road runs between cultivated fields, and which ends at the foot of another line of low hills, like the one on which the city is built. There the walls were further protected by a moat. It was from this side that Tilly's attack was made. The "Tauber-thurm" which was blown up on that day, stands there, ruined and ivy grown; the only tower that is not in good preservation. The moat is dry and partly filled up, but in parts it is as deep as ever. It is all gardens, and orchards, and lawns, grassy slopes, and shady dells, and breezy knolls which command views of the Wurzburg road, and the pleasant fields. On one of the shadiest of these grassy levels, a tent was pitched and around it sat the Emperor's generals, drinking, in high good-humor. No wonder, they were going to levy 20,000 florins tribute on the conquered city. Outside this tent, under the trees, the common soldiers were bivouacked, fires were burning, kettles boiling, fowls being plucked for the pot. The way they clutched a helpless pigeon and wrung its neck, suggested how they could serve a conquered enemy.

The villainous-looking little spy with a bloody bandage on his head, and a dirty smock frock on his lean shoulders, squatted apart, and when bits of bread were thrown to him, caught them with a defiant grin.

Lazy Croats lay at length beside the fire, smoking sleepily, their wild eyes closed to narrow slits above their high cheek-bones. Camp-followers chaffed and begged and stole, picketed horses neighed. Musicians played a quaint air of five notes on long wooden pipes, and the smoke curled up among the branches, while Tilly's men took their ease.

High up on the knoll, under a long pavilion, the prim Burgomasters with their wives and daughters, well content at feeling their heads still on their shoulders, feasted decorously, served by the jolly cellarer, who poured from a huge pewter tankard, with a knowing wink at their solemn faces. Girls whisked their short blue skirts up and down the path that led to the pavilion, casting coquettish glances down into the open tent that held the terrible fascinating Imperialist General and his staff.

Apart, against a projecting bit of the wall, avoided, motionless, his scarlet hood drawn over his face, stood the executioner; leaning on his axe—held ready, I suppose, in case Tilly should change his mind about those four Burgomasters!

The afternoon wears away, in feasting, dancing, and singing, during which modern and mediæval costumes get very thoroughly mixed. The sun sets, and the moon rises. Leaving the festival place still full of revellers, we return to the silent, empty town. As we pass into the shadow of an inner gate, a lantern just lighted is slowly raised by a

A Dominican.

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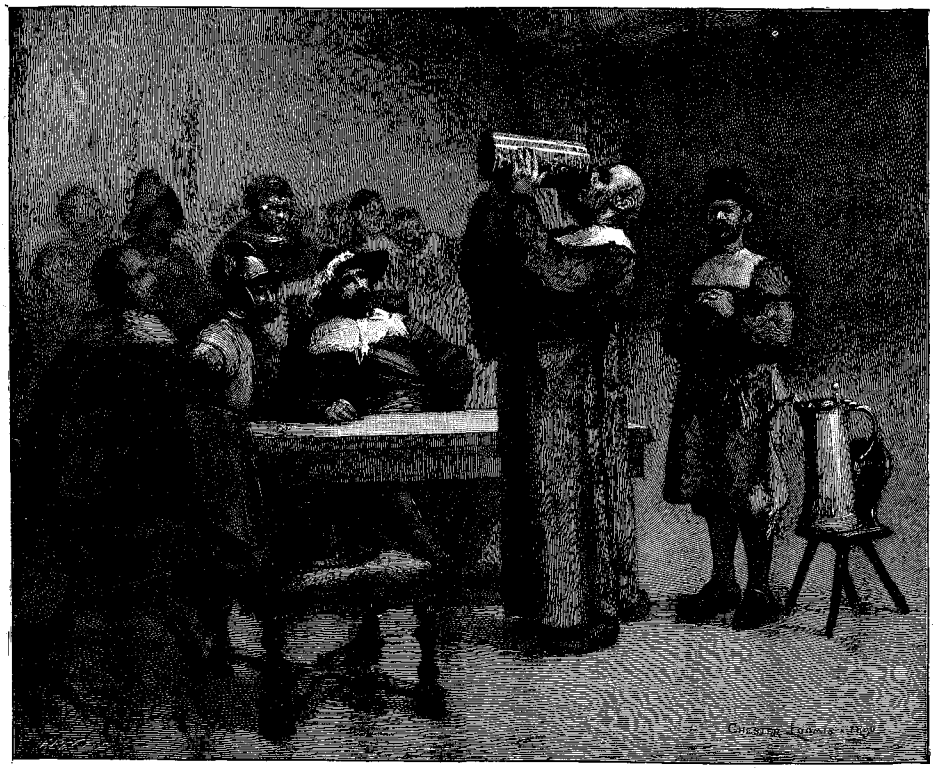

Father Nusch and the "Cup of the Council."

rope and a pulley into its place just before the arch, and hangs there swinging. The chimes begin at the Burg-gate and, taken up by the others, one by one, reach the market-place, sound from the clock there, and the watchman on the high old Rath-haus tower strikes his bell nine times. Then, after a pause, the mellow tones of St. Jacob's fill all the air and the festival is over.

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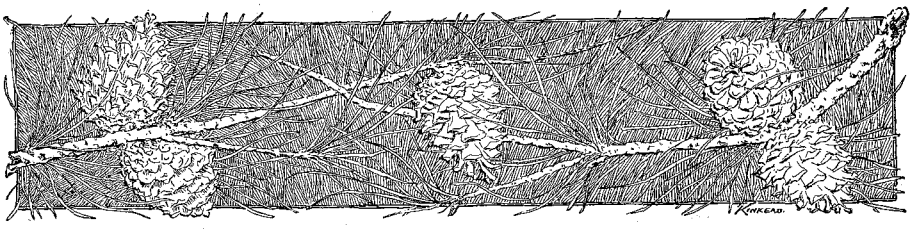
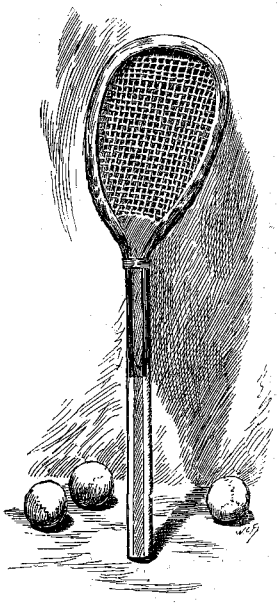


COURT TENNIS.

By James Dwight.



COURT Tennis is the oldest game of ball that we have — that is to say, it goes back farther in its present form than any other.

Games of ball of some kind go back so far that there is no trace of their beginning. In their simplest form the ball was thrown from one man to another. If we carry the process one step farther and imagine the ball, or whatever stood in its place, to be hit back with the hand instead of being caught and thrown, we have at once hand-ball, the original of all games like tennis, rackets, etc. Indeed the French name for tennis remains paume to this day, because the ball was struck with the palm of the hand.

Leaving early times, of which we have little or no record, we find that in the middle ages hand-ball was played in France and Italy in the open air. How early the game became generally popular it is hard to say, but in 1316 Louis X. died of a chill caught after playing it.

As has just been said, hand-ball was at this period played out of doors, but as its popularity increased it began to be played in buildings, where the space was naturally confined. The out-door game received the name of La Longue Paume, and the in-door of La Courte Paume, from which comes the word court as applied to the game and to the place where it was played.

It would seem probable that the walls had at first nothing to do with court tennis, and it was simply the older game played in-doors. One reason for thinking so is that all the courts were different; some being "carré," others oblong, etc., besides other differences in the construction, as if the most convenient place that was at hand had been made into a court without much regard to its size or shape. However this may be, the lack of space in-doors must very soon have made it necessary to use the walls in the game, and then, of course, courts were built more carefully and more in accordance with certain rules. There seem, however, to have been two chief varieties of court—the long court of the present day, with a tambour and a dedans, and the square court, without a tambour and with two small windows or hazards instead of a dedans.

It should be said that the roof was "in play" at this time, and one French marker, in writing of the game, says that the ceiling should always be flat and not arched, so as to give the ball off at a correct angle.

But if several different kinds of court existed, some at least were almost the same as ours to-day. Marshall, in his excellent "Annals of Tennis," gives a plate drawn by an Italian named Scaino, showing a court which was then (1555) in use in Paris. It was larger than any court now existing, but in other respects was almost exactly the same.

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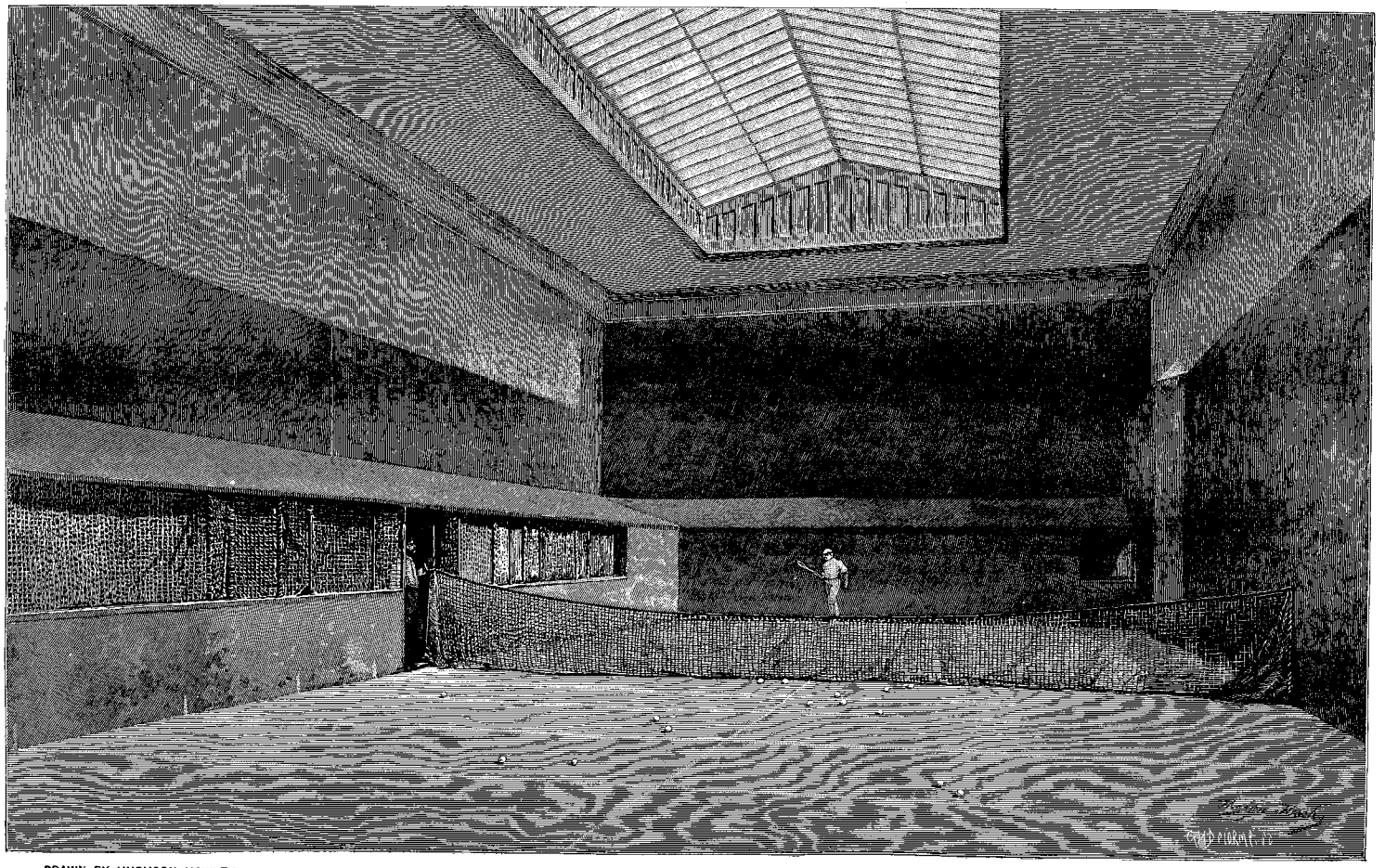

DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.

The Court from the Service Side.

ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL' ORME.

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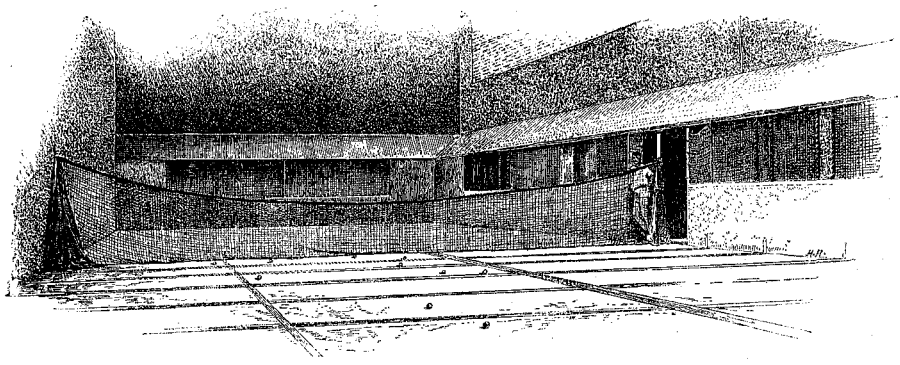
In early times the game was played with the bare hand, then a simple glove came into use; again, the glove came to be made stiff and unyielding, and some clever person wove strings of gut across the palm so as to give more spring to the glove. Finally, a very short handle was attached to the stiff glove.



The Court, from the Hazard Side.

Here we have the gradual development of the racket. It was at first apparently a very feeble implement, as many players continued to use a glove even against an opponent with a racket.

The old prints show the racket very slightly made, with no centre-piece. It seems to have been strung diagonally.

With the racket arose another instrument called the battoir, used especially in la longue paume. It seems at first to have been a thin, flat piece of wood, of almost any shape. Later, all the middle was cut away, leaving only the rim, which was covered with parchment, just like a battledore. It must have been a pretty feeble tool, according to modern ideas.

Gradually the racket came to be the only instrument used in tennis, and it was made heavier and stronger, and became, naturally, more and more effective.

Such rackets as these old ones would have been too weak to be of use with the balls we play with to-day. In old times the balls were stuffed with hair, and must, therefore, have been comparatively soft and light. The present ball has a small core, or centre, made of a strip of cloth rolled in a little hard ball; on this is wound yarn until the size is nearly attained—$2\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{5}{8}$ inches in diameter—and it is then covered with broadcloth.

The American ball is practically a small baseball, covered with cloth instead of pigskin. The English and French balls are somewhat different from the American and from each other. The weight should be from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ ounces.

Let us now plunge boldly into the description of the court as it is to-day, for in no other way can we understand the game. I can give no exact measurements, because there are hardly two courts alike in the whole world. The court is a rectangle enclosed in four walls. It is a little more than one hundred feet long by about forty broad. Inside these walls are built three inner and lower walls, one at each end, and the third along one side, connecting the other two. These inner walls stand seven feet from the outer, and the space between is covered by a slanting roof. This is called the penthouse. The remaining side of the court has no penthouse, and is a plain, solid wall, called the main wall. If one stands at the net, facing the main wall, the half of the court on his right is the service side, that on his left the hazard side. The main wall on the service side is without openings, as has been said; but about half-way along the hazard side there is a jog, or projection, into the court at an angle of forty-five degrees, and then the wall continues parallel with its former course. This projection is called the

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tambour. Formerly it was made of wood, and naturally made a great noise when struck by the ball, and it is supposed that the name came in this way. The back half of the hazard side is narrowed about eighteen inches by the tambour.

The walls above the penthouses are all plain, solid walls, but such is not the case with the lower walls.

The end wall on the hazard side has one small window in the corner by the tambour, called the "grille."

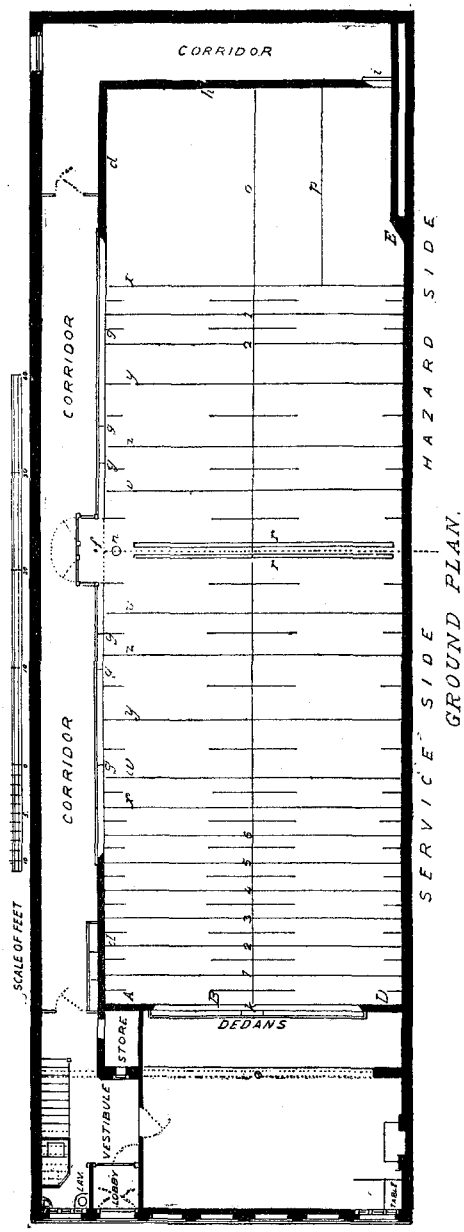
The end wall on the service side has one long opening, starting some four feet from the main wall and ending six feet from the other wall. It begins about three feet from the floor, and reaches to the roof of the penthouse. It is called the dedans, and is one of the so-called winning openings.

The upper half of the side wall under the penthouse is open, except for ten or fifteen feet at each end. This opening is divided into sections by posts, and each section has its particular name.

It now remains to describe the floor. It is made of smooth flags, or, in this country, of cement or asphalt. The floor in English and American courts is level, but in French courts it slopes slightly down toward the net, probably to diminish any tendency of the ball to "shoot."

We now come to the only complicated part of the game, the "chases." Marshall quotes Scaino, an Italian author who wrote in the middle of the sixteenth century, as defining the word to mean the point at which the ball ends its flight. In other words, it is simply a line on the floor parallel with the net, and numbered or named. On the service side, at one yard from the dedans wall, is chase 1, at two yards chase 2, and so on up to 6. From that point out to the net the distances between the chases vary, corresponding more or less to the side galleries whose names they bear. On the hazard side the gallery chases are the same, excepting that there are only two yard chases, 1 and 2. The point of all this is that the whole floor on the service side is covered with chases, while on the hazard side the back third of the court has no chases.

Such are the chases; their use is as follows. Imagine the ball started in play. How can a stroke be won?



If a player touches a ball and fails to return it across the net, he loses a stroke. If the ball is played into the dedans, the grille, or the hazard side last gallery, it counts a stroke. The above-named openings are called the winning openings.

Should the ball "fall," *i.e.*, strike the

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ground a second time untouched, in any part of the court where chases exist, no stroke is scored by either player; it is simply left in doubt till it can be decided. Suppose that the ball falls on the chase line numbered 3, the marker calls "chase 3." The players then change sides, the one who was on the service side when the chase was made crossing to the hazard side, and his opponent becoming the server. The service is given and the striker-out must return the ball into the dedans or onto the floor in such a manner that at the second bound the ball will touch a point nearer the end wall than chase 3, that is, on a lower-numbered line. Should he succeed the marker calls "won it," and adds one point to his score. Should the server judge that the stroke will win the chase, he returns the ball, and the striker-out must try again for chase 3, and so on, until one or the other fails to return it, or until the ball falls untouched, and the stroke is then scored according to the place where the ball fell.

Should the chase made be close to the dedans wall—as a yard or half a yard—the only way to win the chase is to play into the dedans. It should be said that the value of a chase increases with every yard.

It must be remembered that in all chases on the service side the striker-out has to try to return the service so as to win the chase. In chases on the hazard side, however, it is the server who must try for the chase. This he cannot well do on the service, and therefore all that the striker-out has to do is to put the ball in some place where the server cannot get at it, as the side galleries, which are an easy mark. It will be seen by this that a hazard-side chase is easy to defend, while a chase on the service side is only good if near to the end wall.

The player's aim, therefore, must be to make the ball travel very fast, so that it shall be difficult to return, but at the same time to play it in such a way that the second bound shall be as close as possible to the end wall. This end is attained by the "cut." Cut is the real court-tennis stroke, and it should be used in any stroke played on the floor. In making it the racket does not meet the ball fairly, but at an angle, so that, as the racket is carried forward with a steady stroke it shall pass out under the ball. The effect is to drive the ball forward fast, and at the same time to impart to it a heavy back twist. When the ball strikes the floor the cut prevents it from rising much, and then on hitting the end wall the back twist brings the ball directly down to the floor. In this way little or no time is given to play the ball after it has hit the end wall, and if it is allowed to make a chase it will make a good one. When no cut is put on, the ball, after striking the floor and the end wall, rises high in the air and comes far out toward the middle of the court, giving the player a chance to make a severe stroke or to let the ball make a bad chase, as he may prefer. A cut ball rises in its flight, and is for that reason a little easier to get over the net. It is, in fact, the exact opposite of the lawn tennis "drop."

It may perhaps be as well to say a word about the theory of the cut and drop strokes. Everyone believes that balls curve in the air, but very few seem to know the reason. Take the cut as an example. The ball is travelling fast through the air, and at the same time revolving rapidly backward. The ball is rough and carries a certain amount of air round with it. As this air comes under the ball, it meets the stream flowing the other way, and the result is that the air below the ball is slightly denser than above, where exactly the reverse has taken place. There is, therefore, a little more pressure below than above, and the ball rises. This explanation is given by Marshall in his "Annals of Tennis," and is, I fancy, generally accepted. It is certain that a rough ball will take more cut than a smooth one, and the more cut put on, the greater the curve.

Strokes are won in two ways. First, by playing with heavy cut, so as to make better chases than one's opponent, and, second, by putting the ball out of reach at the back of the hazard side, where there are no chases, or by putting it into one of the three winning openings, the dedans on the service side, or the grille and last gallery on the hazard side.

The service consists in hitting the

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ball on to the side penthouse, so that it shall strike the floor in the back part of the hazard side. The ball must hit the penthouse roof on the hazard side of the net. It may hit the side wall or not, or it may roll round on to the end penthouse. Should it go all the way round the end penthouse, and fall in front of the grille, it is a "pass." A pass is simply a "let," except that it annuls a previous fault.

Let us suppose that the service is all right. The striker-out has got to get the ball back over the net, or he loses the stroke. He can cut it down for either corner, or he can force for the dedans. If the server sees that the ball is going into the dedans, he, of course, returns it if he can; if it does not go in, it must make a chase, and he must judge whether it is wise to let it do so or not. If he can only reach the ball with difficulty, and the chase is not likely to be a very close one, he will probably allow it to score, and trust to his ability to make a better chase when the players change sides. Should the stroke on the other hand, be an easy one, the server can play it for the grille, or hazard side last gallery, or for the foot of the tambour. The foot of the tambour is a great point of attack from the service side, because, if the ball hits the tambour it will go directly across the court; while, if it misses, it will go directly under the grille, and it is often almost impossible to foresee which course it will take. There is the whole game. The scoring is the same as in lawn tennis. The players change sides whenever there are two chases, or when there is one chase, and only one stroke is needed for game.

This is a very rude sketch of the game, but this is not a treatise on Tennis, but only an attempt to show what the game is like, and what changes have been made in it in the last three hundred years.

Let us now go back to the fifteenth century. The balls were stuffed with hair, and the rackets were scarcely more powerful than the gloved hand. Of course, with such implements the game must have been a very gentle one. No doubt there was plenty of exercise in it, because with slow hitting there was nearly always time to get in front of the ball, just as there was at lawn tennis a dozen years ago. The rackets could have been of no use for forcing, and probably of but little for cutting. They were, in fact, simply an improvement on the gloved hand, and not a very great one. The balls stuffed with hair could not have been hard enough to travel very fast. The game consisted in placing and in certainty of return.

Let us now pick up the game again farther on, say, one hundred years ago. We find a fairly good racket, light and weak, to be sure, but still serviceable, and a heavier ball made of strips of cloth rolled together, tied with string, and covered with a firm cloth. The pace was still slow according to our ideas, but the ball could be heavily cut. In fact, the game was a game of cut. There was time enough to defend the openings, and therefore it paid better to play on the floor with heavy cut, in order to make close chases. The result was that a player would not attempt to return the ball if it was going to make a poor chase, but would rather change sides in the hope of making a better one.

The game was very scientific, requiring great judgment in deciding which balls to play, and which to leave, but I repeat, it was a slow game.

From that time to this, the game has grown faster and faster, and with the increase of speed there has been a change in the style of play. It is no longer possible to defend the openings as it used to be, and therefore a player will force for the dedans now, when in old times he would have played on the floor. The process has gone so far that tennis is almost a different game from what it was a century ago. Then any ball that was difficult to return was allowed to make a chase, unless, of course, the chase was a very close one; now almost every ball is returned if possible. Then the proper stroke was on the floor, in one corner or the other; now the ball is put into one of the winning openings, if there is the least opportunity. I think that the old style was prettier, and one might almost say more scientific, but it would have stood no chance of success against the modern game.

The French used to say that a player

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improved up to the age of fifty. He may have done so once, but certainly, at the present time, no gain in judgment can make up for loss of activity and endurance.

The game now played between two good markers is fast in the extreme. The service is usually the "railroad service," *i.e.*, an underhand twist service which just touches the penthouse roof and then strikes the grille wall a little above the floor. If given exactly right it has no bound, but rolls along the floor. Even if it does bound, the twist carries it back against the side wall, so that it is very difficult to get a fair stroke at it. The dedans is the constant place of attack, and when defended in front the ball is driven on to the side wall so as to bound into the end of the opening without coming within the player's reach. Very few chases are made, because the server is anxious to retain his advantage, and will therefore return the ball even if it is going to make a very poor chase. I suppose that this change in the game has been going on for a great many years, but it has been most marked in the last ten or fifteen. We read of the terrible speed for which some of the older players were famed; but it is apparent from their rackets that the terrible speed must have been slow compared to the strokes of to-day. It must have been much like the lightning mail-coaches before the time of railways.

It is the increase of speed that has changed the game more than anything else, and how much farther the process will go, no one can foresee. Of one thing I feel sure, namely, that the dedans is too long to defend properly, and if the speed is going to increase anymore, the game will consist simply of a service and then a shy at the opening. Were the dedans made smaller, the play on the floor would be greatly increased, and the game would be more what it was intended to be.

To me the prettiest part of the game is the play of the chases. One must make up his mind in less than a second of time whether a ball will cross a certain line or not. In one case he must return it, and in the other he must not, and his play is good or bad as he judges rightly or not.

Before concluding, let us say a word about the great players of the game. The greatest tennis player is said to have been a Frenchman, Edmond Barre, born early in this century. He visited England frequently, and was always an easy winner. In 1862 a match was made between him and Edmund Tompkins, the best English player of the time. It was to have been the best of fifteen sets, but was drawn on the fifth day, the score standing six sets for Tompkins, and four for Barre. Four other sets were drawn because, being advantage sets, it was too hard work to finish them. A curious notion, one would think!

Barre was sixty years old at the time, and was completely exhausted. In fact, the match was drawn on his account. He was, probably, the better player even then, but he would certainly have lost had the match been finished. This was practically Barre's last important match, and it left Edmund Tompkins virtually champion.

Next George Lambert appeared, and took the championship, so to speak, without playing for it. He was so much better than anyone else that no match was needed.

Then came Pettitt, too well known here to need much description. He began as a boy, in the old court in Boston, to help Hunt, the marker. Hunt was by no means anxious that he should learn the game, lest it should make his own place less secure; but in spite of that Pettitt beat him easily at half fifteen before the end of the first year, and was put in charge of the court.

I shall speak of only two matches: the one against George Lambert, by which he won the championship, and that against Saunders by which he retains it. The former took place at Hampton Court, in May, 1885. It consisted of the best of thirteen sets; four sets being played on Monday, on Wednesday, and on Friday. A final eight-game set was to have been played on the following Monday, had the score required it.

Lambert won the first set, Pettitt the second, and then Lambert took the third and fourth, thus leaving the score, at the end of the first day, three sets to one in his favor.

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On Wednesday Lambert won the first two sets, making his score five to one. It certainly seemed as if the whole thing was over, but Pettitt won the next two sets, and the day's play closed with five sets for Lambert and three for Pettitt. On Friday Pettitt won all four sets and the match, seven sets to five.

Lambert was forty-two at the time, and Pettitt about twenty-five, and the difference of age may have had an effect on the result. I can only say that I doubt if Lambert ever played better than he did in the last set, and I looked in vain for any signs of the weakening on which I had counted.

I have dwelt so much on the increase of the speed, that I cannot close better than by quoting a remark that Lambert made to me after the match. He said that "old Barre was the greatest player that ever lived. Then Edmund Tompkins came along, and he played a faster game than Barre and beat him. I was faster than Tompkins, and now here is Pettitt, who is a bit faster still."

The match between Pettitt and Saunders took place on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, May 26, 28, and 30, 1890, in Sir Edward Guinness's court in Dublin. The court is new and built with black marble floor and walls. It was chosen as an absolutely neutral court, and for the same reason French balls were used. The conditions were the same as in the match with Lambert.

On the first day Pettitt won the first set easily and lost the next three sets; a very unexpected result, as it was thought that Pettitt would learn the peculiarities of the court more quickly than Saunders. The second day brought the score to four sets all, and on the third Pettitt again won three sets to one, and the match by seven sets to five. It is curious to note that Saunders was at one time four sets to one, and, also, that of the last seven sets he got but one.

The question is, why did Pettitt win? No doubt because he was the better player. Where, then, was that shown? I think that the answer is, first, in greater speed, next, in his ability to return anything. Pettitt's game now is to drive everything for the winning openings, but the score shows that he got no advantage of Saunders in this respect. Nor does he seem to have made as good chases; but he got everything over the net, and hit the ball so hard that Saunders could not return it. It is a last example of the change in the game; it may not be a pretty style, but it wins.

THREE CHARADES.*

By L. B. R. Briggs.

I.

MY FIRST.

HAIL, foster-mother of our human race,
With ample brow and solemn, melting eye!
Thy graciousness is lovelier than grace;
Pure is the cup of thy benignity.

MY SECOND.

And when thy feeble offspring trembling stands,
Thy care and love my second part supply—
Caressing softer far than human hands,
To soothe, to freshen, and to beautify.

* The answers will be found on page 132.

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My Whole.

Let him who can, explore my hidden cause;
Let him my devious courses turn who can:
Art is but weak to grapple Nature's laws—
I wave rebellious on the brow of man!

II.

"My first! My first!" Lord Marmion cried,
And then forever slept.
My second, when a lovely boy,
A lovely temple kept.
I looked upon my whole—I looked,
And turned away, and wept.

III.

My First.

Bound on a voyage perilous and dark,
I fleck the waters with my tiny bark.
To famine, pestilence, and storm a prey,
Imperious fool, I strut my little day.

My Second.

"Darkness that might be felt"—'twas Egypt's doom
Thus to be shrouded in a tactile gloom.
Even so the winter months with me have dealt—
Mine is the darkness then that may be felt.

My Third.

Mine is the task the tawny skin to keep;
My bark is swallowed by the waters deep;
On the stout farmer's face my sign is found;
My bark is scattered on the ruddy ground.

My Whole.

A little island, what have I to boast
But scanty acres and secluded coast,
Provincial speech, and basely gotten wealth,
And showy fashions, and precarious health?
Yet over continents my fame is whirled,
The pride, the glory of the freeborn world!

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THE WATER-DEVIL.

A MARINE TALE.

By Frank R. Stockton.

In the village of Riprock there was neither tavern nor inn, for it was but a small place through which few travellers passed; but it could not be said to be without a place of entertainment, for if by chance a stranger—or two or three of them, for that matter—wished to stop at Riprock for a meal, or to pass the night, there was the house of blacksmith Fryker, which was understood to be always open to decent travellers.

The blacksmith was a prominent man in the village, and his house was a large one, with several spare bedrooms, and it was said by those who had had an opportunity of judging, that nobody in the village lived better than blacksmith Fryker and his family.

Into the village there came, late one autumn afternoon, a tall man, who was travelling on foot, with a small valise hanging from his shoulder. He had inquired for lodging for the night, had been directed to the blacksmith's house, had arranged to stop there, had had his supper, which greatly satisfied him, and was now sitting before the fire in the large living-room, smoking blacksmith Fryker's biggest pipe. This stranger was a red-haired man, with a cheery expression, and a pair of quick, bright eyes. He was slenderly but strongly built, and was a good fellow who would stand by, with his hands in the pockets of his short pea-jacket, and right willingly tell one who was doing something how the thing ought to be done.

But the traveller did not sit alone before the crackling fire of logs, for the night being cool, a table was drawn near to one side of the fireplace, and by this sat Mistress Fryker and her daughter Joanna, both engaged in some sort of needle-work. The blacksmith sat between the corner of the fireplace and this table, so that when he had finished smoking his after-supper pipe, he might put on his spectacles and read the weekly paper by the light of the big lamp. On the other side of the stranger, whose chair was in front of the middle of the fireplace, sat the school-master, Andrew Cardly by name; a middle-aged man of sober and attentive aspect, and very glad when chance threw in his way a book he had not read, or a stranger who could reinforce his stock of information. At the other corner of the fireplace, in a cushioned chair, which was always given to him when he dropped in to spend an evening with the blacksmith, sat Mr. Harberry, an elderly man, a man of substance, and a man in whom all Riprock, not excluding himself, placed unqualified confidence as to his veracity, his financial soundness, and his deep insight into the causes, the influences, and the final issue of events and conditions.

"On a night like this," said the stranger, stretching his long legs toward the blaze, "there is nothing I like better than a fire of wood, except indeed it be the society of ladies who do not

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object to a little tobacco smoke," and he glanced with a smile toward the table with a lamp upon it.

Now blacksmith Fryker was a prudent man, and he did not consider that the privileges of his hearthstone—always freely granted to a decent stranger—included an acquaintance with his pretty daughter; and so, without allowing his women-folk a chance to enter into the conversation, he offered the stranger a different subject to hammer upon.

"In the lower country," said he, "they don't need fires as early in the season as we do. What calling do you follow, sir? Some kind of trade, perhaps?"

"No," said the traveller, "I follow no trade; I follow the sea."

At this the three men looked at him, as also the two women. His appearance no more suggested that he was a seaman than the appearance of Mr. Harberry suggested that he was what the village of Riprock believed him to be.

"I should not have taken you for a sailor," said the blacksmith.

"I am not a sailor," said the other, "I am a soldier; a sea-soldier—in fact, a marine."

"I should say, sir," remarked the school-master, in a manner intended rather to draw out information than to give it, "that the position of a soldier on a ship possessed advantages over that of a soldier on land. The former is not required to make long marches nor to carry heavy baggage. He remains at rest, in fact, while traversing great distances. Nor is he called on to resist the charges of cavalry, nor to form hollow squares on the deadly battle-field."

The stranger smiled. "We often find it hard enough," said he, "to resist the charges made against us by our officers; the hollow squares form themselves in our stomachs when we are on short rations; and I have known many a man who would rather walk twenty miles than sail one, especially when the sea chops."

"I am very sure, sir," said school-master Cardly, "that there is nothing to be said against the endurance and the courage of marines. We all remember how they presented arms, and went down with the Royal George."

The marine smiled.

"I suppose," said the blacksmith, "that you never had to do anything of that sort?"

The stranger did not immediately answer, but sat looking into the fire. Presently he said: "I have done things of nearly every sort, although not exactly that; but I have thought my ship was going down with all on board, and that's the next worst thing to going down, you know."

"And how was that?" inquired Fryker.

"Well," said the other, "it happened more times than I can tell you of, or even remember. Yes," said he, meditatively, "more times than I can remember."

"I am sure," said the school-master, "that we should all like to hear some of your experiences."

The marine shrugged his shoulders. "These things," said he, "come to a man, and then if he lives through them, they pass on, and he is ready for the next streak of luck, good or bad. That's the way with us followers of the sea, especially if we happen to be marines, and have to bear, so to speak, the responsibilities of two professions. But sometimes a mischance or a disaster does fix itself upon a man's mind so that he can tell about it if he is called upon; and just now there comes to my mind a very odd thing which once happened to me, and I can give you the points of that, if you like."

The three men assured him that they would very much like it, and the two women looked as if they were of the same opinion.

Before he began the marine glanced about him, with a certain good-natured wistfulness which might have indicated, to those who understood the countenances of the sea-going classes, a desire to wet his whistle; but if this expression were so intended it was thrown away, for blacksmith Fryker took no spirits himself, nor furnished them to anybody else. Giving up all hope in this direction, the marine took a long pull at his pipe and began.

"It was in the winter of 1878, that I was on the Bay of Bengal, on my way to Calcutta, and about five hundred miles distant from that city. I was not on

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my own ship, but was returning from a leave of absence on an American steamer from San Francisco to Calcutta, where my vessel, the United States frigate Apache, was then lying. My leave of absence would expire in three days, but although the General Brooks, the vessel I was aboard of, was more of a freight than a passenger vessel, and was heavily laden, we would have been in port in good time if, two days before, something had not happened to the machinery. I am not a machinist myself, and don't know exactly what it was that was out of order, but the engine stopped, and we had to proceed under sail. That sounds like a slow business; but the Brooks was a clipper-built vessel with three masts and a lot of sails—square sails, fore-and-aft sails, jib sails, and all that sort of thing. I am not a regular sailor myself, and don't know the names of all the sails; but whatever sails she could have she did have, and although she was an iron vessel, and heavily freighted, she was a good sailer. We had a strong, steady wind from the south, and the captain told me that at the rate we were going he didn't doubt that he would get me aboard my vessel before my leave ran out, or at least so soon afterward that it wouldn't make any difference.

"Well, as I said, the wind blew strong and steady behind us, the sails were full, and the spray dashed up at our bow in a way calculated to tickle the soul of anyone anxious to get to the end of his voyage; and I was one of that sort, I can tell you.

"In the afternoon of the second day after our engine stopped, I was standing at the bow, and looking over, when suddenly I noticed that there wasn't any spray dashing up in front of the vessel. I thought we must have struck a sudden calm, but, glancing up, I saw the sails were full, and the wind blew fair in my face as I turned toward the stern. I walked aft to the skipper, and touching my cap, I said, 'Captain, how is it that when a ship is dashing along at this rate she doesn't throw up any spray with her cut-water?' He grinned a little, and said, 'But she does, you know.' 'If you will come forward,' said I, 'I'll show you that she doesn't,' and then we walked forward, and I showed him that she didn't. I never saw a man so surprised. At first he thought that somebody had been squirting oil in front, but even if that had been the case there would have been some sort of a ripple on each side of the bow, and there wasn't anything of the kind. The skipper took off his cap and scratched his head. Then he turned and sang out, 'Mr. Rogers, throw the log.'

"Now the log," said the marine, turning to Mrs. Fryker and her daughter, "is a little piece of wood with a long line to it, that they throw out behind a vessel to see how fast she is going. I am not a regular Jack Tar myself, and don't understand the principle of the thing, but it tells you exactly how many miles an hour the ship is going.

"In about two minutes Mr. Rogers stepped up, with his eyes like two auger-holes, and, said he, 'Captain, we're makin' no knots an hour. We're not sailing at all.'

"'Get out,' roared the captain, 'don't you see the sails? Don't you feel the wind? Throw that log again, sir.'

"Well, they threw the log again, the captain saw it done, and sure enough Mr. Rogers was right. The vessel wasn't moving. With a wind that ought to have carried her spinning along, miles and miles in an hour, she was standing stock-still. The skipper here let out one of the strongest imprecations used in navigation, and said he, 'Mr. Rogers, is it possible that there is a sand-bar in the middle of the Bay of Bengal, and that we've stuck on it? Cast the lead.'

"I will just state to the ladies," said the marine, turning toward the table, "that the lead is a heavy weight that is lowered to the bottom of a body of water to see how deep it is, and this operation is called sounding. Well, they sounded and they sounded, but everywhere—fore, aft, and midship—they found plenty of water; in fact, not having a line for deep-sea sounding they couldn't touch bottom at all.

"I can tell you, ladies and gentlemen," said the marine, looking from one to the other of the party, "that things now began to feel creepy. I am not afraid of storms, nor fires at sea, nor any of the common accidents of the ocean;

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but for a ship to stand still with plenty of water under her, and a strong wind filling her sails, has more of the uncanny about it than I fancy. Pretty near the whole of the crew was on deck by this time, and I could see that they felt very much as I did, but nobody seemed to know what to say about it.

"Suddenly the captain thought that some unknown current was setting against us, and forcing the vessel back with the same power that the wind was forcing her forward, and he tried to put the ship about so as to have the wind on her starboard quarter; but as she hadn't any headway, or for some other reason, this didn't work. Then it struck him that perhaps one of the anchors had been accidentally dropped, but they were all in their places, and if one of them had dropped, its cable would not have been long enough to touch bottom.

"Now I could see that he began to look scared. 'Mr. Browser,' said he to the chief engineer, 'for some reason or other this ship does not make headway under sail. You must go to work and get the engine running.' And for the rest of that day everybody on board who understood that sort of thing was down below, hard at work at the machinery, hammering and banging like good fellows.

"The chief officer ordered a good many of the sails to be taken in, for they were only uselessly straining the masts, but there were enough left to move her in case the power of the current, or whatever it was that stopped her, had slackened, and she steadily kept her position with the breeze abaft.

"All the crew who were not working below were crowded together on deck, talking about this strange thing. I joined them, and soon found that they thought it was useless to waste time and labor on the machinery. They didn't believe it could be mended, and if it should be, how could an engine move a vessel that the wind couldn't stir?

"These men were of many nationalities — Dutch, Scandinavian, Spanish, Italian, South American, and a lot more. Like many other American vessels that sail from our ports, nearly all the officers and crew were foreigners. The captain was a Finlander who spoke very good English. And the only man who called himself an American was the chief officer; and he was only half a one, for he was born in Germany, came to the United States when he was twenty years old, stayed there five years, which didn't count either way, and had now been naturalized for twenty years.

"The consequence of this variety in nationality was that the men had all sorts of ideas and notions regarding the thing that was happening. They had thrown over chips and bits of paper to see if the vessel had begun to move, and had found that she didn't budge an inch, and now they seemed afraid to look over the sides.

"They were a superstitious lot, as might be expected, and they all believed that, in some way or other, the ship was bewitched; and in fact I felt like agreeing with them, although I did not say so.

"There was an old Portuguese sailor on board, an ugly-looking, weather-beaten little fellow, and when he had listened to everything the others had to say, he shuffled himself into the middle of the group. 'Look here, mates,' said he, in good enough English, 'it's no use talkin' no more about this. I know what's the matter, I've sailed these seas afore, and I've been along the coast of this bay all the way from Negapatam to Jellasore on the west coast, and from Chittagong to Kraw on the other; and I have heard stories of the strange things that are in this Bay of Bengal, and what they do, and the worst of them all is the Water-devil — and he's got us!'

"When the old rascal said this, there wasn't a man on deck who didn't look pale, in spite of his dirt and his sunburn. The chief officer tried to keep his knees stiff, but I could see him shaking. 'What's a Water-devil?' said he, trying to make believe he thought it all stuff and nonsense. The Portuguese touched his forelock. 'Do you remember, sir,' said he, 'what was the latitude and longitude when you took your observation to-day?' 'Yes,' said the other, 'it was 15° north and 90° east.' The Portuguese nodded his head, 'That's just about the spot, sir,

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just about. I can't say exactly where the spot is, but it's just about here, and we've struck it. There isn't a native seaman on any of these coasts that would sail over that point if he knowed it and could help it, for that's the spot where the Water-devil lives.'

"It made me jump to hear the grunt that went through that crowd when he said this, but nobody asked any questions, and he went on. 'This here Water-devil,' said he, 'is about as big as six whales, and in shape very like an oyster without its shell, and he fastens himself to the rocks at the bottom with a million claws. Right out of the middle of him, there grows up a long arm that reaches to the top of the water, and at the end of this arm is a fist about the size of a yawl-boat, with fifty-two fingers to it, with each one of them covered with little suckers that will stick fast to anything—iron, wood, stone, or flesh. All that this Water-devil gets to eat is what happens to come swimmin' or sailin' along where he can reach it, and it doesn't matter to him whether it's a shark, or a porpoise, or a shipful of people, and when he takes a grab of anything, that thing never gets away.'

"About this time there were five or six men on their knees saying their prayers, such as they were, and a good many others looked as if they were just about to drop.

"'Now, when this Water-devil gets hold of a ship,' the old fellow went on, 'he don't generally pull her straight down to the bottom, but holds on to it till he counts his claws, and sees that they are all fastened to the rocks; for if a good many of them wasn't fastened he might pull himself loose, instead of pulling the ship down, and then he'd be a goner, for he'd be towed away, and like as not put in a museum. But when he is satisfied that he is moored fast and strong, then he hauls on his arm, and down comes the ship, no matter how big she is. As the ship is sinkin' he turns her over, every now and then, keel uppermost, and gives her a shake, and when the people drop out, he sucks them into a sort of funnel, which is his mouth.

"'Does he count fast?' asked one of the men, this being the first question that had been asked.

"'I've heard,' said the Portuguese, 'that he's a rapid calculator, and the minute he's got to his millionth claw, and finds it's hooked tight and fast, he begins to haul down the ship.'"

At this point the marine stopped and glanced around at the little group. The blacksmith's wife and daughter had put down their work, and were gazing at him with an air of horrified curiosity. The blacksmith held his pipe in his hand, and regarded the narrator with the steadiness and impassiveness of an anvil. The school-master was listening with the greatest eagerness. He was an enthusiast on Natural History and Mythology, and had written an article for a weekly paper on the reconciliation of the beasts of tradition with the fauna of to-day. Mr. Harberry was not looking at the marine. His eyes were fixed upon the school-master.

"Mr. Cardly," said he, "did you ever read of an animal like that?"

"I cannot say that I have," was his reply; "but it is certain that there are many strange creatures, especially in the sea, of which scientists are comparatively ignorant."

"Such as the sea-serpent," added the marine, quickly, "and a great many other monsters who are not in the books, but who have a good time at the bottom of the sea, all the same. Well, to go on with my story, you must understand that, though this Portuguese spoke broken English, which I haven't tried to give you, he made himself perfectly plain to all of us, and I can assure you that when he got through talking there was a shaky lot of men on that deck.

"The chief officer said he would go below and see how the captain was getting on, and the crew huddled together in the bow, and began whispering among themselves, as if they were afraid the Water-devil would hear them. I turned to walk aft, feeling pretty queer, I can tell you, when I saw Miss Minturn just coming up from the cabin below.

"I haven't said anything about Miss Minturn, but she and her father, who was an elderly English gentleman and an invalid, who had never left his berth since we took him up at Singapore, were our only passengers, except, of

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course, myself. She was a beautiful girl, with soft blue eyes and golden hair, and a little pale from constantly staying below to nurse her father.

"Of course I had had little or nothing to say to her, for her father was a good deal of a swell and I was only a marine; but now she saw me standing there by myself, and she came right up to me. 'Can you tell me, sir,' she said, 'if anything else has happened? They are making a great din in the engine-room. I have been looking out of our port, and the vessel seems to me to be stationary.' She stopped at that, and waited to hear what I had to say, but I assure you I would have liked to have had her go on talking for half an hour. Her voice was rich and sweet, like that of so many Englishwomen, although, I am happy to say, a great many of my countrywomen have just as good voices; and when I meet any of them for the first time, I generally give them the credit of talking in soft and musical notes, even though I have not had the pleasure of hearing them speak."

"Look here," said the blacksmith, "can't you skip the girl and get back to the Devil?"

"No," said the marine, "I couldn't do that. The two are mixed together, so to speak, so that I have to tell you of both of them."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Mrs. Fryker, speaking for the first time, and by no means in soft and musical tones, "that he swallowed her?"

"I'll go on with the story," said the marine, "that's the best way, and everything will come up in its place. Now, of course, I wasn't going to tell this charming young woman, with a sick father, anything about the Water-devil, though what reason to give her for our standing still here I couldn't imagine; but of course I had to speak, and I said, 'Don't be alarmed, miss, we have met with an unavoidable detention; that sort of thing often happens in navigation. I can't explain it to you, but you see the ship is perfectly safe and sound, and she is merely under sail instead of having her engines going.'

"'I understood about that,' said she, 'and father and I were both perfectly satisfied; for he said that if we had a good breeze we would not be long in reaching Calcutta; but we seem to have a breeze, and yet we don't go.' 'You'll notice,' said I, 'that the sails are not all set, and for some reason the wind does not serve. When the engines are mended we shall probably go spinning along.' She looked as if she was trying to appear satisfied. 'Thank you, sir,' she said. 'I hope we may shortly proceed on our way but in the meantime I shall not say anything to my father about this detention. I think he has not noticed it.' 'That would be very wise,' I replied, and as she turned toward the companion-way I was wild to say to her that it would be a lot better for her to stay on deck, and get some good fresh air, instead of cooping herself up in that close cabin; but I didn't know her well enough for that."

"Now that you are through with the girl," said the blacksmith, "what did the Devil do?"

"I haven't got to him yet," said the marine, "but after Miss Minturn went below I began to think of him, and the more I thought of him the less I liked him. I think the chief officer must have told the men below about the Water-devil, for pretty soon the whole kit and boodle of them left their work and came on deck, skipper and all. They told me they had given up the engine as a bad job, and I thought to myself that most likely they were all too nervous to rightly know what they were about. The captain threw out the log again, but it floated alongside like a cork on a fishing-line, and at this he turned pale and walked away from the ship's side, forgetting to pull it in again.

"It was now beginning to grow dark, and as nobody seemed to think about supper, I went below to look into that matter. It wouldn't do for Miss Minturn and her father to go without their regular meal, for that would be sure to scare them to death; and if I'm to have a big scare I like to take it on a good square meal, so I went below to see about it. But I wasn't needed, for Miss Minturn's maid, who was an elderly woman, and pretty sharp set in her temper, was in the cook's galley superintending supper for her people, and after she

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got through I superintended some for myself.

"After that I felt a good deal bolder, and I lighted a pipe and went on deck. There I found the whole ship's company, officers and crew, none of them doing anything, and most of them clustered together in little groups, whispering or grunting.

"I went up to the captain and asked him what he was going to do next. 'Do,' said he, 'there is nothing to do; I've done everything that I can do. I'm all upset, I don't know whether I am myself or some other man;' and then he walked away.

"I sat there and smoked and looked at them, and I can tell you the sight wasn't cheerful. There was the ship, just as good and sound, as far as anybody could see, as anything that floated on the ocean, and here were all her people, shivering and shaking and not speaking above their breath, looking for all the world, under the light of the stars and the ship's lamps, which some of them had had sense enough to light, as if they expected, in the course of the next half-hour, to be made to walk the plank; and, to tell the truth, what they were afraid of would come to pretty much the same thing."

"Mr. Cardly," here interrupted Mr. Harberry, "how long does it take to count a million?"

"That depends," said the school-master, "on the rapidity of the calculator, some calculators count faster than others. An ordinary boy, counting two hundred a minute, would require nearly three days and a half to count a million."

"Very good," said Mr. Harberry; "please go on with your story, sir."

"Of course," said the marine, "there is a great difference between a boy and a Water-devil, and it is impossible for anybody to know how fast the latter can count, especially as he may be supposed to be used to it. Well, I couldn't stand it any longer on deck, and having nothing else to do, I turned in and went to sleep."

"To sleep! Went to sleep!" exclaimed Mrs. Fryker. "I don't see how you could have done that."

"Ah, madam," said the marine, "we soldiers of the sea are exposed to all sorts of dangers—combination dangers, you might call them—and in the course of time we get used to it; if we didn't we couldn't do our duty.

"As the ship had been in its present predicament for six or seven hours, and nothing had happened, there was no reason to suppose that things would not remain as they were for six or seven hours more, in which time I might get a good sleep, and be better prepared for what might come. There's nothing like a good meal and a good sleep as a preparation for danger.

"It was daylight when I awakened, and rapidly glancing about me, I saw that everything appeared to be all right. Looking out of the porthole, I could see that the vessel was still motionless. I hurried on deck, and was greatly surprised to find nobody there—no one on watch, no one at the wheel, no one anywhere. I ran down into the fo'castle, which is the sailors' quarters, but not a soul could I see. I called, I whistled, I searched everywhere, but no one answered; I could find no one. Then I dashed up on deck, and glared around me. Every boat was gone.

"Now I knew what had happened: the cowardly rascals, from captain to cook, had deserted the ship in the night, and I had been left behind!

"For some minutes I stood motionless, wondering how men could be so unfeeling as to do such a thing. I soon became convinced, from what I had seen of the crew, that they had not all gone off together, that there had been no concerted action. A number of them had probably quietly lowered a boat and sneaked away; then another lot had gone off, hoping their mates would not hear them and therefore crowd into their boat. And so they had all departed, not one boat load thinking of anybody but themselves; or if they thought at all about others, quieting their consciences by supposing that there were enough boats on the vessel, and that the other people were as likely to get off as they were.

"Suddenly I thought of the other passengers. Had they been left behind? I ran down below, and I had scarcely reached the bottom of the

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steps when I met Miss Minturn's maid. 'It seems to me,' she said, sharply, 'that the people on this ship are neglecting their duty. There's nobody in the kitchen, and I want some gruel.' 'My good woman,' said I, 'who do you want it for?' 'Who!' she replied, 'why, for Mr. Minturn, of course, and Miss Minturn may like some too.'

"Then I knew that all the passengers had been left behind!

"'If you want any gruel,' said I, 'you will have to go into the galley and make it yourself;' and then in a low tone I told her what had happened, for I knew that it would be much better for me to do this than for her to find it out for herself. Without a word she sat right down on the floor, and covered her head with her apron. 'Now don't make a row,' said I, 'and frighten your master and mistress to death; we're all right so far, and all you've got to do is to take care of Mr. and Miss Minturn, and cook their meals. The steamer is tight and sound, and it can't be long before some sort of a craft will come by and take us off.' I left her sniffing with her apron over her head, but when I came back, ten minutes afterward, she was in the galley making gruel.

"I don't think you will be surprised, my friends," continued the marine, "when I tell you that I now found myself in a terrible state of mind. Of course I hadn't felt very jovial since the steamer had been so wonderfully stopped; but when the captain and all the crew were aboard I had that sort of confidence which comes from believing that when there are people about whose duty it is to do things, when the time comes to do the things, they will do them; but now, practically speaking, there was nobody but me. The others on board were not to be counted, except as incumbrances. In truth I was alone—alone with the Water-devil!

"The moment I found no one to depend upon but myself, and that I was deserted in the midst of this lonely mass of water, in that moment did my belief in the Water-devil begin to grow. When I first heard of the creature I didn't consider that it was my business either to believe in it, or not to believe in it, and I could let the whole thing drop out of my mind, if I chose; but now it was a different matter. I was bound to think for myself, and the more I thought the more I believed in the Water-devil.

"The fact was, there wasn't anything else to believe in. I had gone over the whole question, and the skipper had gone all over it, and everybody else had gone all over it, and no one could think of anything but a Water-devil that could stop a steamer in this way in the middle of the Bay of Bengal, and hold her there hour after hour, in spite of wind and wave and tide. It could not be anything but the monster the Portuguese had told us of, and all I now could do was to wonder whether, when he was done counting his million claws, he would be able to pull down a vessel of a thousand tons, for that was about the size of the General Brooks.

"I think I should now have begun to lose my wits if it had not been for one thing, and that was the coming of Miss Minturn on deck. The moment I saw her lovely face I stiffened up wonderfully. 'Sir,' said she, 'I would like to see the captain.' 'I am representing the captain, miss,' I said, with a bow; 'what is it that I can do for you?' 'I want to speak to him about the steward,' she said; 'I think he is neglecting his duty.' 'I also represent the steward,' I replied; 'tell me what you wish of him.' She made no answer to this, but looked about her in a startled way. 'Where are all the men?' she said. 'Miss Minturn,' said I, 'I represent the crew—in fact I represent the whole ship's company except the cook, and his place must be taken by your maid.' 'What do you mean?' she asked, looking at me with her wide-opened, beautiful eyes.

"Then, as there was no help for it, I told her everything, except that I did not mention the Water-devil in connection with our marvellous stoppage. I only said that that was caused by something which nobody understood.

"She did not sit down and cover her head, nor did she scream or faint. She turned pale, but looked steadily at me, and her voice did not shake as she asked me what was to be done. 'There

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is nothing to be done,' I answered, 'but to keep up good hearts, eat three meals a day, and wait until a ship comes along and takes us off.'

"She stood silent for about three minutes. 'I think,' she then said, 'that I will not yet tell my father what has happened;' and she went below.

"Now, strange to say, I walked up and down the deck with my hat cocked on one side and my hands in my pockets, feeling a great deal better. I did not like Water-devils any more than I did before, and I did not believe in this one any less than I did before, but, after all, there was some good about him. It seems odd, but the arm of this submarine monster, over a mile long for all that I knew, was a bond of union between the lovely Miss Minturn and me. She was a lady, I was a marine. So far as I knew anything about bonds of union, there wasn't one that could have tackled itself to us two, except this long, slippery arm of the Water-devil, with one end in the monstrous flob at the bottom, and the other fast to our ship.

"There was no doubt about it, if it hadn't been for that Water-devil she would have been no more to me than the Queen of Madagascar was; but under the circumstances, if I wasn't everything to her, who could be anything—that is, if one looked at the matter from a practical point of view?"

The blacksmith made a little movement of impatience. "Suppose you cut all that," said he. "I don't care about the bond of union; I want to know what happened to the ship."

"It is likely," said the marine, "if I could have cut the bond of union that I spoke of, that is to say, the Water-devil's arm, that I would have done it, hoping that I might safely float off somewhere with Miss Minturn; but I couldn't cut it then, and I can't cut it now. That bond is part of my story, and it must all go on together.

"I now set myself to work to do what I thought ought to be done under the circumstances, but, of course, that wasn't very much. I hoisted a flag upside down, and after considering the matter I concluded to take in all the sails that had been set. I thought that a steamer without smoke coming from her funnel, and no sails set, would be more likely to attract attention from distant vessels than if she appeared to be under sail.

"I am not a regular sailor, as I said before, but I got out on the yard and cut the square sail loose and let it drop on the deck, and I let the jib come down on a run and managed to bundle it up some way on the bowsprit. This sort of thing took all the nautical gymnastics that I was master of, and entirely occupied my mind, so that I found myself whistling while I worked. I hoped Miss Minturn heard me whistle, because it would not only give her courage, but would let her see that I was not a man who couldn't keep up his spirits in a case like this.

"When that work was over I began to wonder what I should do next, and then an idea struck me. 'Suppose,' thought I, 'that we are not stationary, but that we are in some queer kind of a current, and that the water, ship, and all are steadily moving on together, so that after a while we shall come in sight of land, or into the track of vessels!'

"I instantly set about to find out if this was the case. It was about noon, and it so happened that on the day before, when the chief officer took his observation, I was seized with a desire to watch him and see how he did it. I don't see why I should have had this notion, but I had it, and I paid the strictest attention to the whole business, calculation part and all, and I found out exactly how it was done.

"Well, then, I went and got the quadrant—that's the thing they do it with—and I took an observation, and I found that we were in latitude 15° north, 90° east, exactly where we had been twenty-four hours before!

"When I found out this I turned so faint that I wanted to sit down and cover up my head. The Water-devil had us, there was no mistake about it, and no use trying to think of anything else. I staggered along the deck, went below, and cooked myself a meal. In a case like this there's nothing like a square meal to keep a man up.

"I know you don't like to hear her

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mentioned," said the marine, turning to the blacksmith, "but I am bound to say that in course of the afternoon Miss Minturn came on deck several times, to ask if anything new had happened, and if I had seen a vessel. I showed her all that I had done, and told her I was going to hang out lights at night, and did everything I could to keep her on deck as long as possible; for it was easy to see that she needed fresh air, and I needed company. As long as I was talking to her I didn't care a snap of my finger for the Water-devil. It is queer what an influence a beautiful woman has on a man, but it's so, and there's no use arguing about it. She said she had been puzzling her brains to find out what had stopped us, and she supposed it must be that we had run onto a shallow place and stuck fast in the mud, but thought it wonderful that there should be such a place so far from land. I agreed with her that it was wonderful, and added that that was probably the reason the captain and the crew had been seized with a panic. But sensible people like herself and her father, I said, ought not to be troubled by such an occurrence, especially as the vessel remained in a perfectly sound condition.

"She said that her father was busily engaged in writing his memoirs, and that his mind was so occupied, he had not concerned himself at all about our situation, that is, if he had noticed that we were not moving. 'If he wants to see the steward, or anybody else,' I said, 'please call upon me. You know I represent the whole ship's company, and I shall be delighted to do anything for him or for you.' She thanked me very much and went below.

"She came up again, after this, but her maid came with her, and the two walked on deck for a while. I didn't have much to say to them that time; but just before dark Miss Minturn came on deck alone, and walked forward, where I happened to be. 'Sir,' said she, and her voice trembled a little as she spoke, 'if anything should happen, will you promise me that you will try to save my father?' You can't imagine how these touching words from this beautiful woman affected me. 'My dear lady,' said I, and I hope she did not take offence at the warmth of my expression, 'I don't see how anything can happen; but I promise you, on the word of a sea-soldier, that if danger should come upon us, I will save not only your father but yourself and your maid. Trust me for that.'

"The look she gave me when I said these words, and especially the flash of her eye when I spoke of my being a sea-soldier, made me feel strong enough to tear that sea-monster's arm in twain, and to sail away with the lovely creature for whom my heart was beginning to throb."

"It's a pity," said the blacksmith, "that you hadn't jumped into the water while the fit was on you, and done the tearing."

"A man often feels strong enough to do a thing," said the marine, "and yet doesn't care to try to do it, and that was my case at that time; but I vowed to myself that if the time came when there was any saving to be done, I'd attend to Miss Minturn, even if I had to neglect the rest of the family.

"She didn't make any answer, but she gave me her hand; and she couldn't have done anything I liked better than that. I held it as long as I could, which wasn't very long, and then she went down to her father."

"Glad of it," said the blacksmith.

"When I had had my supper and had smoked my pipe, and everything was still, and I knew I shouldn't see anybody any more that night, I began to have the quakes and the shakes. If even I had had the maid to talk to, it would have been a comfort; but in the way of faithfully attending to her employers that woman was a trump. She cooked for them, and did for them, and stuck by them straight along, so she hadn't any time for chats with me.

"Being alone, I couldn't help all the time thinking about the Water-devil, and although it seems a foolish thing now that I look back on it, I set to work to calculate how long it would take him to count his feet. I made it about the same time as you did, sir," nodding to the school-master, "only I considered that if he counted twelve hours, and slept and rested twelve hours, that would make it seven days, which would give

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me a good long time with Miss Minturn, and that would be the greatest of joys to me, no matter what happened afterward.

"But then nobody could be certain that the monster at the bottom of the bay needed rest or sleep. He might be able to count without stopping, and how did I know that he couldn't check off four hundred claws a minute? If that happened to be the case, our time must be nearly up.

"When that idea came into my head, I jumped up and began to walk about. What could I do? I certainly ought to be ready to do something when the time came. I thought of getting life-preservers, and strapping one on each of us, so that if the Water-devil turned over the vessel and shook us out, we shouldn't sink down to him, but would float on the surface.

"But then the thought struck me that if he should find the vessel empty of live creatures, and should see us floating around on the top, all he had to do was to let go of the ship and grab us, one at a time. When I thought of a fist as big as a yawl-boat, clapping its fifty-two fingers on me, it sent a shiver through my bones. The fact was there wasn't anything to do, and so after a while I managed to get asleep, which was a great comfort."

"Mr. Cardly," said Mr. Harberry to the school-master, "what reason can you assign why a sea-monster, such as has been described to us, should neglect to seize upon several small boats filled with men who were escaping from a vessel which it held in custody?"

"I do not precisely see," answered Mr. Cardly, "why these men should have been allowed this immunity, but I——"

"Oh, that is easily explained," interrupted the marine, "for of course the Water-devil could not know that a lot more people were not left in the ship, and if he let go his hold on her, to try and grab a boat that was moving as fast as men could row it, the steamer might get out of his reach, and he mightn't have another chance for a hundred years to make fast to a vessel. No, sir, a creature like that isn't apt to take any wild chances, when he's got hold of a really good thing. Anyway we were held tight and fast, for at twelve o'clock the next day I took another observation, and there we were, in the same latitude and longitude that we had been in for two days. I took the captain's glass, and I looked all over the water of that bay, which, as I think I have said before, was all the same as the ocean, being somewhere about a thousand miles wide. Not a sail, not a puff of smoke could I see. It must have been a slack season for navigation, or else we were out of the common track of vessels; I had never known that the Bay of Bengal was so desperately lonely.

(To be concluded in the February number.)

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THE ARCHITECT'S POINT OF VIEW.

By William P. P. Longfellow.

IT is easy to conclude, when one looks at the amount of building that Americans do nowadays, that there is here a great and general interest in architecture. Yet it is also easy to suppose such an interest when the real spring of activity is somewhere else. Interest in architecture there is among architects; in building among the public. But architecture is more than building; and I am led to suspect that a real architectural interest is almost as esoteric and professional as an interest in abstract law or medicine. A certain cultivated class takes pride, and doubtless pleasure, in the architecture of its houses; the clergy and the faithful in their churches. When a striking public building is put up it attracts admiration. But I do not notice that after its first nine-days' wonderment many non-professional eyes linger on the buildings as eyes linger on what delights them. You may see a crowd gather about a shop-window to admire the merchandise, or the seamstress, or pastry-cook that is displayed in it; but you do not often see a man pausing on the other side of the street to study the building. The architect may have written it over with his best thought and feeling; its business occupants will make haste to cover it up with signs, sparing nothing but the light; and this is not done carefully or regretfully, as if it were an unwelcome necessity of business, but as a matter of course, and as if it involved no sacrifice. Or no sooner does the average owner have his house fairly in his hands than he is ready to turn it over to the first carpenter to make any conspicuous alteration in it that convenience calls for—not, we will say, in contempt for its architectural harmony, but with a thoughtlessness for it which is almost as contumelious. If there is a part on which he dwells with abiding admiration, ten to one it is some matter of furnishing or decoration, of paint or upholstery, a thing which adds its charm to architecture but is unessential to it. Our people like magnificence, they like size, they like decoration. But with the realization of bigness and an impression of sumptuousness they are satisfied, and they do not stop to look beyond.

I am not deprecating lack of professional understanding of architecture, or of historical discrimination of styles; but want of care for those qualities of design that belong to all good architecture. This kind of interest we believe to be essential to general appreciation of any art. It is not enough to say, as a purist may, that in a country where architecture had a higher development, and the average work was more excellent, the lack would not exist. It is uphill work to develop a fine art in a people that is indifferent to it and uncritical of it; fine architecture has grown up in the past only where the people, or at least large communities of them, put heart into it. This was the case, I suppose, among the Greeks of the pre-Alexandrine period, among the faithful followers of the Church in the twelfth century, among the free citizens of the thirteenth and fourteenth. Where it is not so we may doubt the reality of general concern for the art in the face of more evidence than we see here and now.

How is this doubt consistent, one may

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ask, with the undeniable advance in all the arts which we see about us; with the great attention given them in print and in speech; the abundance of pictures, decoration, and statues; the lavish expenditure in architecture beyond the necessities of building? The attention, the abundance, the expenditure are beyond question—perhaps as great as we can look for except among a people which has also abundant leisure, or with whom art is directly in the service of their chief concern, as it was in the mediæval Church. But our phase of activity is peculiar. The things which attract our people to art are the ornamental element and the realistic. The realistic element attracts in all stages of artistic development, at least in all but the most technically cultivated; the ornamental, sufficiently pervasive in all, is especially characteristic of the inchoate, the barbaric; and a critic who had no dread of hot water might say that, as far as concerns the public, our appreciation of art is akin to the barbaric. Everything that makes for splendor—color, ornamental effect, decorative material—commands attention. The popular art is decorative; the favorite decorator is he who has most contrivances of new materials, mechanical novelties, and the most opulent color; the favorite source of inspiration is the art of the East, which lives by color and not by design. In painting the attraction is not figure-painting, which works by form—unless it be in pronounced realism, or in *genre*, which combines realism and decoration—but landscape, which gives the greatest range of color and picturesque effect with the minimum of drawing. To this obliquity of taste—I do not use the word contemptuously, but to imply a one-sided vision—to this obliquity of taste the arts of form and design are under eclipse. Sculpture, the art of form pure and simple, in spite of the efforts of a few able artists, does not live among us, and is, I think, decadent abroad. Portraiture apart, the average American at home has eyes only for the graveyard angel or for Rogers's statuettes; the travelling American is called upon to admire the salacious or tortured realism of Falguière or Rodin, or the inanities of Italian lace-carvers. If there is sculpture that attracts him, it is the animal sculpture of Barye or Cain. Architecture, the art of form applied to design, or of design applied to form if you will, made indispensable by its ministry to practical wants, calls out a passing admiration by its bulk or its ornament, when there is enough of either, but its essential qualities are under eclipse.

Its essential qualities, I say. We need not spend much time discussing these qualities, but it is worth while to recall them briefly. Its chief distinction is that it is purely creative. The world was full of pictures before there were eyes to see them; animal forms, which are the sculptor's material, came when eyes came: but until man developed it there was nothing like a cathedral or a palace on the earth. Architecture is more absolutely creative than any other human art except music, and so is sharply distinguished from its sister arts of painting and sculpture, which are primarily arts of observation. In an age which is pre-eminently an age of observation and of science, it is natural that the arts of observation should be dominant, and that realism in art should be stimulated by the habit of observation. In an age that is devoted to mechanical achievement, it is natural that the creative faculties should have their chief activity in mechanical and scientific contrivance. So we find that in architecture the side that is stimulated and appreciated by the public is naturally the mechanical side, the provision for material wants, and that the other side is eclipsed; while in the arts of observation—in sculpture, in painting, and in literature as it is represented by poetry, the drama, and the novel—realism dominates. There is no realism in the art of architecture; the creative element occupies the whole field. There is no art therefore—again excepting music—in which the human influence, the personal element, is so absolutely incarnated. In painting and in sculpture there is room enough for the personal expression of the artist; it marks the difference between his work and another's, and gives to his productions their value, though it is overlaid by nature's forms, and only indirectly revealed through them. But in the architect's

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work the personal element is unobscured save by the color of his material, and the modifications which mechanical laws induce in his design. The design is the expression of the human creative power in his work, and this creative power is not simply that of the individual architect who planned the building, but of the myriad forerunners whose slow evolution furnished the artistic forms in which his design is expressed. It is a truism to say that the architecture is the design, and it might seem superfluous to urge these considerations; yet it is exactly the design that is most ignored in the common estimate of architecture. For the architect, the proportions of his doors and windows, let us say, are commanded, to an inch perhaps, by the mass of his façade; his shaft and capital are nicely gauged by the proportions of the arch they carry or the tower they decorate; his cornices and string-courses are graduated to the height of his façade; their smallest mouldings feel the same influence in their subdivisions; but how many observers see this?

I think there is a common impression that the architect's detail is, after all, rather unimportant. Yet no good artist, I believe, makes his details unimportant in the part of his work which he most values. The landscape painter may slight the details of form, if form is not what he is after; but he takes endless pains that the reflection of a cloud in his river shall have the right relation of value and color to the cloud above. I heard an architect object one day to a sculptor's pedestal that, though the outline was good, the mouldings and ornaments were ill-adjusted. "Oh, well!" answered another critic, a musician, "if only the outline is good the detail does not matter much." The natural rejoinder was, "How would you like that doctrine applied to your own art?" Is a musician content with a performance of Beethoven's or Chopin's music in which the main lines of the composition are followed, but the details are ill-rendered and slip-shod? In architecture, where, as in music, design is everything, detail, out of which the whole is composed, however simple it may be, is never unimportant. The skilful architect is not he who merely gives his masses a good outline—this is not very difficult if one cares to do nothing else—but he who, having done this, fills his outlines with parts agreeable in themselves and in harmonious adjustment, down to the smallest, with the whole and with each other. The eye that observes a work of architecture and does not take account of its detail, is an eye which does not appreciate its design, that is, its essence. In truth, through all the arts of to-day, at least among us Americans, in spite of unmistakable progress in other directions, design is the quality that is in eclipse. The prevailing craze for what we like to call decorative design depends on color, material, magnificence; while for the design decorative material is chucked together —I can use no more complimentary word—with a disregard of form and adaptation which we may call helpless or arrogant, as we prefer. Skilful design is no passport to favor; ugliness or clumsiness no bar, if only color is effective and material attracts.

We might wonder that this condition should follow all the instruction and monition that have been lately poured upon the public in books and magazines. Let us see if these have not had something to do in provoking it. The literary awakening in art came a generation ago, in a season of depression and formalism, like the stimulus of a cold plunge to a languid man. It brought the gospel of sincerity in art, of devotion to nature, of common-sense; in the arts of architecture and decoration, the gospel of use and of construction. The trouble was that being esoteric, and aiming especially to instruct amateurs, its teaching soon hardened into a decalogue as formal as the old tradition it attacked, but less artistically operative. Its precepts, in the main wholesome, were of great convenience to many people, for in art, as in algebra, it is easier to remember rules than to understand processes or to judge of results. The popular fallacy was that they were productive of art, whereas, useful as many of them were for restraint, they did not produce or teach art any more than penal statutes produce or teach the active virtues. No high-mindedness or sincerity ever gave a painter power to

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lay a beautiful color or bring two lines into harmony; no constructive fitness ever enabled an architect to proportion an arch or a column; nor did use and common-sense ever teach a decorator to give beautiful shape to a bracket. In fact, the discussions and teachings were of a nature to divert attention from the essentials of design and to fix it on external precautions, and those who put their trust in them were like a man who should go about dressed in a hat-box instead of a hat. Things were done every day, in dutiful obedience to Mr. Ruskin's precepts, that would draw from him inkstandfuls of pungent denunciation if he could see them; and Mr. Eastlake had his name associated with more ugly furniture, I suppose, than was ever seen in equal time.

The awakening was short. The teachers who thought to establish a new gospel produced only a new fashion, as fleeting as other fashions. The criticism that was based on their teachings broke down; their precepts, thrown into discredit, were brought to naught by the exaggeration of their devotees. It was natural that the older canons of design, which had their value, being once flouted and displaced should be forgotten; that design itself, being so cheapened, should be first misprised and then neglected. It will be long, perhaps, before the public will give it again the place that belongs to it.

That artists of all kinds should have resisted the *doctrinnaire* teaching and criticism, which, ignoring artistic effect as they conceived it, dealt only with ethical maxims and rules of propriety, was natural; for, while such criticism insists magisterially upon things which to them are secondary, it is apt to overlook the objects for which they chiefly work. If a critic sees that his painter's sheep are as big as his hay-stacks, he is right to remind him of the blemish. But if the painter has put his whole heart into getting the right scale of color and values in his distance, he marks for incompetent the critic who does not see this greater thing, and is likely to sniff at all he says. So the architect, when he has worked his hardest to refine the proportions of his façade and of his detail, loses patience at the critic who can only scold him for an unnecessary pilaster, and is not much better satisfied with the painter who looks at nothing but the color-stains on his wall. So much have artists, like writers, suffered at the hands of unsympathetic critics, that it has become common to insist that criticism of any work of art should be merely exegetical; that its only fit office is to set forth the purpose of the artist and to explain his work; that praise or blame is impertinence in any critic. This again is *ex-cathedra* doctrine, applied at the other end. It stretches the theory of plenary inspiration much too far. Its legitimate conclusion is that the artist himself is his own best critic, for he best knows what he undertakes to do, and can most completely explain it.

Without going the length of this extreme doctrine, we may say that the artist's point of view cannot safely be neglected; that criticism which neglects it cannot help being one-sided—that is, distorted—and therefore is likely to be false. That architecture, like other arts, has suffered from this kind of criticism, needs no telling; probably it has suffered more than the others, for its critics' point of view has, since the literary awakening I have been speaking of, been persistently eccentric. There is one way of presenting architecture of which we have seen a good deal lately, that might be instructive to the architect in showing him how other men and other artists look at his work. I mean the illustration of architecture, and especially the drawing of architecture, by artists who are not architects. The drawing of any object, we may say, is a kind of analytical criticism. The more intelligently skilful it is, the more analytical it is. The painter or draughtsman knows that he cannot record all he sees; he would not if he could. His first preoccupation is to analyze his subject; to see what is most important and characteristic in it; to set this forth convincingly; to subordinate, and even to suppress, the unimportant or the insignificant. The way in which this is done, the differing quality of the analysis gives, even more than differences of *technique*, the distinctive character to the painter's work. Now Nature can

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bear a good deal of analyzing, of partial representation. She is inexhaustible and perennial, and if a painter, from his extreme point of view, does her injustice in a one-sided representation, she outlives him, and another painter, with a different point of view, comes to counteract him. If a concert-player misrepresents the work of a composer, the next who follows may set the public right. But it is not so when an artist in a picture makes permanent record of the work of another. It is easy in this case for the illustrator—just as easy as for the literary critic—from the mere habit of fixing his attention on other things than those which preoccupy his victim, to misrepresent his work, and so in perfect innocence to do him injustice. There is less danger of this where the illustrated artist is a sculptor; for the painter, accustomed like the sculptor to working from the human figure, knows that its forms are not to be trifled with, while the forms which the architect uses have no such acknowledged sanctity.

Some architectural exhibitions—that is, exhibitions of architectural drawings—have, in the last two or three years, attracted a good deal of attention from artists and the public. It has been curious to note how spectators have concerned themselves with the drawings as drawings, and not with the architecture; how notices of the press have taken account of them as pictures, not as portraits; how, if any have been specially admired, it has been for qualities that go to make a picture—for color, freshness, clever handling of brush or pen. Scarcely a critic in the press, even in the leading architectural papers, so far as I have seen, has troubled himself about what was the first test of merit in the drawings, their excellence as representations of architecture, or, what was still more important, the design of the architecture itself. This brings us back to the proposition with which I set out, that the public, to which I am afraid we must add even the painters, cares little for architecture for its own sake.

Some years ago, when *The Century Magazine* undertook to illustrate some of the buildings of the late H. H. Richardson, its editors found that it was impossible to get from its corps of illustrators drawings that were satisfactory to the architect himself. The artists were the best of their kind in the country; but the subjects were new to them, the architect's intention was not evident to them, the qualities on which he relied for his effects were out of their ken, their way of handling their drawings did not suit the subjects. Their habit was the habit of all painters—and for this discussion I class all illustrators with painters—to work from nature, and to look first for the characteristics of nature in whatever invites representation. The painter of to-day, chiefly a painter of landscape, is trained as a devotee of nature. The old traditions of composition, *chiaro-oscuro* and effect, under which the older painters relentlessly tinkered whatever nature set before them, are rubbish and impediments to our painters, whose glory it is to paint just what they see. What they see is what they have learned to see, and their learning has been done only at the feet of Nature. Therefore it requires from them, I think, a distinct and steady effort, if they paint a building, to remember that it is first a work of art, and that the designer's intention—his point of view, his design—is, on the right theory of criticism, to be kept all the time in mind. There is a stumbling-block in the fact that the material with which the architect works, his brick or stone, is itself a work of nature, or soon becomes so, and challenges the painter's attention as such. No sooner has a building left the architect's hand than Nature begins to efface his touch and to substitute her own. To the painter her finger-marks are very tempting. To him the building is first of all a pile of stones; its mass, its color, its light and shade, its value in the picture, are his chief concern. So far as a building is only a part of a picture, an adjunct or secondary constituent, this is right, and the architect may not complain, for it is not a picture of architecture. But when the architecture is the picture, the conscientious painter will remember that he is not drawing—expounding, we may say—a work of nature, but a work of art, and

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must, if he will expound it fairly, search out his fellow-artist's point of view.

I give prominence to the painter in this discussion because painting is now the dominant art; so much so that painters give the law to the public taste in matters of art, and even the name of artists is often applied to them with exclusive meaning, as if there were no others. All through the earlier history of civilization it was otherwise—architecture dominated. The great masters of the Renaissance first raised the other arts to equal importance; after them painting gradually eclipsed her sisters; architecture and sculpture are still under eclipse. Not only does painting absorb the public interest and appreciation of art, but it influences, and in many respects controls, the practice of the other arts. The American school of wood-engraving, which accomplishes things which were never before dreamed of, owes its inspiration to painting, and largely even to the technics of painting. An artist like Jungling, whom we have just lost, was impossible under the old order of things. So the painter-etchers, as they are called, have carried the day over the old-fashioned etchers, and following the path pointed out by Rembrandt, have diverted their art from the study of line to the study of tints and values. Taking it into the service of modern landscape, they have done many things that were not done before, but they have left undone many good things that were done. I do not argue as some critics have argued, Mr. Ruskin, for instance, that the attempt to give light and shade with the needle is itself improper—that the modern devices of *retroussage* and artistic printing are the tricks of a charlatan. The richness of tint that modern etching gives has great beauty, and has not been got in any other way. But architects may well unite with those who insist that to neglect the free use of the open line is to throw away the most characteristic and spirited means of expression which the needle puts into the etcher's hand. It would be a distinct loss to art if the works of such an etcher as Brunet-Desbaines were lost; but it will be a distinct crippling of the etcher's power if the expressiveness, the play, and the association of lines which gave vivacity to the works of the older masters are neglected and forgotten in the pursuit of qualities of light and shade and texture. However great the compensations of this exchange in landscape or *genre*, in architectural etching the loss is very serious. A great deal of such etching has been published lately, and the predominance in it of the picturesque over the architectural element increases. Méryon made architectural etchings which were admirable as far as they went, and Rochebrune's more ambitious work, lacking the fascinating freedom of Méryon's and forced in tone, still gave the real qualities of architecture in a way that is a model for a draughtsman; but his successors have fallen away from it. Ernest George, whose pen and brush drawings are admirable, seems to me in his etchings to stagger between the picturesque and the architectural; while even Haig, whose earlier etchings are superb in vigor and truthfulness of drawing, now absorbed in tones and picturesque accessories, though too thorough a draughtsman not to draw well what he draws at all, is becoming a painter-etcher, and his later works are losing their architectural value.

Our architects and students show the prevailing influence conspicuously; they are not much given to the study of tones and values—they might do more of it to advantage—but they are severely bitten by the picturesque. They sketch profusely and do as little drawing as they can. Freedom and vivacity of touch, broken line, lightness of handling, a painter-like quality of effect—these are the characteristics they aim at, and they are too apt to allow only so much architectural character as will not withdraw attention from them. Modern reproductive methods, giving the artist's handling with fascinating clearness, are a demoralizing temptation. We see published reams of clever sketches of buildings picturesquely handled, but with the finest architectural beauty evaporated out of them. I have seen one or two accomplished draughtsmen perverted by Herbert Railton's brilliant sketches till they cannot or will not draw a building as it looks to an architect.

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We see buildings which have centuries of firm endurance in them, and show it, drawn as if the first frost would crumble them to pieces; buildings that are to be built to-morrow are presented as if age and decrepitude were already upon them; walls are battered and worn, and roofs that should be covered with solid slate or tiling are drawn as if they were built of pie-crust and flaking into decay. This is not architectural drawing, it is scene-painting. I will not scold about the fashion. The world is wide and art is long; there is room for many phases of art. The phase I speak of is an attractive one, but it is not architectural. If works of architecture are to be depicted at all, then it is just as indispensable that the architectural aim, the architect's point of view, shall be made clear in them, as it is, when a painter's works are engraved, that his intention and point of view be made clear.

Not only the drawing of architecture is influenced by the painter's habit, the actual conception, the design, feels it also. And here let us acknowledge the great debt which architecture owes to painting in this generation for the revival of its color. The development of landscape painting found us building, here and in England, in blank colorlessness—indeed, all over Christendom it was much the same. The romantic movement of the last generation, with its mediæval revival, is greatly responsible for the flush of color which has spread over this generation, but the impetus and guidance have come from the painters. They have even taken the matter freely into their hands, and have decorated our buildings for us with a novel splendor. If in so doing they have played havoc with architectural forms, we can, for the sake of the long benefit, forgive the brief offence, which seems now in a way to avenge itself by a reaction to greater formalism and a milder use of color than we have seen of late. Let us only hope that the irresponsibility of their patronage will not lead to the discrediting of their gift of color.

But it is in more than the after-decoration of his work that the architect feels the painter's influence, or at least the influence of the force which moves the painter. The spirit of the picturesque has prevailed in English and American architecture for two generations, and to such an extent that not only our country-houses, where this quality is germane, but our civil and church buildings, have been wild with irregularity, and pied with all the variety of turrets, gables, chimneys, dormers, and bay-windows that an overstocked repertory could furnish. Not only this, the eagerness for the qualities which painters love has spent itself in fulness of color, variety of texture, coarseness of materials, even a studious carelessness of workmanship, and a thousand little affectations of roughness and negligence. The French criticism, "C'est joli, mais ce n'est pas l'architecture," is the rough-and-ready verdict of the most architectural of peoples on modern English and American work. That this picturesque work is not architecture is hardly true, but it is true that it is only a small phase of it. It is the side-show of architecture, that part of it which can be practised, not with full success but with a certain effect, by persons who are not architects at all. Unfortunately the attention which is concentrated on it is withdrawn from the more masculine and more characteristic phases of the art. I remember hearing a critic abuse the modern architecture of Paris as worthless, because there was no picturesqueness in it. Picturesqueness! If he had said that it lacked dignity and seriousness and purity, that when it was vivacious it was apt to be meretricious, and when it was quiet it was too often *banale*, he might have had standing-room for an argument. But picturesque! Was picturesqueness the glory of the Parthenon? Is it to picturesqueness that the façade of Notre Dame of Paris owes its splendid beauty, or the dome of St. Peter's, or the front of the Farnese Palace? Note again that I am not decrying the picturesque. It is against absorption in it that I protest—absorption that shuts the eyes to higher and nobler qualities of design. There is fine architecture that is picturesque, but to the highest its picturesqueness, if it is there, is no more an essential than is the lace that lies upon the shoulders of a courtly beauty.

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The transformation wrought in sculpture by the same influence is obvious. Picturesqueness and realism have taken possession of her also. But the line of development which was natural for painting is, I think, unnatural for her, and she has followed with stumbling a path which was unsuited for her feet. The latest French sculptors—Frémiet, Falguière, Rodin—for instance, seem to me painters in masquerade. Painters even take up sculpture when it suits them, and hardly change their manner. A score of years ago, when Landseer modelled the lions at the base of the Nelson Monument, the critics found fault with his painter-like and unsculpturesque treatment. Now I fancy it would be taken as a thing of course. The very technical qualities which win attention in sculpture are analogous to those of painting—texture and the artist's touch hold first place. The model in clay or the terra-cotta is better liked than the finished marble, because it shows the handling of the sculptor, it lends itself to picturesque and instantaneous manipulation, and it has color. Next to it is bronze, for like reasons. Without waiting to discuss the merits of this tendency, I may argue that it diverts attention from abstract beauty of form, which had been in earliest ages the first object in sculpture. It confuses the boundaries of the beautiful and the ugly; and, in fact, the most serious charge that lies against modern sculpture, as against much of the other realistic art of to-day, is that in too catholic devotion to the real, which is the ordinary, it is obscuring the sense of what is fine and beautiful.

In earlier days, it is true, the different arts were more interdependent than now, and were practised even by the same men. The great masters of the Renaissance were architects and sculptors, painters and architects, painters and sculptors, and occasionally all three; but the conditions were different. Architecture and sculpture were up to that time dominant. Form and composition were the chief preoccupation in all the arts. Color was secondary, at least until the Venetian school; the picturesque was undiscovered; landscape was an accessory. The Renaissance painters were used to painting walls and ceilings; their greatest works were combined with architecture, and allied themselves to it by natural affinity, partook of its firmness, its balance, its orderly arrangement, its repose. These painters even felt the need of strongly marked and rigid architectural features to bear out the composition of their frescos, and reconcile them to the buildings to which they were applied. When Giotto undertook to paint the Arena Chapel and Michael Angelo the Sistine, each found ready to his hand a fair surface of wall, rounding up into an arched ceiling, without any architectural feature, even so much as a moulding, to interrupt its continuity. Each first set to work to adapt his composition by laying out bands of architectural detail to justify its arrangement. Michael Angelo went so far as to paint in an elaborate scheme of simulated architectural features to which his pictures were to conform—features not satisfactory, as if they had been worked in stone or in stucco, but yet necessary in his judgment to give motive for the arrangement of his figures and bring them into relation with the building. The modern painter, unused to adapt his work to any conditions but those of his own palette, incloses his painting with a wall of gilded wood, the wider the better, on purpose to isolate it as absolutely as possible from all its surroundings; but Michael Angelo, who disdained easel-painting as an art for women (being no colorist), made the most sympathetic adaptation he could of the paintings to the building. How hard it is for the modern painter to submit himself to this union we may see by a hundred examples. In his great painting of the tribune in the grand hall of the Sorbonne, in Paris, Puvis de Chavannes had to cover the back of a shallow niche ceiled with a low semi-dome. The sharply indicated descending ribs cry out for recognition and support as the price of harmony in the architecture of the room, but Chavannes, who wanted to make a broad composition, has disregarded the divisions and covered the whole wall with an unbroken landscape filled with figures. The composition, too large to be effective without subdivision, is cut into three groups by the trunks of foreground trees set, not under the ribs,

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but just between them, so as to emphasize the dislocation. The effect is as if fifty or sixty feet of wall were knocked away, leaving the dome to be held up by the stiffness of the cornice, and a landscape hung behind the opening, stretching into a far-away perspective.

And we have recently been told by the newspapers that M. Rodin has submitted a design for a monument to Victor Hugo in the Pantheon, which the commission appointed to pass upon it have thought necessary to reject because it did not harmonize with the classic architecture of the building. The style of Rodin's other work, in which realism and romanticism are curiously blended, makes it easy to believe that his design was appropriate to Victor Hugo. The description of the design—a figure of the poet sitting pensively upon a rock, with waves breaking at his feet, and three allegorical figures poised above his head, suggests that the exception of the commission was well taken, and it is encouraging to hear that Rodin is to modify it in the interest of harmony. But there is significance also in the fact that his fellow-artists, who perhaps concern themselves little about the architure of the Pantheon, are said to protest vigorously against the exclusion.

The extreme of dislocation between architecture and its decorative painting is found perhaps in the overhead painting of the later masters of the Renaissance themselves, whose sky-like domes and open, wind-blown ceilings keep up a conjugal quarrel with the buildings below that only absolute divorce would appease. I need only mention the preposterous extravagances of Tiepolo and the later Venetians. Still, so long as painters were primarily figure painters, they felt the human element in architecture, and when they put buildings into their pictures, as Veronese and other Venetians were fond of doing, they looked at them from the architect's point of view. The earlier landscape painters who represented buildings, looked at them in the same way, as works of art and not of nature, while the painter of to-day is apt to paint only the natural surface of the building, and to leave out its architecture.

The painter's point of view is the point of view of the public. Americans go abroad to admire famous buildings, but we find them in greater rapture over the mouldering ruins of Melrose or the confectionery of Roslin Chapel, than over the majesty of Chartres or the graceful dignity of an Italian façade. They thrill at the historical associations of the Coliseum, or the crowd of ugly memorials that disfigures Westminster Abbey, but the arcades of the nave of the Paris Cathedral or of Amiens do not stir them. If it is explained that the public prefers nature to architecture, this is what I am arguing. If one says that the beauty of nature or of painting the interest of human history, are higher than the beauty or interest of the architect's art, this I do not stop to argue; I only say that the man whose love of architecture rests on the historic or the picturesque, and who cannot be moved to admiration by mere proportion of fair surface and firm line, who has not enthusiasm for the swinging cornice of a rounded apse, or the unruffled outline of the tower that soars above it, this man has no appreciation of architecture; he does not know what it is.

If the current of public interest, especially in our country, has swept away from his art, the architect must console himself with remembering that this is the momentary fortune of war; that his art has had its turn, and will have it again; that in the meantime, as a practitioner, he is indispensable. He may find some philosophic consolation in reflecting that if his work is somewhat overlooked it is also inchoate. American architecture has not yet taken definate shape, its practitioners are in the mass less developed, less skilful, than those of some other countries. It may not be a grief without compensation that, while his work is thus taking shape, the public should not be a too zealous or a too knowing critic of it. We may expect him, then, to stand up for his own art in its distinctive character, to insist upon his own point of view, which is fixed by the experience of many centuries; setting forth his art as, before all things, an art of design, in which proportion and form hold first place. And since painting is now the

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dominant art, and he is really under obligation to her, it calls for some steadiness in him not to import into his own work so much of her qualities as to overbear those that are its own distinction. The quality that is now most in danger is one that is most unpopular among painters—a certain clear, uncompromising firmness of form that in painting would be harshness, but which is vital to the manliness of architecture, befitting its materials and its primary function of shelter. Painting, in truth, is essentially an indoor art, architecture primarily an outdoor art. The accompaniments of painting are the guarded light, the repose, the amenity of the drawing-room or the gallery. Architecture's attendants are the blazing sun, the cloud, the wind, and the storm. Painting requires protection; architecture exists to afford it. Hence a certain sternness of temper is natural to the one which is foreign to the other. Painting has a dramatic faculty which enables it on occasion to assume every variety of expression, yet it has its abiding characteristics behind this, and they differ from those of architecture. Softness, languor, extreme delicacy, the appearance of fragility, are effeminacy in architecture, the most virile of the arts. For refinement, elegance, grace, it gives ample scope, but firmness and the obvious power of resistance it cannot spare. The harshest criticism I have ever heard on certain noted works of architecture, Giotto's beautiful tower at Florence, for instance, and the famous Antwerp spire, is that they look as if they ought to be kept in glass-cases. The building that has to fight the storms of centuries ought to need no coddling; it should look firm and full of resistance; if it looks fragile it looks feeble, anæmic, unfit for outdoor life. The square-set, soldierly tower of the old palace at Sienna, refined but uncompromising in its bearing, is to me as much manlier and finer than the lace-like spire of Antwerp as the masculine career of Cromwell or Bismarck is better than the life of Buckingham or Louis XV.

Let us wish that the architect may hold fast that which is his own; that all the artists of design, working together to give the arts a worthy place in a new country which as yet hardly knows them, may recognize the qualities which their several arts may to advantage borrow from each other, but learn at the same time to keep unobscured, each in his own, those which give it distinction as an art, and to claim recognition for them in the general estimate. An architect is ashamed not to know what the painters and sculptors about him are working for. He likes to understand their points of view, to appreciate technically the qualities they value, the achievements they prize. It is a loss to him and to them if this appreciation is not reciprocated. One blight upon the arts in America is their narrowness. A better mutual understanding, a little more mutual admiration, would be very wholesome for them. The habit of uniting their work in the same monuments as artists have done in older times and in older countries, without elbowing, but carefully allowing each other room to swing in, is one which needs developing. It will help to bring again that stimulating brotherhood of the arts which was seen when Ictinus built the Parthenon, and Phidias filled its sculptured and painted cell with the chryselephantine Athene, again when the cathedrals of the thirteenth century were made alive with sculpture and radiant with light and color, and once more under the splendid band of artists who illuminated the Renaissance of Italy; but which has never returned.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE line of least resistance is naturally a particularly popular one, and it is doubtless the disposition to follow it that is responsible for a phenomenon recently called to my attention by a clever woman as eminently characteristic just now of American society. "Have you noticed," she said, "what a fad personal flattery has become?" Whether one has remarked it or not, I think most observers will recognize the fact once pointed out. Preoccupation with personality is certainly an American —possibly more or less a generally modern —trait; but our present orgy of compliment is, I think, a new variant of it. And it cannot be that we are becoming Frenchified to the point of social insincerity for the mere sake of moral perversity. The truth probably is that as we progress in social civilization—or perhaps better, as social civilization spreads increasingly and penetrates our bewildering and encouraging succession of *nouvelles couches*—the desire to make one's self agreeable, instead of merely important, is increasing proportionately. Now amenity as an art is a difficult one. To succeed in it demands either the "certain felicity" which Bacon affirmed to be necessary to the painter who would improve upon nature, or that long course of social civilization whereby tradition secures the sinking of effort in unconsciousness and the substitution of inherited for acquired capacities. In the absence of either of these advantages it is the shortest rather than the wisest road to the end of being agreeable that is pretty sure to be taken, and the *grosso modo* pursuit of, as I said, the line of least resistance results in an amount and degree of personal flattery at the present moment which are altogether notable.

We have probably not yet wholly emancipated ourselves from the wish to be appreciated, as well as to be agreeable. On the contrary, when we praise our friends for their qualities or their performances in the blank and stark way sanctioned no doubt by our unquestioned sincerity, but dictated perhaps by an imperfect taste, it is probable that with our motive of being agreeable is very subtly associated a desire to be deemed discerning. We act on the assumption—so tacit, to be sure, as to be unconscious—that the fact of our appreciation of them attests to them acuteness in us. Our well-known and universally acknowledged genuineness—that heirloom inherited from the savages of the Elbe and Weser marshes—prevents our perspicacity in these circumstances from being distrusted. The person whom we are flattering is really in a sense our victim. Assured that we mean what we are saying he—or she—is *bound* to believe in our superiority of perception. And so far, occasionally, is this pushed, so closely is the victim "crowded," that the line at which compliment becomes really patronage it is sometimes difficult definitely to draw. Every one must have

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remarked, in some instances of flattery which he has observed, a tone of positive swagger—far preferable, of course, to unctuousness, but still not quite hitting the mark neatly and delicately either.

Indeed so admixed with appeal for reciprocity is excess in this way of making one's self agreeable that it may well be doubted if the present practice is not likely to prove a passing one. It is sure to undergo essential modification so soon as it comes to be generally understood that flattery obviously in the interest of the flatterer is self-contradictory. In a measure one ceases to be agreeable when he manifests the desire to be agreeable at any cost, to the end of satisfying his own approbativeness. It is probable that our actual attitude of Arcadian simplicity in regard to this subject really illustrates a rather rudimentary stage of social evolution, and that as we develop still further socially our compliment will become less direct, less palpable, more discreet and deft, more disposed to rely on its specific appositeness and less on the mere fact that it *is* compliment, and therefore entails the obligation of repayment in kind or equivalent. As we get on in study of the art of amenity it must appear to us illogical that merely brutally to attest the fact that a painter's obviously good picture is excellent, or a lady's obvious beauty or wit is admirable, should lay the person thus complimented under the weight of a sense of indebtedness. Otherwise the possessor of merit will remain, as at present, at the mercy of the appreciator of merit—a state of things at which reason revolts and therefore in its nature transitory.

SOMEWHERE in one of Hazlitt's essays, modesty is rated as the lowest of the virtues and a confession of the deficiency it indicates. "Who undervalues himself is justly undervalued by others," continues this plausible advocate, pleading the cause of his fellow-man. He might well have added that it is the rarest as well as the lowest virtue, especially among the rank and file of his own class whose income is due to diligence of the pen; and even the greatest in this kind do not always refrain from telling us, directly or indirectly, how great they are. Shakespeare left behind him no material for a biography, and he has been deemed therefore wise and fortunate; but in his incomparable Sonnets he dwells more than once upon the lasting value of his verse. And did not the best companion of the next generation, namely, Herrick, do the same?

> "Here is my hope,
> And my Pyramidés."

That is all very well to read now, late in the winter's night, by the slowly dying fire. But should we not be bored to death if the good old poet (whom, like Shakespeare, we know only from his book) sat opposite, repeating it to our faces from the other arm-chair? Undoubtedly. Yet the fault, according to Hazlitt, would be in our ungrateful, thankless selves, and not in him.

That the author is easily led to betray excessive interest in himself is a fact due in a great measure to the peculiar conditions upon which his artistic success depends. Every piece of his work is the product of a mind that should be, from first to last, completely absorbed in its creation. He cannot, like the painter or the sculptor, summon and dismiss his model at will, with the certainty of recovering at a moment's notice the desired pose. His models are continually on the move; each one, to be convincing, must not only shine with the light of varied circumstance, but must also show cause for existence by effect upon the others; since the interest of a story flags the instant its characters are at a stand-still. As a natural consequence, their creator carries them always with him, really most alert in their behalf when he seems to be most inactive. At home and abroad he is ever playing his game of chess "whereof the pawns are men," with no board to guide him but that mysterious one traced upon the table of his brain. All he sees and hears contributes its mite to the source of suggestion from which he draws, and by his skill in the drawing his power is determined. Intricate problems force themselves upon him, to be solved with the nicest discrimination out of his own experience. With him eternal vigilance is the price of victory.

It is not surprising, then, that his haunting thoughts, his hopes and doubts and fears, take on the form of words in an un-

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guarded moment. The wonder is that the man so haunted does not always become a creature to be shunned and dreaded, particularly since there are people who delight in putting an author off his guard; these good souls, apparently so sympathetic, are his wolves in sheep's clothing, and will be the first to charge him with vanity when he incautiously speaks the word too much. Even with these, as with all others, the author should swear an oath never to say one syllable concerning himself or the offspring of his affection; at the end of a year he will find that it has been broken often enough for his own comfort. And there should be a law of the land to deal with those minds, generally youthful, that turn their favorite authors into idols. These should never be permitted to come within hailing distance of the human victims so singled out for sacrifice. If an idol is indispensable, the only place to keep it is in a shrine, with the door closed and locked. Let them remember the fable of Semele, "the old sweet mythos," and forbear to look upon Jove's face.

"I AM struck, in reading the letters of Théodore Rousseau," ejaculates Edmond de Goncourt, in the last published volume of the unique and rather detestable "Journal des Goncourt," "by the sophistical, rhetorical and *alambiqué* side which all the masters of drawing and painting, from Gavarni to Rousseau, possess in common." There is in these words, it seems to me, a disclosure of some general significance—an unusual phenomenon, perhaps, in the personal lucubrations of those "cocodettes de la littérature qu'on appelle les Goncourt, qu'ils soient un ou deux," to use the animated description of the late Champfleury. They reveal the very great and very sincere repugnance which the artists, and especially the literary artists, of the present day and of the naturalistic persuasion, entertain for anything artificial. M. de Goncourt is first of all an artist—not a great or an agreeable one, certainly, in either technic or temperament; but, after all, mainly an artist in the sense of one who composes the details in life and nature which most impress him into an intelligible whole characterized by a single point of view. He is naturally a little jealous of those who do the same thing, a little intolerant of those who do it differently, a little preoccupied with the importance of the material which he passes his life in observing to his own ends, a little contemptuous of whatever has been passed through the alembic of another personality which has no interest for him.

Artists as critics are inevitably handicapped by this natural disposition. They are—if they are worth anything at all *as* artists—interested in, and concentrated upon, not art but life and nature. Their result is indeed a "criticism of life" or nature, as Matthew Arnold so often asseverated of poetry; but it is eminently and proportionally not a criticism of art. Millet saw this very clearly, or at least divined it very clairvoyantly, in refusing to write a critique on the picture of a fellow-painter, because, as he said, he should be unable to keep himself from thinking how differently he would have treated the subject. There never was a better answer given to the contention—so superficial as to be hardly specious—which in these latter days Mr. Whistler has done so much to popularize: namely, that art bears the same relation to criticism that mathematics does, and is to be passed upon solely by practitioners. Mr. Whistler generalizes his false proposition from the specific incompetence of the critics of the London press; but the discussion is too interesting to admit of argumentation thus inspired, and the essential truth of it is that practitioners are apt to judge of practice as if it were its original elements. Practitioners in any art, even in any department of science, are curiously blind to what is to others the commonplace that experts are always to be distrusted in their judgments of other experts, however sound they may be in their own combinations.

And when one sees, for example, an artist like M. de Goncourt object to the *coté alambiqué* of another and much greater artist—like Rousseau, or an admirable novelist condemn the alembic of Scott, Thackeray, and—*a longo intervallo*, of course—Mr. Rudyard Kipling (who has at least given us that most precious of all things, a new point of view), and celebrate in their stead, and as foils to them, exquisite observers of unrelated detail such as Jane Austen, and the humblest chronicler of social phenomena—

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when one witnesses this substitution of personal preference for detached criticism it is impossible not to reflect that the cause of it is a preoccupation of the artist with his own material, and his gratitude to anyone who gives him new light upon it, to the exclusion of any care for the combinations, the correlations, the construction, the art, in fine, of other artists. Artists make their own pictures; and infallibly they most enjoy what they — consciously or unconsciously — can best make pictures out of. Nevertheless, though fortunately nowadays painters and littérateurs study nature and life instead of pictures and books, the Louvre and the British Museum must be admitted to contain masterpieces. And if anyone wishes to remind himself how much more effective—except to an artist—is a true picture than a series of studies from nature, let him compare Sarcey's "Le Siège de Paris" with the fourth volume of the Goncourt Diary, in which the recorder of rambling notes leaves the reader to compose his own picture, and produces an *ensemble* wholly inferior to the slightest of even his own novels. Besides, if it is a question of experts and practitioners—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*—why should not the artists, on their own theory, leave criticism a little more to the critics? But a disposition to do that is probably dependent on general culture, and what culture an artist—especially an artist of genius—possesses is apt to be specific.

⁂ Answers to the Charades printed on pages 106 and 107 of this number:—

I. Cowlick. II. Onion. III. Manhattan.

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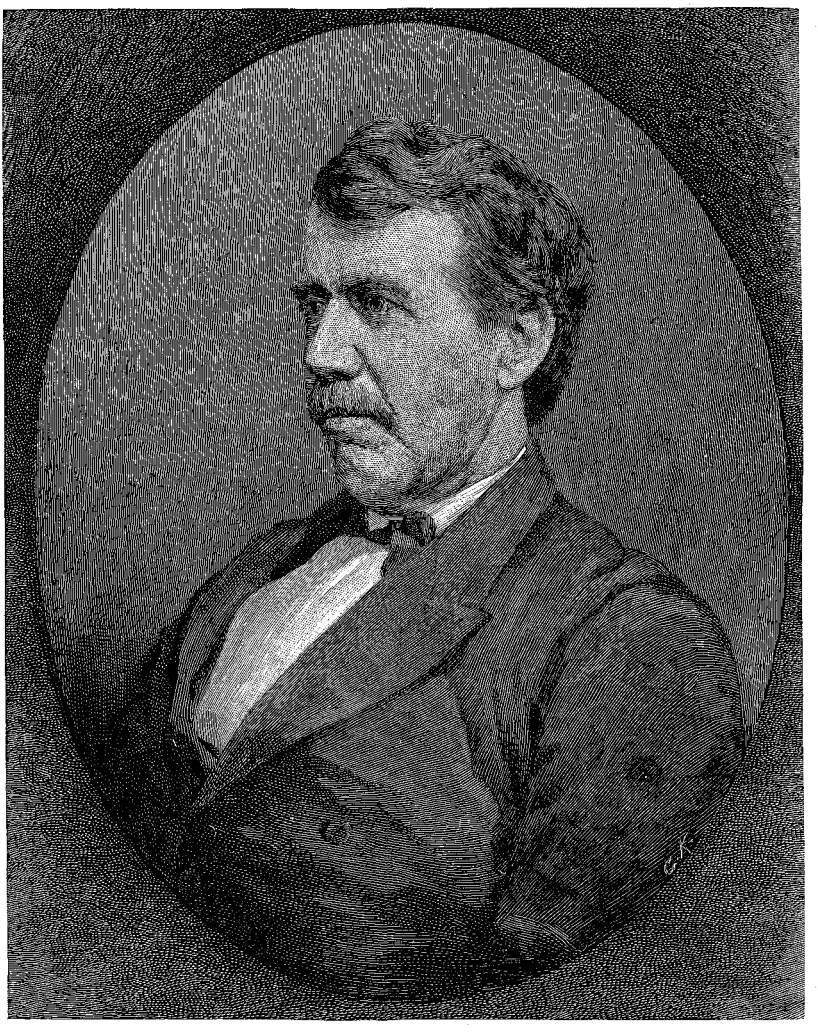

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

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